PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1990 • $4.00

DONALD TRUMP INTERVIEW

"Nice magazine. Want to sell it?"

ROCK AND RACISM

Has the dark side taken over pop music?

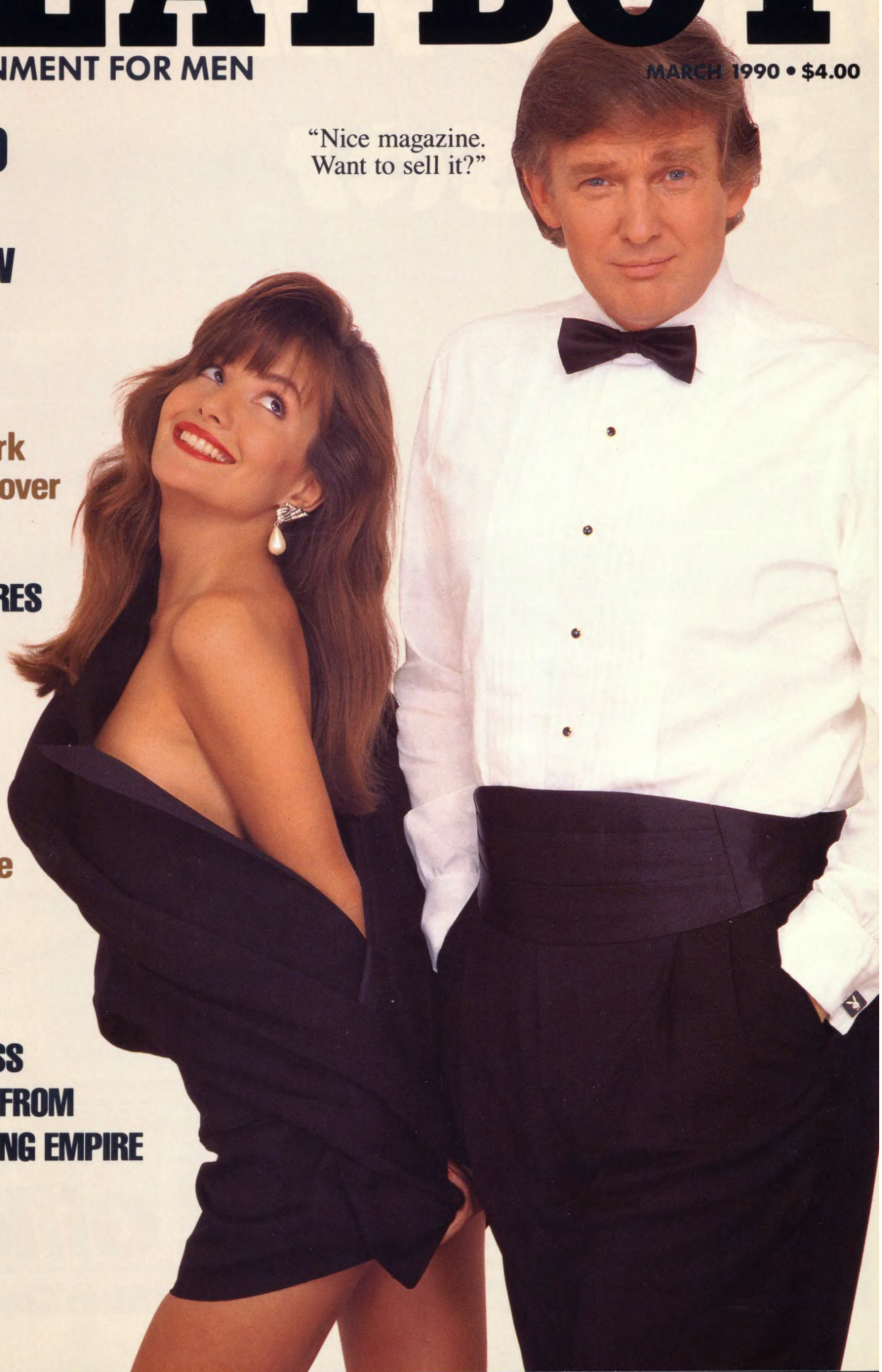
FAX 'N' FIGURES

Sex comes to the electronic office

CARS 1990

We pick the hottest, sharpest, sexiest

WORLD-CLASS PLAYMATES FROM OUR FAR-FLUNG EMPIRE



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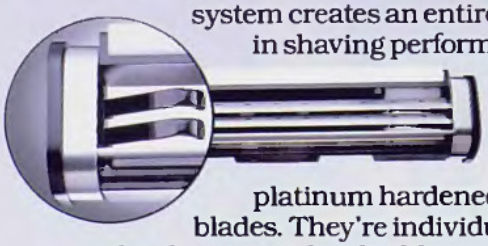

The remarkable Gillette Sensor shaving system creates an entirely new standard in shaving performance. It's a shave personalized to every man. The revolution starts with the platinum hardened Sensor twin blades. They're individually and independently mounted on highly responsive springs. So they continuously sense and automatically adjust to the individual curves and unique needs of your face. But innovation doesn't stop there. The ultra narrow metal skin guard is also mounted on springs. It moves in total harmony with the blades to set up your beard for optimum shaving performance.

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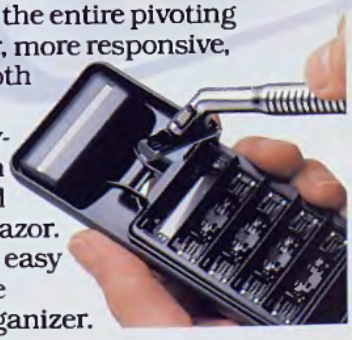

Innovation is everywhere. You can feel it in the textured ridges and balance of the Sensor razor. You appreciate it in the easy loading system and the convenient shaving organizer.

olutionary
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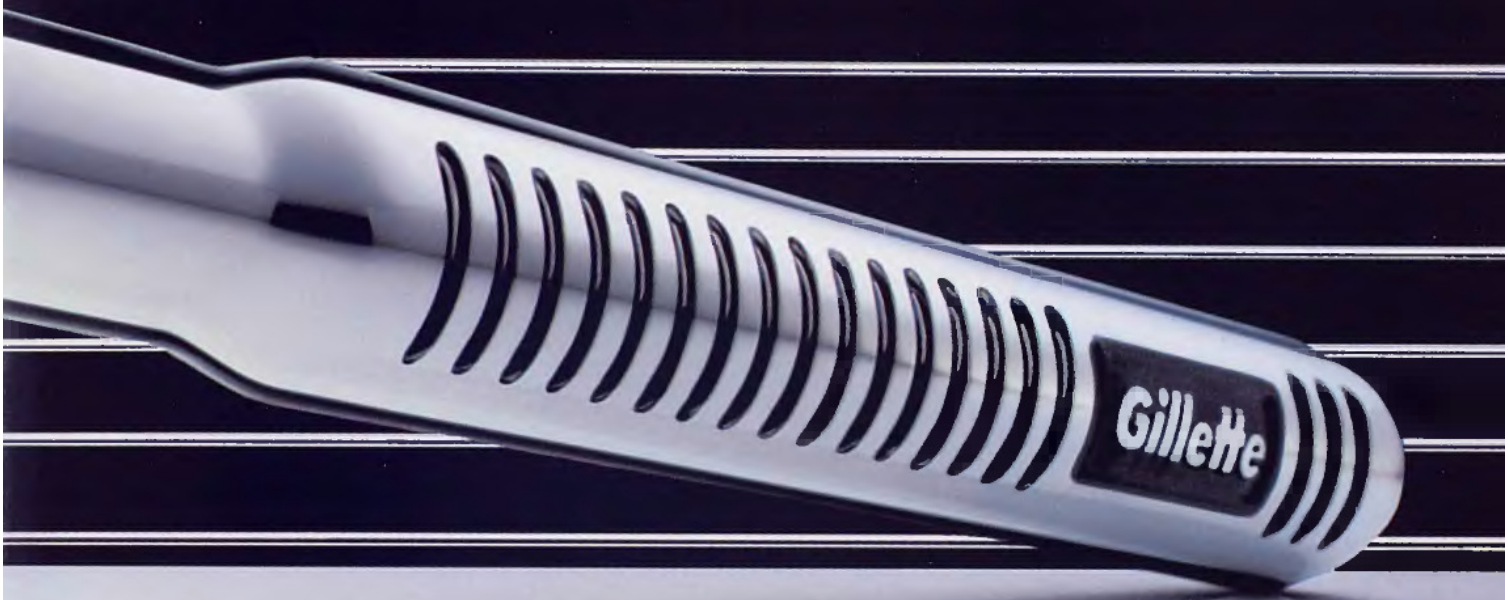

Even rinsing is innovative. The new blades are 50% narrower than any others—water flows freely around and through them, helping to make rinsing and cleaning totally effortless. But the true revolution of Sensor comes not with any one feature, but with the way the Sensor technologies work together. They combine to give your individual face a personalized shave—the closest, smoothest, safest shave you've ever had. Or, more precisely, the best shave a man can get.

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PLAYBILL

THE NAME **Donald Trump** conjures up what the Eighties were all about: deal making, ostentation, fabulous wealth. Now that we're safely into the Nineties, we decided to check in with the man whose name is plastered all over the Eastern Seaboard (and now on our cover). **Glenn Plaskin** hounded the great negotiator for four months to produce a feisty *Playboy Interview*.

While we're on the subject of Eighties icons, regard the indispensable fax machine: speedy of transmission, vital to commerce. Managing Photo Editor **Jeff Cohen** was so taken with the technology that he invited like-minded women to fax us their photos. The result is *Fax and Figures*, shot by Senior Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar.** After you see those hot transmissions, check out *Are You Sure S. Bull Has an Unlisted Number?*, **Dawn Gordon's** collection of fax machines and other communications gadgets. Hope your receptions are as good as ours.

The Super Bowl is over and football has gone back into hibernation. One guy who has his work cut out for him before the next kickoff is **Jerry Jones,** who's coming off his first dismal season as owner of the Dallas Cowboys, the erstwhile "America's team." For *Jerry Jones Does Dallas*, former Articles Editor **James Morgan** hung around the losers' locker room and executive suite to chronicle the struggle. **Herbert Davidson** painted Jones's likeness.

Geoffrey Norman, another ex–Articles Editor, also touches on subpar performance. But unlike Cowboys fans, he's in *favor* of it. In *Did Winston Churchill Pump Iron?* he argues that fitness can be boring. **Arnold Roth** contributed the illustration.

It seems like just a moment or two ago that we were all holding hands and singing *We Are the World*. Now such loudmouths as **Axl Rose** of Guns n' Roses and Public Enemy's **Professor Griff** are polluting the music world with bigotry. *Playboy* music reviewer **Dave Marsh** tackles that harsh reality in *Rocking Racism*. When **James Brown** got wind of Marsh's project, he phoned in from prison to add a few choice comments.

This time of year, we're all susceptible to the lure of warm climes. That's what drove Contributing Editor **Reg Potterton** into *Big Deal in Paradise* (illustrated by **Braldt Bralds**). Potterton was sorely tempted by the offer of beach-front property in Costa Rica, but upon arrival, he found hundreds of miles of bad roads, dead monkeys, *mucho peligro* and one hell of a funny story.

Dangerous dealings of another kind are the subject of **Alice Kahn's** *Why Guys Can't Say "I Love You."* According to Kahn, whose *San Francisco Chronicle* columns are collected in the book *Luncheon at the Cafe Ridiculous*, saying "I love you" is to men what putting out is to women. But nowhere *nearly* as much fun.

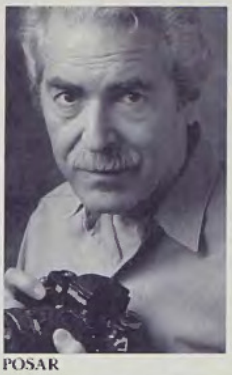
Dan Greenburg, too, has been charting negotiations between men and women. In *Exes*, from his novel to be published by Houghton Mifflin, our longtime contributor listens in as a pair of cops scope out criminal suspects and the women in their lives.

Nobody has seen more hard travel than *20 Questions* subject **Dennis Hopper,** the director and star of *Easy Rider*. He has been cheated by women, nearly destroyed by booze and drugs, abandoned for dead by Hollywood—and still he survives. Contributing Editor **David Rensin** asks about Hopper's terrifying comeback in *Blue Velvet* and his latest directorial effort, *The Hotspot*, which he describes as a kind of *Last Tango in Texas*. (Hide the butter!) **Norman Seeff** shot the accompanying portrait.

Now that the new car models have hit the road, you may be looking for a little guidance on the class of 1990. We've assembled a top-notch team of automotive writers to give you exactly that in *Decade of the Driver*. Before you accelerate into the showroom, park awhile with us.

If you want to approach March Playmate **Deborah Driggs,** hop onto an alternate mode of transportation. The passionate Miss Driggs goes for men on motorcycles—preferably Harleys. If that seems too dangerous, book yourself on *Playboy's World Tour '90*, featuring 26 beauties brought to you courtesy of *Playboy*'s overseas editions. We guarantee it'll raise your interest in foreign relations. *Bon voyage!*

PLASKIN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COVER STORY

Donald Trump links up with Playmate Brandi Brandt in a cover designed by Art Director Tom Staebler, produced by Associate Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivan, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thanks to John Victor for Brandi's hair, Pat Tomlinson for make-up and Sara Booth at Fragments in New York for earrings. Donald's jacket is from Giorgio Armani for Bigsby & Kruthers in Chicago.

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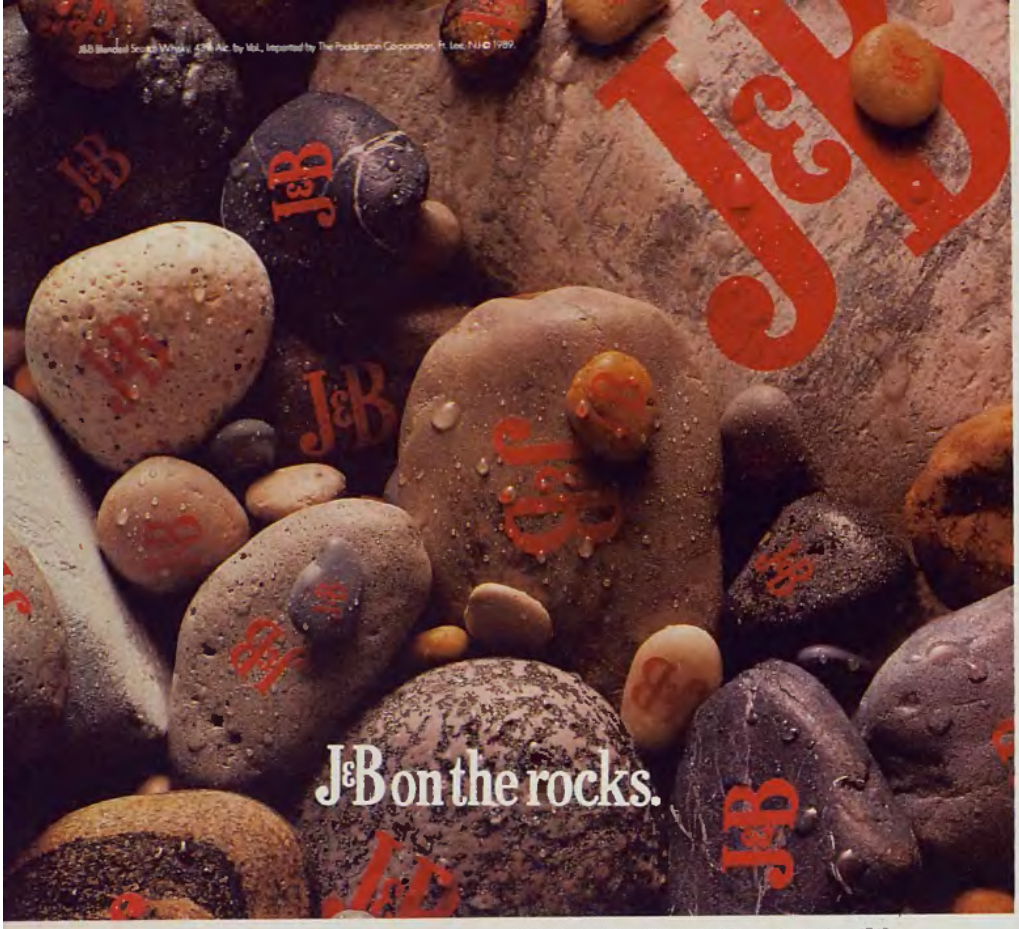

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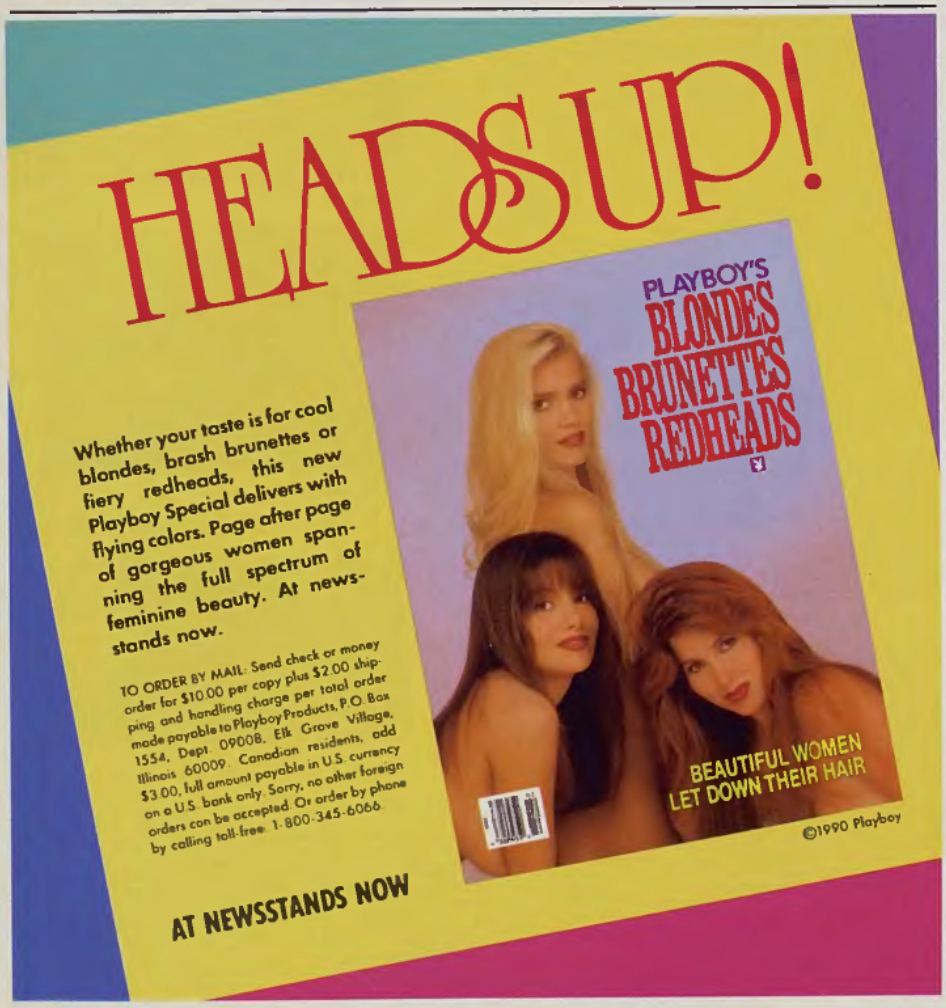
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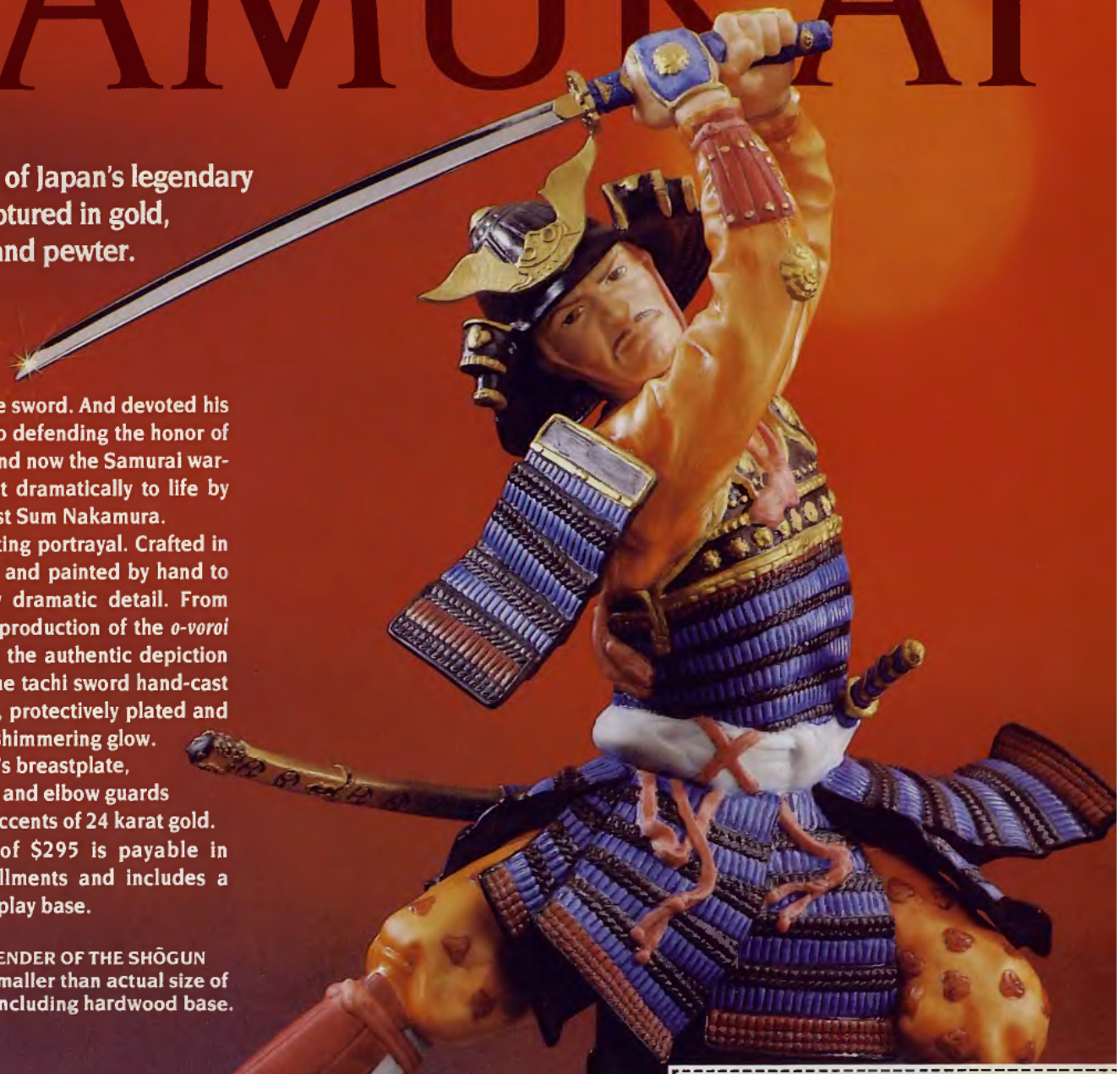

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CANDICE BERGEN

In the December *Playboy Interview*, Candice Bergen implies that Shriners don't behave like adults—that they yell, scream and sing like assholes.

She should know that for every Shriner who acts a fool at conventions, there are thousands who are upright, conservative citizens who dedicate much of their concern to helping crippled children.

Robert E. Howell
Emlenton, Pennsylvania

The cover of your December Gala Christmas Issue is the most spectacular ever. If I hadn't known Candice Bergen existed, I would have believed that somehow you had faked it. What a great American beauty!

The interview with Bergen is also great. The only other interview that may rival it is the one with Joan Rivers (November 1986).

Congratulations to *Playboy* and all those responsible for the cover—keep up the superior work.

Blair E. Hawkins
San Diego, California

TAPE MEASURE?

I'm surprised by the lack of accuracy in your December issue. On page 96, Karen Mayo-Chandler's vital statistics are listed as 36-23-34. Only a few pages away on Playmate of the Month Petra Verkaik's Data Sheet, her measurements are given as 37-24-35. Are you using trick photography, unsubstantiated hearsay or careless approximation? Even the casual observer can see there's more than an inch difference between these two lovely ladies.

Steven Whiting
Bellflower, California

Thanks for giving us an excuse to get out our tape measure. Our numbers are accurate. You probably failed to notice that Petra has an unusually narrow back.

HOTTER THAN HALL

Thanks for Steve Pond's profile *Hotter than Hall* (*Playboy*, December). Arsenio has proved that he is no run-of-the-mill talk-show host. He's the state of the art.

The fact that he questioned Spike Lee in so straightforward a manner, with no pretext of ass kissing, proves that Hall is a unique personality. I cannot envision Carson, Letterman or Sajak having the balls to question a guest such as Lee the way Hall did.

I am somewhat concerned by the rumor that Arsenio is "afraid of upsetting the white establishment." Mr. Hall, you are unique: Go with your inner feelings and let the establishment (whatever color or race) be damned! You're too good to worry about trivial things . . . roof, roof!

Jane Marsh
Williamsburg, Virginia

WILLIE HORTON

I count myself among the many who were angered and disappointed at the Bush campaign tactics of using the Willie Horton furlough issue against Michael Dukakis. Dr. Jeffrey M. Elliot's interview, *A Few Words from . . . Willie Horton* (*Playboy*, December), has given me the opportunity to hear from the other side—and it's downright scary!

In spite of the obvious contradictions in his statements, Horton claims, "I'm not trying to bullshit anybody." Give us a break! The odds are Horton will find a way to screw up and hurt someone if he is ever again part of a lax furlough program. I

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trust that the state of Maryland will keep a good watch over Willie—he's definitely one of the bad guys!

James C. Grant
Dallas, Texas

Dr. Jeffrey M. Elliot's *A Few Words from . . . Willie Horton* demonstrates that human realities are much more complex

than politicians would have us believe. Dr. Elliot asks Horton the hard questions, revealing that Horton, guilty or innocent, is a symptom of knotted problems. Sadly, politicians can find no other use for his difficult life than to get themselves elected.

George Zebrowski
Johnson City, New York

CYNTHIA'S COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Cynthia Heimel really ticks me off. Like most women, she wants it her way. Women have always complained about men's being after their bodies, and now that we aren't, they complain about *that*. Women here in Seattle are the same.

If women want to make one change toward equality, they can work at being less passive. In her December *Women* column ("Snow Job"), Heimel waits for the guy to call, lets him set plans for the date and waits for him to define the situation.

I am a therapist who deals with violent people, both men and women. This form of complaining is uniquely a woman's style of violence, and I experience Heimel's whining as emotional violence.

Paul Shaner
Seattle, Washington

MAMET'S *FIGHTING WORDS*

I have a problem with David Mamet's observation that "*any* attempt to interpret the Second Amendment must inevitably lead to the destruction of this freedom to bear arms" (*Fighting Words*, *Playboy*, December). Could the founding fathers' notion of arms possibly have included poison gas, toxic chemicals or genetically engineered lethal viruses that could be dropped from supersonic aircraft or fired from mobile artillery? The logical extension of an uninterpreted Second Amendment would seem to include, as its ultimate expression, "The right of the people to keep and bear [*nuclear*] arms shall not be infringed."

It is my understanding that the founding fathers, in their foresight and wisdom, knew that they could not write a document of absolutes, and that no document could correctly encompass the proper disposition of all eventualities for all time.

Patrick E. Heintz
Agawam, Massachusetts

I'm going to pay David Mamet the highest tribute I can. Mamet, I've changed my mind.

I am a member of the American Civil Liberties Union and a professional journalist, and I am fully prepared to defend smut to protect the freedom of the press. And although I often carry a handgun (legally), I have supported bans on assault rifles and such.

I had never before seen the contradiction in these positions. I'm not ready to run out and join the National Rifle Association, and I still favor a mandatory waiting period for the purchase of a gun. Even a lunatic can't do much long-term damage with a pen or a printing press.

But I have a new respect for the N.R.A. For the first time, I understand its position, and it makes sense.

Stanley D. Miller
Indianapolis, Indiana

WALL STREET BONUS

For some time now, I've been meaning to thank you for giving me the opportunity to pose for such a wonderful enterprise as *Playboy*! Being a part of *Women of Wall Street* (*Playboy*, August) has truly been one of the best experiences of my life. Months after its publication, I'm still receiving phone calls to do talk shows, game shows and, I hope, in time, something more permanent. I'm presently taking acting classes and voice lessons, just in case. *Playboy* has been a tremendous steppingstone for me. I couldn't have taken anyone up on a better offer!

Robin S. Mormelo
Westfield, New Jersey

JENKINS ON SMOKERS

I'd like to thank Dan Jenkins for his *Sports* column "Stalking the Smoking Loon" in your December issue. It's encouraging to know that other militant smokers are fighting back (the extent of my offensive is placing SMOKING PERMITTED signs wherever I can). I have always been a courteous smoker, but my capacity for courtesy is inversely proportionate to the unreasonableness of nonsmokers' demands.

Jeananne T. Robertson
Toronto, Ontario

As a nonsmoker, I know I can be easily annoyed by tobacco smoke. Yes, I have asked smokers to snuff it before entering an elevator with me (and some of them have flat-out refused). Yes, I have changed seats in a restaurant because the ability to taste my food was being eroded by tobacco smoke wafting my way. Yes, I applaud recent decisions limiting or eliminating smoking on flights and in public places.

However, I have never behaved like or met anyone like the loon in Jenkins' piece. He is clearly a creature of fiction.

Robin Weitz
Los Angeles, California

WRESTLING WOMEN

Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling, or GLOW, takes a lot of pride in the ladies featured in your December *Lethal Women* pictorial, and I was glad to see *Playboy* take the time and the space to allow them to show off both their professional wrestling talents and their beauty.

Bill Wolfe, Director
Tour Operations and
Special Live Events
GLOW, Inc.
Carteret, New Jersey

I would like to volunteer for Belinda Endress' famous pretzel hold. Just name the place and the time.

Roland Martinez
San Antonio, Texas

We're overwhelmed with volunteers, Roland, but we'll put your name on the list.

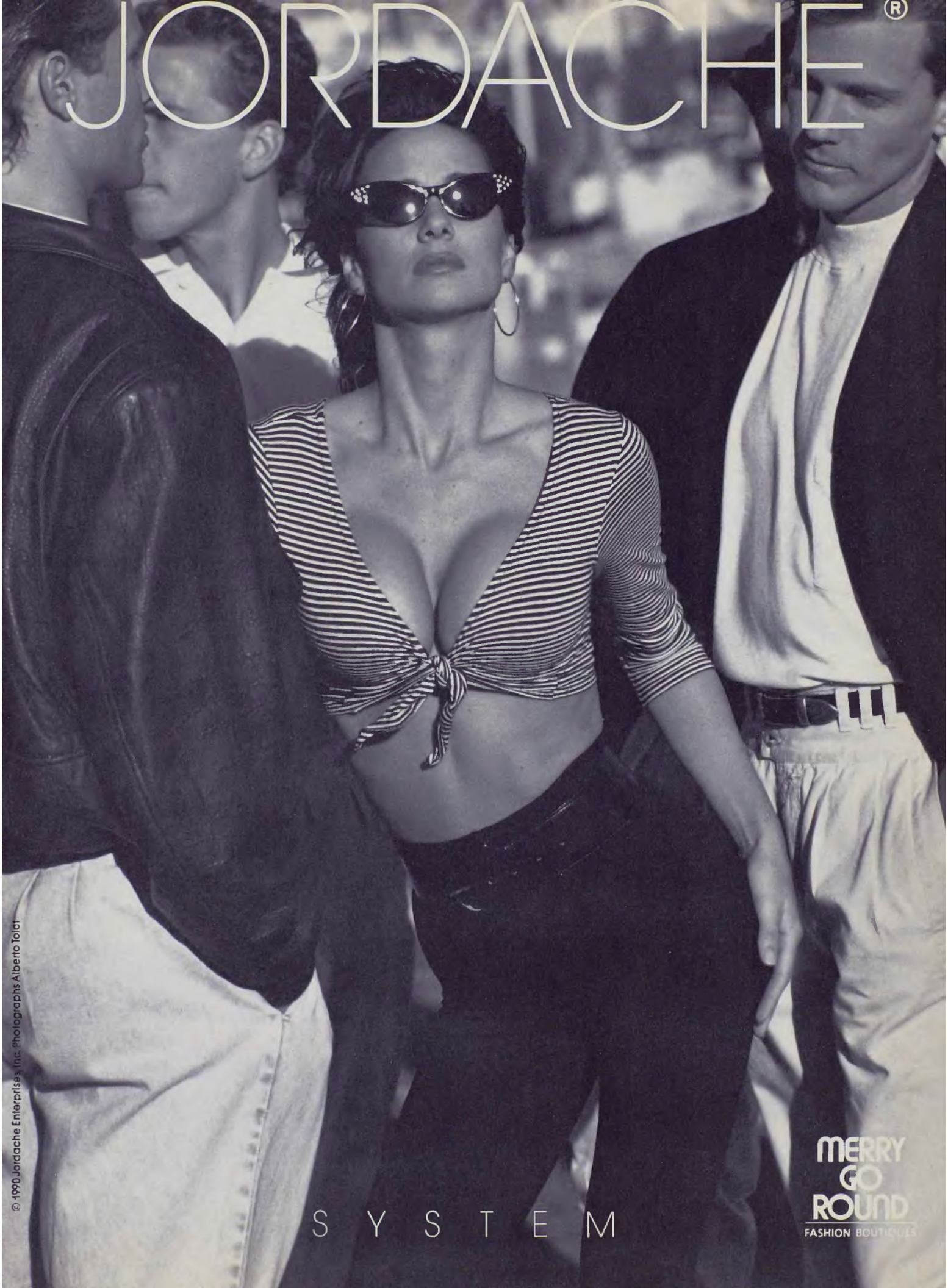
PHONE SNAFU

Playboy's Playmate Review, in your January issue, lists telephone numbers that readers can call to express their preference about who should be Playmate of the Year. I tried to get through on six occasions, only to get a recording telling me my call could not be completed. I called the operator and she wasn't able to help.

I am intrigued by Karen Foster (October 1989) and would like to add my voice to her selection as Playmate of the Year. If I had been able to get through on the phone, I would have called at least three times for this beautiful young lady.

Richard E. Bergquist
Litchfield, Connecticut

You encountered the great Playmate of the Year phone foul-up. We published the prefix 702 for all the Playmates instead of the correct 720. (Hef says that the editors' concentration must have been shattered by the beauty of last year's Playmates.) The problem was compounded when the telephone-company computers couldn't respond to the incorrect numbers in a helpful way. We tried to get the correct information out through a press release and a notice in our February issue. We also extended the call-in period through January 20. Unfortunately, some readers never got the word. Sorry for the inconvenience. However, ring up three for Miss Foster.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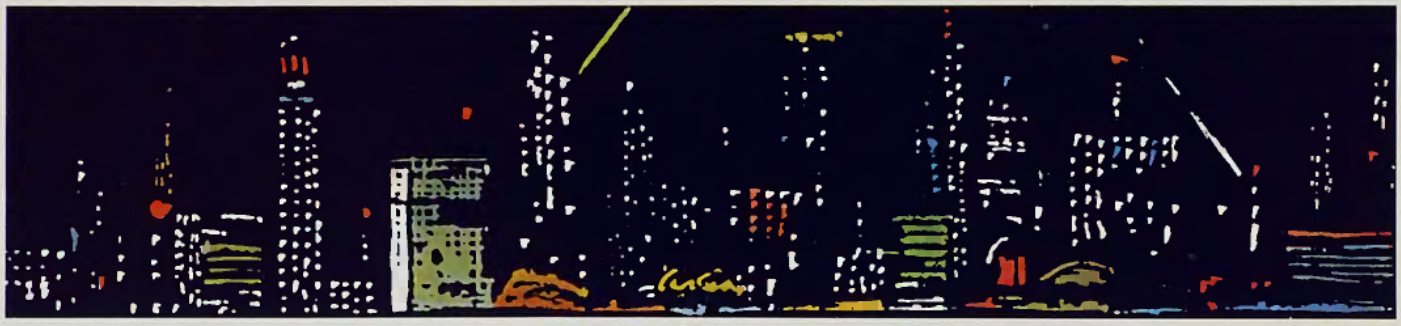

PAO PAO TO THE PEOPLE

Pop-culture buffs say modern Japan turns the Western world inside out, and the recordings we've recently come across by the three-woman Osaka bubble-gum-punk band Shonen Knife go some distance toward confirming the notion. Naoko Yamano, Atsuko Yamano and Michie Nakatini (on guitar, drums and bass, respectively—they all sing and play keyboards) have what might be called two-track minds, which is to say they primarily enjoy harmonizing about food (*I Wanna Eat Chocobars* and *Ice Cream City*) and animals (*Elephant Pao Pao*, *Parrot Polynesia*, *Banana Fish*). *Making Plans for Bison*, sung to the tune of a ditty by art-poppers XTC, fights for the survival of an "ug-ug-ugly" endangered species that "has a right to live, though he's ill-shaped"; and for a change of pace, there's *Twist Barbie* (about wanting to be a tall blonde) and *Public Bath* (about clean living and eating more ice cream after the hot tub).

The attitude is more innocent than rock has been for ages. When we contacted the trio, it faxed us a "message from Shonen Knife" detailing its love for Jane Austen, Astrud Gilberto, noodles, raw fish and "watching sumo in breathless suspense." A tribute compilation of American garage-band cover versions called *Every Band Has a Shonen Knife Who Loves Them* in honor of the 1984 Yoko Ono homage *Every Man Has a Woman Who Loves Him* is already in the works. Could mass Shonenmania be far behind? We hope not.

BORDER BOARD

We have discovered a new board game that, if nothing else, deserves points for social realism. It's called Run for the Border and its object is to make it to Los Angeles, starting deep in the interior of Mexico. To reach L.A., the player must evade such obstacles as bribe-taking Mexican officials, hungry snakes, unfriendly jails and deserts. Then, on the U.S. side, there's the Border Patrol.

We put the game to the test, once with a 20-year Border Patrol veteran and again with a fellow who had crossed illegally. The retired border guard thought the rules were a little hazy, but he admitted that the rules for crossing into the U.S. have always been a little murky in real border towns, too. The illegal alien thought the game didn't allow for strategy or cooperation among crossers and didn't make the hardships tragic enough. He wasn't too fond of the artwork, either—especially the nasty border guard who snarls, "No papers??? *Vamonos* to the deportation station."

GENE DREAMS

Scientists now believe that obesity is caused by genetics. In fact, researchers have identified an "obesity gene." Next, they'll isolate it and eradicate it. *Boom*—no more lard! The new research has made us think of other undesirable genes that we'd like to see the scientists stamp out. Here's our wish list:

The talking-to-the-screen gene: While watching a movie, the carrier inherently needs to make such observations as "Look out!" and "He's in trouble now!" and "Dustin Hoffman is just like that in real life, too." He must read aloud any word that appears on the screen. And the gene also guides him to the seat directly behind you in a crowded theater.

Whistler's chromosome: This trait compels the carrier to whistle dopey tunes incessantly, especially *Stairway to Heaven* and the theme from *The Facts of Life*.

The smart-woman, stupid-choices gene: Cher seems so bright. She has tons of money and she looks great in chain mail. So you have to ask: Sonny Bono? Gregg Allman? That twentysomething bagel guy? Richie Sambora of Bon Jovi? OK, the jury's still out on Bon Jovi.

The really-large-bosom gene: Think of the drawbacks—underwear designed by structural engineers, jogger's nipples, countless friends you never wanted to meet. . . . But maybe there are things with which scientists shouldn't tinker.

GET RICH QUICK

Massive quantities of gold bars are supposedly buried out in the wilds of New Mexico, but you may have to dodge a missile or two to find the stuff, reportedly buried under 400 feet of dirt, sand and rock in an area the U.S. Army uses primarily for missile launches or plane explosions.

According to rife rumor, a huge cavern on the White Sands Missile Range is stacked with gold. But for nascent treasure seekers, there are some problems. First, the Army has prohibited treasure hunts in the area. Second, the search has been limited to a partnership set up by heirs of the man who claims to have found the fortune.

The story began in 1937 when, says New Mexico legend, Milton "Doc" Noss ducked into a cavern to get out of the rain on Victorio Peak near Alamogordo. The peak is set in a bowl-shaped valley, and Noss claimed he walked into a cavern there and found "gold bars stacked like cordwood" and 27 skeletons chained to posts.

Noss later returned to dynamite a bigger entrance but wound up caving in the shaft and burying the loot instead. Unable to unearth the treasure on his own, he persuaded Texan Charles Ryan to invest in the quest. Ryan became frustrated at the lack of progress and, in a notable act of

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I think they should knock it [the Berlin Wall] down and then we can sell the chunks as souvenirs. We can wrap them in plastic and send them to America. I've heard Americans will buy anything, and East Germany certainly needs the money."—AN UNIDENTIFIED EAST BERLINER in *The New York Times*, November 12, 1989. (One week later, 11,000 tons of the wall arrived at Chicago's O'Hare Airport.)

GOING

Percentage of American business travelers who are male, 61; of pleasure travelers, 50.

•

Median income of an American business traveler, $38,570; of a pleasure traveler, $29,410.

•

Average length of a business trip, 4.4 days; of a pleasure trip, 5.2 days.

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Average distance of a business trip, 1370 miles; of a pleasure trip, 950 miles.

•

Percentage of American business travelers who fly, 43; of pleasure travelers, 19.

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In a survey of 1500 Americans who had taken a pleasure trip within the past year, the percentage who had gone to Europe: five.

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Percentage who would have gone to Europe if they had had "unlimited time and money": 33.

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Most sought-after European destination: Great Britain.

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Percentage who had traveled to Hawaii: four. Percentage who wanted to travel to Hawaii: 25.

•

Percentage who had vacationed in Florida, 21; in California, 15; in New York, nine.

•

If they could vacation anywhere they desired, percentage who would go to Florida, three; to California, three; to New York, one.

FACT OF THE MONTH

The number of pounds of recyclable materials an average household generates in a month: newspapers, 28; glass containers, 17.3; tin cans, 6.8; cardboard, four.

WHO PAYS

Percentage of American women who write the checks for the family's bills, 61; of American men, 25. Percentage of American couples who share the responsibility, ten.

IRRATIONAL FEARS

Percentage of Americans who believe it is not possible to get AIDS from eating in a restaurant where the cook has AIDS: 43. Percentage who wouldn't eat at such a restaurant: 72.

WHOOPS

Percentage of American chemical accidents from 1982 to 1986 that occurred in metropolitan areas: 73.

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Metropolitan area with the largest number of chemical accidents: Chicago (54); metropolitan area with the second largest number: Los Angeles–Long Beach (16).

•

State with the largest number of chemical accidents: Illinois. Other spill-prone states: California, Louisiana, Ohio and Texas.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD

Average hourly 1988 wage for production workers in the United States, $13.90; in Canada, $13.58; in Japan, $13.14; in Taiwan, $2.71; in South Korea, $2.46; in West Germany, $18.07.

impatience, gunned him down in 1949.

Several unsuccessful attempts to retrieve the gold have been made since then, and ground-penetrating radar actually found a cavern at the base of the peak in 1977. Now New Mexico Congressman Joe Skeen has attached a provision to the proposed 300-billion-dollar Pentagon budget legislation that would require the Army to allow a search for the bullion.

The searchers would have to pay all expenses, and the fate of any recovered treasure would be decided by the courts, which could take years or even decades. Numerous parties have laid claim to the treasure, including the Apache nation, a group of airmen who say they saw the gold in 1958 and, of course, the relatives of poor old Noss.

SPOTLIGHT

Music man Sanborn.

The guy hosts NBC's *Night Music*, plays saxophone with most of his guests, records solo albums, tours, does session work and is a semiregular with Paul Shaffer and the World's Most Dangerous Band on *Late Night with David Letterman*. **David Sanborn** is possibly the most widely heard saxophone player in the country.

Night Music takes up most of his time. A non-MTV approach to popular music, the show is relaxed in mood yet intensely creative with its formula for breaking formulas. You might see Leonard Cohen backed by Sonny Rollins, Ringo Starr and Herb Alpert; Todd Rundgren and Taj Mahal singing Gilbert and Sullivan; or Sam Moore backed by Squeeze and Ashford & Simpson on *Higher and Higher*.

"It's the cosmic factor," says Sanborn of the magic moments that occur on every show, crediting most of them to the whimsy of musical producer Hal Willner. "Last year, we put all the names of the musicians we admired on a big board and just started combining them. Hal calls it drawing a mustache on the *Mona Lisa*."

In its second year of syndication, *Night Music*'s seemingly boundless success has forced a name change. Last year, it was called *Michelob Presents Sunday Night*, but the syndicators wanted the option of airing it at other times, so now it's *Michelob Presents Night Music*. Listen for it.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MATTHEW BRODERICK proves himself too lightweight an actor to carry, in ***Glory*** (Tri-Star), a film so top-heavy with noble intentions. Denzel Washington and Morgan Freeman, both superb, play black soldiers recruited for the 54th Massachusetts regiment in the Civil War, with Cary Elwes very fine as the white second-in-command. But you won't believe for a moment that any of them would follow Broderick's boyish, callow commander into the jaws of death. Based on the true exploits of the first black Army unit raised in the North to fight for the Union, *Glory* is explicitly gory, with spectacular battle scenes. It is also a fairly primitive hosanna to black pride, full of overstuffed heroics and heavenly choirs against a symphonic sound track that seems to suggest that a full orchestra might turn back the rebels. Director Edward Zwick, who also co-created TV's *thirtysomething*, cannot be faulted for thinking small. ¥¥

•

Ron Silver milks both honey and hemlock from a major role in ***Enemies, a Love Story*** (Fox), based on the bittersweet novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Jewish refugees in New York back in 1949 are the unusual protagonists of producer-director Paul Mazursky's warm, compelling romantic comedy (adapted in collaboration with Roger L. Simon). These Holocaust survivors live in the present, loving and lusting and grabbing what they can get in order to erase the past. Silver plays Herman, a ghostwriter unable to make decisions and unable to say no to any of the three women he marries. Anjelica Huston plays his first wife, supposedly dead, who reappears to muddle his relationships with the Polish wife (Margaret Sophie Stein) who saved his life in Europe and the sultry mistress (Sweden's Lena Olin, who brightened up *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*) he also weds because she's pregnant. Herman's various mates reside in Coney Island, Manhattan and the Bronx. Amid glowing local color just right for the period, Mazursky sets forth a tender modern folk tale that ultimately hails the indomitability of women as well as the sexual preoccupation of men. And the women in this case—Huston and Olin in particular—embody guilty pleasures that any philanderer might connive to keep. ¥¥¥¥½

•

Enthralling African epics of exploration and adventure are all too rare in movies since the original fictional *King Solomon's Mines* decades ago. ***Mountains of the Moon*** (Tri-Star) should fill the gap with jungle intrigue, excitement and truth. Based on the actual exploits of Sir Richard Burton and John Hanning Speke, a mismatched mid–19th Century pair of Englishmen who went searching for the headwaters of the Nile, director Bob Rafelson's *macho* thriller has a little of everything—from restless natives to jungle rot and sex appeal. Burton, a celebrated connoisseur of erotica when he wasn't adventuring, is played to the hilt by newcomer Patrick Bergin (see *Playboy*'s February "Off Camera"), with handsome Iain Glen as the aristocratic, untrustworthy Speke, who ultimately betrays his partner and may have had a somewhat-homosexual attachment to him. Fiona Shaw fleshes out her role as Burton's staunchly feminist wife back home, and *Mountains* moves from uptight England to a host of locations in Kenya without stopping for breath. Time may be telescoped, some liberties taken with the facts of the case, but it's real in essence—and one hell of a story. ¥¥¥¥

Washington runs for *Glory*.

War movies, between the states and on the home front.

•

The runaway hit of every film festival it has played, ***Roger & Me*** (Warner) is a humorist's dark view of Flint, Michigan, where General Motors has closed 11 factories and wiped out 35,000 jobs. Bleak statistics, indeed, but mere facts cannot quell the high spirits of film maker Michael Moore, who produced, directed and wrote *Roger & Me* and frequently appears in the movie during his search for G.M. chairman Roger Smith. Moore wants to talk with Smith about Flint, but no dice. Instead, his low-budget quest takes him to the stricken city, where he interviews a future Miss America on tour, witnesses evictions and talks with a lady who skins rabbits for a living. He also lets Flint officials describe their useless efforts to turn the desolate city into a tourist mecca, with questionable help from such professional positive thinkers as Anita Bryant and Pat Boone. One of the wriest asides has citizens paying $100 a night to slum in Flint's brand-new jail. Much of Moore's droll docucomedy is plainly rigged to support his vision, yet *Roger & Me* works miracles as a tongue-in-cheek jab at the American dream gone haywire during the acquisitive Eighties. ¥¥¥¥

•

Robert De Niro and Sean Penn share the screen in ***We're No Angels*** (Paramount). A movie with the same title back in 1955 starred Humphrey Bogart, Peter Ustinov and Aldo Ray as Devil's Island escapees. All that is changed in playwright David Mamet's extensive rewrite, which doesn't help make a so-so oldy any better. Furiously overacting while Penn reluctantly gets religion and Demi Moore (she's the town slut) guards her deaf-mute child, De Niro sets the tone of a doggedly dated comedy about two fugitives pretending to be priests. They're stuck just this side of the Canadian border in a spectacularly rugged vintage town that's nice to look at and may distract you from several huge holes in the plot. ¥¥

•

Tom Cruise carries the spark of burning conviction through ***Born on the Fourth of July*** (Universal), based on Ron Kovic's memoir that appeared in *Playboy* in 1976 but now a Hollywood epic roughly the size and bluntness of a billboard. As co-author (with Kovic), co-producer and director, film maker Oliver (*Platoon*, *Wall Street*) Stone cinematically goes for the jugular at the outset with a big flag-waving parade, and you may feel as though you've been slammed against the wall and preached to by the time he's through with you. Even so, the transformation of Kovic from a young gung-ho patriot to a drunken, paralyzed Vietnam veteran is spelled out by Cruise in excruciating detail—up to and including Kovic's sad, nightmarish stay in a Mexican brothel where he tries to recapture his sex life. Cruise as Kovic might be just as effective without the surrounding hype, yet all of it—from war's horror to the subsequent agony in a military hospital, then Kovic's long, anguished reappraisal of his life—has holding power. Less might have been more on Stone's part, yet Cruise shows the world for keeps that he's a major talent as well as a hunk. ¥¥¥½

•

An L.A. vice cop (England's Bob Hoskins) particularly detests a smooth black lawyer (Denzel Washington) who operates on the shady side of the law. ***Heart Condition*** (New Line) has the lawyer die in an auto accident on the very night the vice

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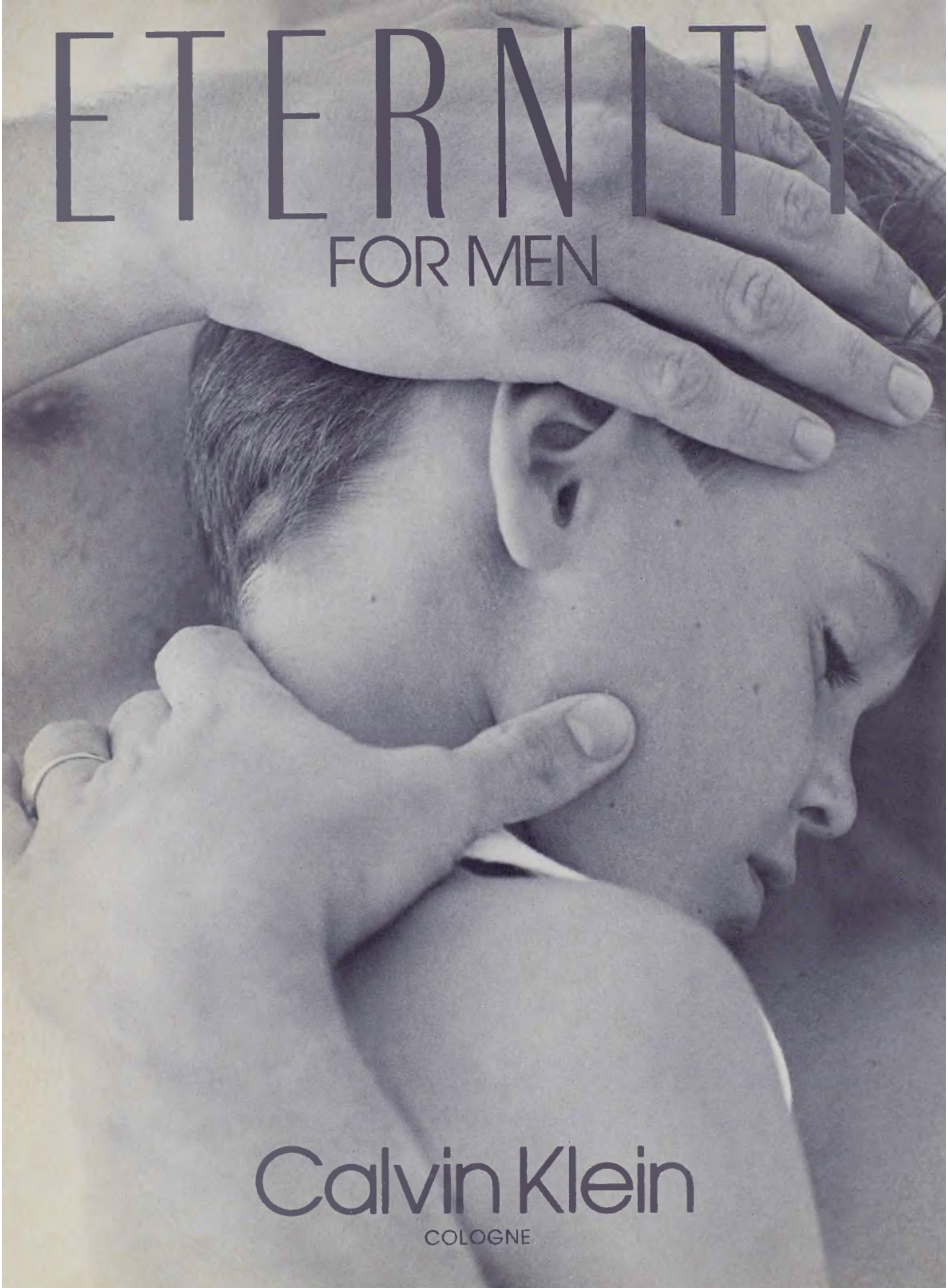
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A Duke in Hollywood.

OFF CAMERA

He's constantly recognized as a big-screen bad guy, but not everyone knows that **Bill Duke,** at 46, also ranks as a major TV director. With his performances in *American Gigolo* and *Commando* well behind him, Duke will be seen next in *Bird on a Wire*, with Goldie Hawn and Mel Gibson. "David Carradine and I are drug dealers who go after Goldie and Mel. I don't end up very well in the end, but I'm used to that. When you're tall and black, as I am, you usually play the bad guy." Duke is deeply concerned with changing the image of blacks in Hollywood. "I've turned down bad-guy parts because they seemed to be buffoons. You have to know *why* a person behaves as he does. Fact is, I've known a lot of bad black guys . . . in my own family."

Duke took leave from the screen for a couple of years to study at the American Film Institute. Since then, he estimates he has directed at least 135 television shows, "everything from *Cagney & Lacey* to *Hill Street Blues* and *Miami Vice*," and he's directing his third episode of *The Outsiders*, a new series executive-produced by Francis Ford Coppola. The Poughkeepsie-born Duke at one time studied medicine, but "learning the names of arteries and bones just wasn't my thing." Later, at Boston University, he decided to become an English teacher. "But when I fell asleep in my Chaucer class for the third time, I was asked to leave." Then he got turned on to theater. Director Lloyd Richards, then teaching at BU, sent him west to L.A. "In a few weeks, I made more than I'd made in New York in a whole year. I had change in my pocket, no roaches, no *winters*. . . ." Things are booming now, and Duke doubts that he'll have to take his mother's advice: "She says whenever it dries up in Hollywood, I can always go back to Poughkeepsie and teach."

cop suffers a cardiac seizure. Don't think, however, that an actor of Washington's stature is out of it so early. Uh-uh. Hoskins wakes up disgruntled to find the black man's heart transplanted in his body and, worse yet, the lawyer's ghost following him around as he tries to solve a case. He also learns that he and the dead man are in love with the same sometime callgirl (Chloe Webb, whose mumbly, offbeat manner often makes her hard to understand). Only Washington wisely underplays his role in a dud supernatural comedy. ¥

•

To be unmoved by a film shot on location at the Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camps in Poland is nigh impossible. ***Triumph of the Spirit*** (Nova International) is thus a bleak and shattering tale on several levels. Being spirited back to Auschwitz is perhaps the one angle that really stings. Willem Dafoe is excellent as Salamo Arouch, a Greek boxer who actually fought in the ring to survive, keeping the Nazi officer class amused. Equally good are Robert Loggia as his father, Wendy Gazelle as the Greek girl he loves (in another cell block) and Edward James Olmos as a gypsy entertainer with connections in the camp. Familiarity and the sight of well-fed actors portraying people teetering on the edge of extinction are the problems that make *Triumph* a minor rather than a major achievement. Too many newsreels, too much unstaged knowledge of the awful truth mar director Robert M. Young's meticulous re-creation. ¥¥½

•

As a young New England widow who works in a bakery and tries to keep her family together, Jane Fonda is . . . well, easy to watch as a highly accomplished star portraying a working-class mother in ***Stanley & Iris*** (MGM). Opposite Fonda's Iris as Stanley, an illiterate laborer she teaches to read before his natural talents land him a good job, Robert De Niro eases into his role somewhat more comfortably. Under director Martin (*Hud, Norma Rae*) Ritt, who habitually gives down-and-outers their due, this movie version of a Pat Barker novel titled *Union Street* is humane, splendidly acted and absolutely predictable from first to last. Take it with a grain of schmaltz. ¥¥½

•

As director and co-star of ***The War of the Roses*** (Fox), a fairly venomous black comedy, Danny DeVito sets out to massage the audience's mean streak. At that, he succeeds—with grandly grotesque comic performances by Kathleen Turner and Michael Douglas as Barbara and Oliver Rose. They're a well-heeled married pair about to split, venomously. She locks him into the sauna. He saws the heels off her shoes. "A civilized divorce is a contradiction in terms," notes DeVito, playing a lawyer. By the time *The War of the Roses* has Douglas pissing on his wife's fish dinner and Turner resorting to outright murder, what began as a saucy "in" joke about marriage no longer amuses. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Bear (Reviewed 12/89) Outdoor adventure with man and ursa major. ¥¥¥

Born on the Fourth of July (See review) Cruise makes his bid for the gold. ¥¥¥½

Camille Claudel (2/90) Adjani's angst-filled portrait of a sculptress. ¥¥½

Cinema Paradiso (2/90) A nostalgic Italian ode to the joy of movies. ¥¥¥

Communion (2/90) Author Strieber's view of alien visitors, starring Christopher Walken and Lindsay Crouse. ¥¥¥

Crimes and Misdemeanors (1/90) It's from Woody Allen, and that's a plus. ¥¥½

Driving Miss Daisy (2/90) A gorgeous outing for Tandy and Freeman. ¥¥¥¥

Enemies, a Love Story (See review) Sex, lies, lust and the Holocaust. ¥¥¥¥½

The Fabulous Baker Boys (1/90) Both accompany the fabulous Pfeiffer. ¥¥¥¥

Family Business (Listed only) Whoever said father knows best? ¥¥

Glory (See review) A black regiment wages the War Between the States. ¥¥

Heart Condition (See review) Hoskins takes heart from Washington. ¥

Henry V (1/90) England's Kenneth Branagh remakes Olivier's classic role with earthy style and *brio*. ¥¥¥½

The Little Mermaid (2/90) In and out of the water, a charming Disney tale. ¥¥¥¥

Mack the Knife (2/90) Raul Julia and Roger Daltrey star in a mixed-up version of *The Threepenny Opera*. ¥¥

Mountains of the Moon (See review) New faces in a grand African adventure. ¥¥¥¥

Music Box (2/90) Jessica Lange carries the tune as a harried Chicago attorney defending her father, the Nazi. ¥¥¥½

My Left Foot (12/89) One of 1989's top performances, by Daniel Day-Lewis. ¥¥¥¥

Mystery Train (1/90) A bunch of Elvis admirers congregate in Memphis. ¥¥

Roger & Me (See review) Flint, Michigan, savaged, not just by G.M. ¥¥¥¥

Stanley & Iris (See review) See Jane teach Robert to read. ¥¥½

Steel Magnolias (1/90) Southern women, all very much abloom. ¥¥¥½

Story of Women (1/90) Isabelle Huppert as a doomed French abortionist. ¥¥¥½

Sweetie (Listed only) Odd goings on from down under. ¥¥

Triumph of the Spirit (See review) Made in Auschwitz, and harrowing. ¥¥½

Valmont (2/90) Pretty as a picture, but far milder than *Dangerous Liaisons*.¥¥¥

The War of the Roses (See review) Evil black comedy, deftly played. ¥¥¥

We're No Angels (See review) Penn and De Niro with their wings clipped. Bogie did it better decades ago. ¥¥

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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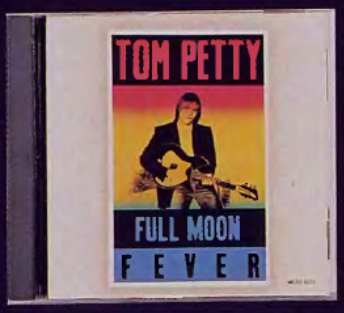

Tom Petty—Full Moon Fever. (MCA) 382-184

Elton John—Sleeping With The Past (MCA) 387-993

Molly Hatchet—Lightning Strikes Twice (Capitol) 389-346

Black Sabbath—Headless Cross (I.R.S.) 383-109

Dan Hill—Real Love (Columbia) 383-380

Willie Nelson—A Horse Called Music (Columbia) 382-937

The D.O.C.—No One Can Do It Better (Ruthless) 389-155

The Isley Brothers—Spend The Night (Warner Bros.) 389-148

B.J. Thomas—Midnight Minute (Reprise) 389-106

Maze—Silky Soul (Warner Bros.) 389-098

Diving For Pearls (Epic) 389-031

Jethro Tull—Rock Island (Chrysalis) 388-157

10 Years After—About Time (Chrysalis) 388-140

The Dutfield—Voices Of Babylon (Columbia) 379-388

Soul II Soul—Keep On Movin' (Virgin) 386-037

Schoolly D—Am I Black Enough For You ? (Jive/RCA) 386-066

The Jets—Believe (MCA) 388-032

Taylor Dayne—Can't Fight Fate (Arista) 386-017

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band—Will The Circle Be Unbroken (Capitol) 387-894/397-893

Dino—24/7 (4th & Broadway/Island) 387-415

Jimmy Buffett—Off To See The Lizard (MCA) 387-340

The Beach Boys—Still Cruising (Capitol) 387-092

Joe Cocker—One Night Of Sin (Capitol) 387-084

King's X—Gretchen Goes To Nebraska (Atl/Megaforce WW) 387-019

Mordred—Fools Games (Noise) 386-839

Eddie & The Cruisers II—Original Soundtrack (Scotti Brothers) 386-813

Skid Row (Atlantic) 379-602

Pete Townshend—The Iron Man (Atlantic) 385-724

Babyface—Tender Love (Epic) 386-177

Marshall Crenshaw—Good Evening (Warner Bros.) 386-110

Steve Stevens Atomic Playboys (Warner Bros.) 386-086

Do The Right Thing—Original Soundtrack (Motown) 385-732

Lou Rawls—At Last (Blue Note) 387-589

Michael Damian—Where Do We Go From Here (Cypress) 384-305

Shark Island—Law Of The Order (Epic) 384-180

Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe (Arista) 384-115

Diana Ross—Working Overtime (Motown) 383-984

Tin Machine (EMI America) 383-976

Billy Squier—Hear And Now (Capitol) 383-760

Jackson Browne—World In Motion (Elektra) 383-752

Night Ranger—Greatest Hits (MCA) 383-729

Ghostbusters II—Original Soundtrack (MCA) 383-711

Queen—The Miracle (Capitol) 383-547

Bonham—The Disregard Of Time Keeping (WTG) 383-497

Clarence Clemons—A Night With Mr. C (Columbia) 383-067

Johnny Mathis—In The Still Of The Night (Columbia) 383-042

Neneh Cherry—Raw Like Sushi (Virgin) 382-994

Donna Summer—Another Place And Time (Atlantic) 382-960

Stacey Q—Nights Like This (Atlantic) 382-838

White Lion—Big Game (Atlantic) 382-820

Mr. Big (Atlantic) 382-812

The Doobie Brothers—Cycles (Capitol) 382-457

Skyy—Start Of A Romance (Atlantic) 382-440

Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble—In Step (Epic) 382-374

Alice Cooper—Trash (Epic) 382-366

Triumph—Classics (MCA) 382-135

Donny Osmond (Capitol) 382-119

Roachford (Epic) 382-010

Milli Vanilli—Girl You Know It's True (Arista) 379-610

Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers—One Bright Day (Virgin) 386-987

L.L. Cool J—Walking With A Panther (Def Jam / Columbia) 381-988

The Cult—Sonic Temple (Sire/Reprise) 381-798

Todd Rundgren—Nearly Human (Warner Bros.) 381-780

Wang Chung—The Warmer Side Of Cool (Geffen) 381-784

Mica Paris—So Good (Island) 381-731

Expose—What You Don't Know (Arista) 381-715

Barry Manilow (Arista) 381-707

Stray Cats—Blast Off! (EMI) 381-442

Great White—... Twice Shy (Capitol) 381-178

Stevie Nicks—The Other Side Of The Mirror (Modern) 381-103

Jody Watley—Larger Than Life (MCA) 381-061

Jon Butcher—Pictures From The Front (Capitol) 380-519

Neal Schon—Late Night (Columbia) 380-378

Henry Lee Summer—I've Got Everything (CBS Associated) 380-352

Danger Danger (Imagine) 383-398

The Best Of The Dregs—Divided We Stand (Arista) 386-979

Partridge Family—Greatest Hits (Arista) 386-961

The Doobie Brothers—What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits (Warner Bros.) 385-039

Best Of Cher (EMI) 381-509

The Best Of Canned Heat (EMI) 380-832

Led Zeppelin—Houses Of The Holy (Atlantic) 293-597

Roy Orbison—The All-Time Hits, Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia Special Prod.) 377-945

The Very Best Of The Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.) 372-912

All The Best Of The Lovin' Spoonful (Special Music Co.)371-872

Dion and The Belmonts—Their Best (Laurie) 369-074

The Very Best of Poco (Epic) 367-623

Humble Pie—Smokin' (A&M) 367-573

Marvin Gaye—Greatest Hits (Motown) 387-565

Batman—Original Soundtrack (Warner Bros.) 383-885

Tone-Loc—Loc'ed After Dark (Delicious Vinyl) 379-875

Warrant—Dirty Rotten Filthy Stinking Rich (Columbia) 379-644

Madonna—Like A Prayer (Sire) 379-594

Simply Red—A New Flame (Elektra) 378-943

Martika (Columbia) 379-149

Cyndi Lauper—A Night To Remember (Epic) 377-887

Debbie Gibson—Electric Youth (Atlantic) 377-275

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young—American Dream (Atlantic) 376-533

Guns N' Roses—GN'R Lies (Geffen) 376-087

Jeff Healy Band—See The Light (Arista) 375-873

Fleetwood Mac—Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 375-782

The Dickey Betts Band—Pattern Disruptive (Epic) 375-576

Gordon Lightfoot—Gord's Gold Volume II (Warner Bros.) 375-519

Journey's Greatest Hits(Columbia) 375-279

The Jefferson Airplane (Epic) 385-906

Joni Mitchell—Court and Spark (Asylum) 367-102

The Who—Greatest Hits (MCA) 385-361

Alice Cooper—Billion Dollar Babies (Warner Bros.) 383-531

Best Of Dave Mason (Columbia) 358-812

Little Feat—Feats Don't Fail Me Now (Warner Bros.) 363-523

Best Of The Spencer Davis Group—Featuring Steve Winwood (EMI America) 382-335

Grand Funk Railroad—Grand Funk Hits (Capitol) 359-828

Best Of The Doors (Elektra) 357-616/397-612

Yes—Close To The Edge (Atlantic) 351-965

Traffic—The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys (Island) 351-924

Cher—Heart Of Stone (Geffen) 383-893

.38 Special—Rock & Roll Strategy (A&M) 375-139

The Traveling Wilburys—Volume One (Wilbury) 375-089

Barbra Streisand—Till I Loved You (Columbia) 374-884

U2—Rattle And Hum (Island) 374-017

Tommy Conwell & The Rumblers—Rumble (Columbia) 373-027

Bobby Brown—Don't Be Cruel (MCA) 372-045

Melissa Etheridge (Island) 371-468

Living Colour—Vivid (Epic) 370-833

Neil Young & The Bluenotes—This Note's For You (Reprise) 369-462

Carly Simon—Greatest Hits Live (Arista) 385-874

Billy Idol—Vital Idol (Chrysalis) 360-107

Aerosmith—Parmanent Vacation (Geffen) 359-075

Heart—Bad Animals (Capitol) 356-667

The Police—Every Breath You Take... The Singles (A&M) 348-318

Van Halen—5150 (Warner Bros.) 343-582

Don Henley—The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 383-802

Best Of Mountain (Columbia) 351-890

Rolling Stones—Sticky Fingers (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350-845

The Byrds—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 342-501

Best Of Procol Harum (A&M) 344-457

Grateful Dead—Workingman's Dead (Warner Bros.) 358-887

Best Of Kansas® (CBS Assoc.) 327-742

Joe Cocker—Greatest Hits (A&M) 320-911

Elton John—Greatest Hits (MCA) 319-541

Best Of 3 Dog Night (MCA) 315-596

The Babys—The Babys Anthology (Chrysalis) 312-256

Creedence Clearwater Revival—20 Greatest Hits (Fantasy) 308-049

Bob Dylan—Oh Mercy (Columbia) 389-262

Motley Crue—Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) 387-944

Billy Joel—Greatest Hits Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia) 336-396/396-390

Foreigner—Records (Atlantic) 318-055

Dan Fogelberg—Greatest Hits (Full Moon/Epic) 317-149

Fine Young Cannibals—The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) 379-214

The Best Of Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic) 306-969

Electric Light Orchestra—Greatest Hits (Jet) 300-095

Harry Chapin—Greatest Stories (Elektra) 296-939

Iron Butterfly—In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida (ATCO) 294-629

10 Years After—Cricklewood Green (Chrysalis) 380-816

Jackson Browne—The Pretender (Asylum) 292-243

The Band—The Last Waltz (Warner Bros.) 291-948/391-946

Best Of The Grateful Dead (Warner Bros.) 291-633

Led Zeppelin IV (Atlantic) 291-435

James Taylor—Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 291-302

Best Of The Doobie Bros. (Warner Bros.) 291-278

Eagles—Greatest Hits 1971-1975 (Asylum) 287-003

Linda Ronstadt—Greatest Hits (Asylum) 286-740

Rolling Stones—Steel Wheels. (Rolling Stones Rec.) **387-738**

New Kids On The Block—Hangin' Tough. (Columbia) **368-423**

Paula Abdul—Forever Your Girl. (Virgin) **374-637**

Beastie Boys—Paul's Boutique (Capitol) 383-786

Richard Marx—Repeat Offender (EMI) 380-915

On The Cutting Edge

Poi Dog Pondering (Columbia) 389-213

Red Hot Chili Peppers—Mother's Milk (EMI America) 389-205

The Ocean Blue (Sire/Reprise) 389-197

Debbie Harry—Def, Dumb & Blonde (Sire/Reprise) 389-130

Thompson Twins—Big Trash (Warner Bros.) 389-114

Mental As Anything—Cyclone Raymond (Columbia) 389-049

Big Audio Dynamite—Megatop Phoenix (Columbia) 388-215

Camper Van Beethoven—Key Lime Pie (Virgin) 388-074

George Clinton—The Cinderella Theory (Paisley Park) 387-134

Fetchin Bones—Monster (Capitol) 387-050

Icehouse—Great Southern Land (Chrysalis) 387-043

Syd Straw—Surprise (Virgin) 386-995

Paul Kelly And The Messengers—So Much Water So Close To Home (A&M) 384-321

R.E.M.—Green (Warner Bros.) 375-162

Bodeans—Home (Reprise/Slash) 384-206

The Call—Let The Day Begin (MCA) 384-156

The B-52's—Cosmic Thing (Reprise) 383-877

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions—1984-1989 (Capitol) 383-778

The Cure—Disintegration (Elektra) 382-093

10,000 Maniacs—Blind Man's Zoo (Elektra) 382-077

Indigo Girls (Epic) 381-269

Bryan Ferry / Roxy Music—Street Life (Reprise) 384-230

Boogie Down Productions—Ghetto Music: Blue Print Of Hip Hop (Jive/RCA) 386-193

Blood, Sweat & Tears—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 214-650

Sly & The Family Stone—Greatest Hits (Epic) 196-246

Bob Dylan—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 138-586

Stevie Wonder—Songs In The Key Of Life (Tamla) 269-217/399-212

Jim Croce—Photographs & Memories: His Greatest Hits (Saja) 246-868

Santana—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 244-459

Janis Joplin—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 231-670

Simon & Garfunkel—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 219-477

Best Of Ted Nugent—Great Gonzos (Epic) 312-330

Boz Scaggs—Hits! (Columbia) 306-571

Barry Manilow—Greatest Hits (Arista) 288-670

Stevie Wonder—Orig. Musiquarium I Greatest Hits (Tamla) 314-997/394-999

Paul Shaffer—Coast To Coast (Captol) 386-276

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☐ **Black Music** *L.L. Cool J., Bobby Brown*	☐ **Jazz** *Branford Marsalis, Spyro Gyra*	☐ **Country** *Rebo McEntire, Hank Williams, Jr.*	☐ **Classical*** *Kiri Te Kanawa, Yo-Yo Ma*	☐ **Easy Listening** *Ray Conniff, Johnny Mathis*

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GUEST SHOT

"Big commercial films escape me," says actress and *SCTV* vet Andrea Martin. "Tons of money are spent on them and sometimes the soul of the film goes out the window. I'd rather get lost in the hearts of characters in small, low-budget films on video. Like *Sid and Nancy* or *Gregory's Girl* or *Harold and Maude* with Bud Cort." Other little gems that tickle Andrea are Robert Duvall's *Tomorrow* and her own *Cannibal Girls*, which has yet to see its vid release. "It's a Canadian gore spoof with Eugene Levy. We shot it in about two weeks for, like, thirteen bucks. The ad line is, 'These girls eat men.' Now, if *that* were on video, I *know* I'd get more film work." —LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEOLDIES

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Courtesy of Video Yesteryear's 900-title collection, you can now enjoy those 15-cent Saturday matinees your folks are always babbling about—complete with classic cartoon, up-to-date newsreel, heart-stopping serial and fabulous feature. Such as:

The Best of Betty Boop: Everyone's favorite party girl (how *does* she keep her ankles so thin?) vamps her way through nine musical masterpieces, teaming up with other cartoon stars of the day. La Boop also strikes some early blows for women's rights as a race-car driver and for animal protection as she gives a cruel farmer what-for.

The Universal International Newsreel: Just about covers it all—from rare silent footage of Titanic passengers and crew to a tuxedoed Il Duce to an odd weather-balloon game played by college boys on horseback. Best touch: the organ music.

The Perils of Pauline: *The* original spine tingler. A two-volume, 12-episode collection in which our heroine battles the evil Dr. Bashan through jungles, typhoons, even the Chinese revolution. Indiana Jones ain't got nothin' on Pauline.

Scarlet Street: Fritz Lang's *film noir* classic. Edward G. Robinson dons an apron to play against type as a Caspar Milquetoast who'll do anything for bad girl Joan Bennett. An eerie tale of manipulation, madness and murder.

We were going to suggest ***Naughty Nostalgia*** (genuine homemade porn from the Thirties) as a sneak-peek midnight special, but forget it: These loops are so bad they're, well, *bad*. Abstinence recommended.

(For catalog, send $2.50 to Video Yesteryear, P.O. Box C, Sandy Hook, Connecticut 06482). —DAN CURRY

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Watch My Car, Will Ya?: We predicted color TVs for cars and, sure enough, Hitachi now has a deal with Chrysler that will make a five-inch color LCD monitor with video cassette player a factory option on the 1991 Voyager minivans. Look for Ford and G.M. to follow.

Pocket Player: How small will camcorders get? Kyocera's Finemovie 8 Pocketcam, an 8mm computerized wonder with a six-to-one zoom, weighs a mere one pound, 12 ounces. And, yes, forget that tote bag—this one actually *will* fit in your pocket. —MAURY LEVY

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

The San Francisco Earthquake: Are you at all surprised? Yep, the 15 seconds that rocked the West are stretched to 60 minutes of "dramatic" and "nightmarish" footage. Saving grace: Gives you the low-down on where to send bucks for victims (MPI).

Great Air Battles: Combat footage, dogfights and more in a four-tape tribute to some serious high flying. Includes *Warbirds of WWII*, *The Fighter Aces*, *Chopper Fury* and *The Jet Wars* (VidAmerica).

Ronald Reagan: An American President: The "official White House authorized video"—which means lots of pumped-up pomp, soft-soaped Iran/*Contra* and gooey, sentimental narration. Yawn (Sutton).

COUCH-POTATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

Learn how to spot (and perfect?) those sneaky shuffles, deals and cuts of the deck with *Beat a Cheat: Secrets of a Card Sharp*—a fascinating peek into the tricks and techniques of the ace-up-the-sleeve crowd (Premiere Home Video).

COUCH-TOMATO VIDEOS OF THE MONTH:

For ladies bent on teaching the old man to cut a rug, there's *You Can Dance*—a made-for-two series that gives the step-by-step to steppin' out, from jitterbug to fox trot to dirty dancing (Nowadays Video, 800-492-7444).

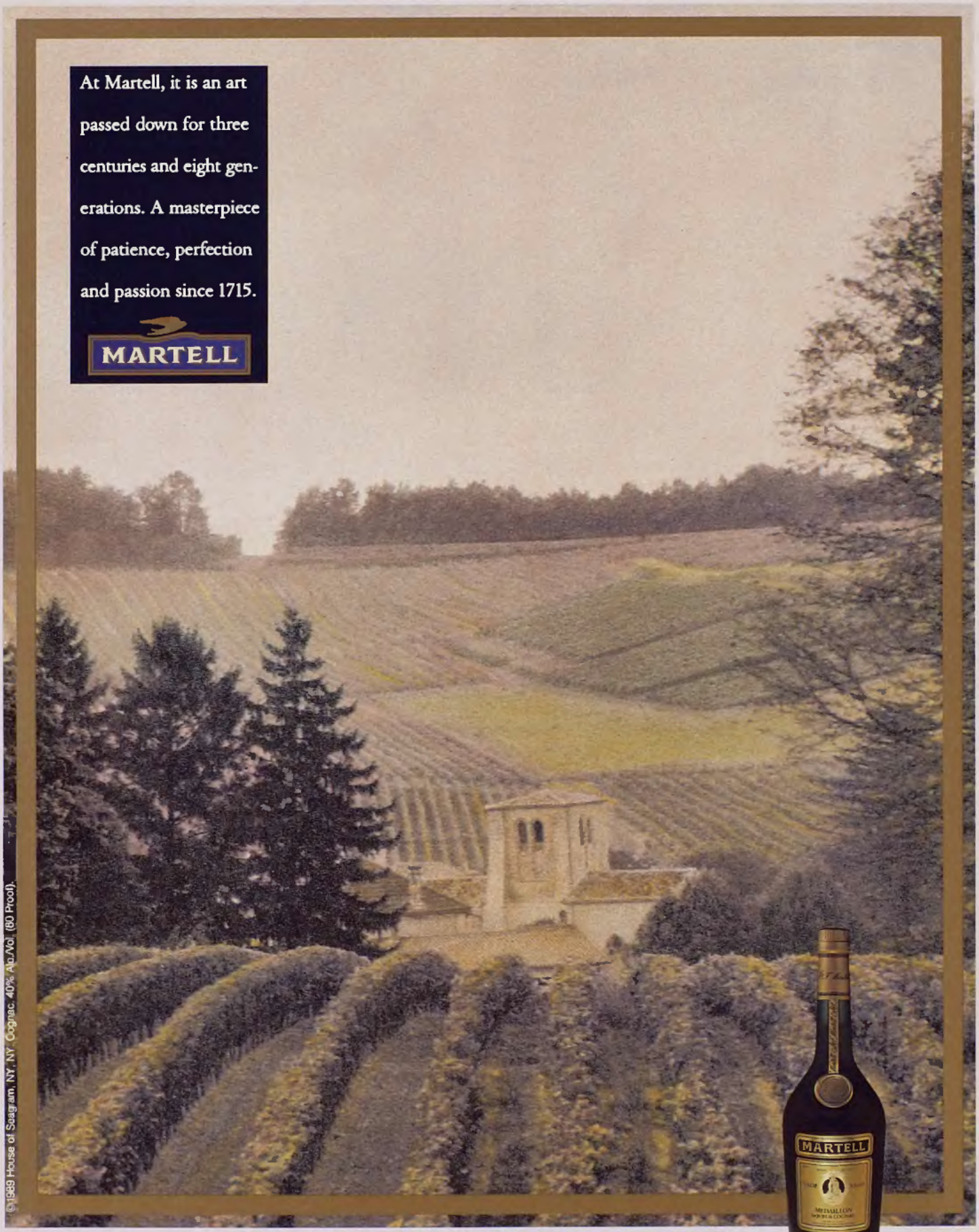
VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING BELLIGERENT	***Blackboard Jungle*** (the rock-and-roll classroom classic featuring a defiant young Vic Morrow; on vid at last); ***Do the Right Thing*** (Spike Lee lets racial tensions simmer and boil in a Brooklyn pizzeria); ***Licence to Kill*** (vengeance for dead friend's wife drives Bond to bend the rules).
FEELING OUTNUMBERED	***Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*** (Ford and Connery race Third Reich for Holy Grail); ***Hostile Takeover*** (put-upon pencil pusher David Warner employs arms for interoffice terror); ***Pink Cadillac*** (Clint Eastwood assails neo-Nazis with bullets, brawn, Bernadette Peters and fuchsia fins).
FEELING QUINTESSENTIAL	***Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child*** (intrauterine demon Freddy invades unborn kids' dreams; blecch); ***Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers*** (survivors of *1* through *4* get theirs); ***Star Trek V: The Final Frontier*** (Kirk and crew find God, or at least a close relative).
FEELING SUBMERGED	***The Abyss*** (wimpy underwater E.T.s await explorers; James [*Aliens*] Cameron directed); ***National Geographic Video: Search for Battleship Bismarck*** (Dr. Robert Ballard follows up Titanic find with quest for sunken World War Two dreadnought; narrated by Richard Kiley).

SHORT TAKES

Best Video Comeback: *The Hula: Lessons 1 and 2*; **Kinkiest-Sounding Royalty Video:** *The Queen and Her Ceremonial Horses*; **Best There's-Something-You-Don't-Do-Every-Day Video:** *Chinese Aerobics: Praying Mantis Form*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Baby-Sitting Basics*; **Favorite Porn Title and Teaser:** *Bimbo Bowlers from Boston* ("Grab your balls, 'cause this ain't no tea party!"); **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Vehicle Leasing.*

THE ART OF COGNAC.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NELSON GEORGE

IN AN ERA dominated by Jacksons named Jesse, Bo and Michael, Janet Jackson has made her own important contribution. With the Jimmy "Jam" Harris–Terry Lewis–produced *Control* in the mid-Eighties, Michael's younger sister recorded one of the best dance records of the decade and starred in a series of kinetic videos. Janet became the role model for a slew of subsequent singers—most notably, her ex-choreographer Paula Abdul.

So it would be asking a lot for ***Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation 1814*** (A&M) to be as powerful an artistic statement as its predecessor. While Harris-Lewis is still the best production duo around, this 12-song set pales not in quality but in innovation when compared with *Control*. The slammin' title cut and the romantic *Come Back to Me* are representative of Harris-Lewis' harmonic and rhythmic intelligence. But despite Janet's pseudoheavy lyrics (who cares what 1814 means?) and the occasional stale arrangement, *Rhythm Nation 1814* is good but hardly great.

Because of the failed solo efforts of older brothers Marlon and Jackie, one approaches Randy Jackson's first solo venture with dread. But the youngest Jackson boy gets the last laugh. ***Randy & the Gypsys'*** (A&M) self-titled debut is chock-full of hooky writing, good singing and smart arrangements in a light funk style that makes songs such as *Love You Honey* and *You Got a Lady* easy listening.

Keisha Jackson is the offspring of another Jackson—the foulmouthed, funny singer-monologist Millie Jackson. Yet instead of imitating Millie's gutsy style, Keisha has turned in the slick, new jack swinging ***Keisha Jackson*** (CBS) with assistance from New York producers Allen George and Fred McFarlane. *Hot Little Love Affair*, *He's So Jealous* and *U.B.U.* are among the snappy, sassy tunes Jackson performs in her bright, sometimes sassy style.

DAVE MARSH

Terence Trent D'Arby's ***Neither Fish nor Flesh: A Soundtrack of Love, Faith, Hope & Destruction*** (Columbia) is arty and self-indulgent, almost obsessively messianic, completely caught up in its *auteur*'s soul-savant fantasies. It's also brave, bold, unapologetically aspiring and about nine tenths of the time, it hits all of its targets.

D'Arby proclaimed himself a genius upon the release of his 1987 debut album, *Introducing the Hard Line*, and made enough music to convince several million of us that he had a point. Where D'Arby gets it wrong is in his choice of comparisons: He's not the kind of innovative genius that Prince or the Beatles or Brian Wilson or James Brown were. His genius lies in synthesis, taking parts that would be ready-made clichés in other hands and forging from them a unique vision, which enables him to ignore fashion—there's nary a nod to house or hip-hop here—while using overworked resources such as sexual ambiguity (throughout but especially on *Billy Don't Fall*) and Gospel.

D'Arby gleefully subverts every expectation *Hardline* fans may have had with nerve, verve and a megalomaniac's sense of pop history as a set of building blocks just waiting for the right architect. So side two begins with a Creedence Clearwater guitar and *Pet Sounds* tape washes and moves through Princely chants and zips in some funk sax that George Clinton would envy (and recognize). The result ought to be cow pie. But D'Arby gets away with it, because he has such complete focus on his goals, and because he performs with total intensity. The result is a record about which it's hard to claim too much.

Janet: It's *Nation* time.

A new one from D'Arby, and it's Jackson time for Janet, Randy and Keisha.

VIC GARBARINI

The Georgia Satellites are the rootsy link between the South's blues-based Allman/Skynyrd generation and such post-punk Byrds babies as Tom Petty and R.E.M. Previous albums highlighted Dan Baird's wry commentaries on love—driven by fat, crunching Stones/Faces–style power chords and Rick Richards' remarkably vital reworking of Chuck Berry's lick vocabulary. Their latest effort, ***In the Land of Sin and Salvation*** (Elektra), finds the Sats in an identity crisis of sorts. Musicwise, the band is stretching out, restlessly trying out new rhythms (the excellent Little Feat cop on *Shake That Thing*), substituting riffs for power chords and relying more on the searing sting of Richards' superb slide guitar. There's even an airy ballad that sounds more like the old Poco than the new Poco does. But the guitars grind more than they soar, and there's an underlying current of sadness and frustration that cools things a bit—though the Satellites make good use of those feelings on the magnificent *Six Years Gone*. Still, I really like this album. But I loved their first two.

On ***Mother's Milk*** (EMI), The Red Hot Chili Peppers, a crazy bunch of skinny white boys who like to play in their underwear (or less), have made the most dynamic punk-funk connection you're likely to hear for a long time. Some tutelage by George

GUEST SHOT

THE ANGELS, *previously known as Angel City, are a tough, tuneful, smart Australian band that is led by* **Doc Neeson**. *Having finished his band's latest, "Beyond Salvation," Neeson took time out to assess "Y U I Orta," a new collaboration by rock veterans Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson.*

"I'm a longtime fan of Mick Ronson's guitar playing—and of Hunter as both a human being and an all-round musician. This album really excites me—it *is* a guitar record, but that great voice and those unbelievably revealing lyrics of Hunter's are just as out front. Bernard Edwards of Chic produced, and he could have left more rawness in the sound; still, Hunter's passion for examining life pours through. He's so *honest*, and it knocks me out that he's brave enough to be that vulnerable. There's incredible humor and irony, too, like on *Big Time*: 'You're never too small to make the big time.' Ronson and Hunter *rock*, consistently—but you never stop thinking or feeling or laughing. I want this record to bring Ian Hunter more of the success he's deserved for way too long already."

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Stamford, CT 06904–1316

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11. Winners and their travelling companions will be required to execute and return an affidavit of eligibility and release of liability immediately following prize notification. Failure to return the executed affidavit and release within that time period will result in a forfeit of the prize and an alternate prize winner will be selected.

12. For a list of major prize winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope between April 1st and May 1st, 1990 to: Playboy/Volkswagen "College Basketball Challenge" P.O. BOX 1316 Stamford, CT 06904–1316

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Laurie Anderson *Strange Angels*	9	8	6	3	7
Eric Clapton *Journeyman*	4	6	8	5	8
Terence Trent D'Arby *Neither Fish nor Flesh*	9	8	8	9	7
Georgia Satellites *In the Land of Sin and Salvation*	3	7	7	6	7
Janet Jackson's *Rhythm Nation 1814*	8	5	7	7	8

PUSH ME UP WHERE I BELONG DEPARTMENT: Frederick's of Hollywood announced that the response to its temporary bra museum was so enthusiastic that it has established a permanent lingerie museum. Whose unmentionables are on display? **Madonna's, Cher's, Mae West's** and **Lana Turner's,** to name a few.

REELING AND ROCKING: Branford Marsalis has written and recorded tunes for the next **Spike Lee** movie, *A Love Supreme*. . . . **Bette Midler's** movie *Stella* will open any day now. . . . **Sinéad O'Connor** will appear in *Hush a Bye Baby*, set in Ireland. . . . **Bobby Womack** is writing and producing a song for **Sally Kellerman's** new movie, *Boris and Natasha*. . . . Director **David Lynch's** film *Wild at Heart* includes music ranging from the blues of **Treat Her Right** to the heavy metal of **Powermad. Laura Dern, Nicolas Cage** and **Isabella Rossellini** star in it. . . . **Willie Dixon** will have a speaking part in *Rich Girl*. . . . **Rick Wakeman** is working on the music for a revival of the 1925 **Lon Chaney** silent version of *Phantom of the Opera*. . . . **Debbie Harry** has finished filming a part in *Tales from the Darkside: The Movie*, to be released next spring. She plays a sinister housewife. . . . The **Who** has extended its farewell tour to help promote **Roger Daltrey's** movie *Buddy's Song*, which is being co-produced by band manager **Bill Curbishley.** Daltrey is also working on the movie *Father Jim*, in which he plays a washed-up prize fighter on Chicago's South Side.

NEWSBREAKS: Jimmy Buffett's success as a short-story writer has fired up his creative juices. A children's book is due out this spring and a novel is in progress. . . . **Janet Jackson's** world tour just kicked off; she'll be dancing into your city this year. . . . The Friars Club will honor **Diana Ross** as entertainer of the year in June. . . . The Smithsonian Institution and the Rhythm and Blues Foundation co-hosted a tribute honoring **LaVern Baker, Ruth Brown,** the **Clovers, Etta James** and **Mary Wells** and others with career-achievement awards and cash. . . . Although a cast album from **Sting's** Broadway debut in *The Threepenny Opera* is in the works, Sting is looking for some new ideas and won't record again until he feels he has something to say. . . . The famous Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco will rise again from its earthquake damage. Rock on. . . . The **Jacksons** are at work on a TV movie about their lives and **Jermaine** is producing it. . . . Look for a new **Johnny Clegg** and **Savuka** album. . . . MPI Home Video is releasing a 90-minute cassette called *Beatles '64*, which will include footage from their appearances on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. . . . Some of the hot stars in music are moving their base of operations from California to Atlanta. Among them, **Bobby Brown, Karyn White, Pebbles, L.A.** and **Babyface.** The reasons? No earthquakes, fresh air and a lower cost of living. . . . If all goes well, we will see **Ginger Baker** on tour with **Jack Bruce.** . . . **Ron Wood** has opened a club in New York next door to a new gallery that will feature art by prominent musicians. After a fall and winter of incredible excitement, crowds and hype, what helps the **Stones** keep their perspective? Woody took his six-year-old son on tour, showed him the crowds and asked him if he now knew what all the rehearsing had been leading up to. His son said, "No." Then he added, "Daddy, have you seen my Ninja Turtle?" So much for history.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Clinton, plus the sobering effect of the drug death of its former guitarist, has focused and heightened the group's hardcore Hendrix meets P-Funk attack to a fever pitch, especially on a brilliant cover of Stevie Wonder's *Higher Ground* that Living Colour should kill for.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Laurie Anderson's first release in three years has drawn flak—her faithful complain that it's too slick, even too danceable. Certainly, ***Strange Angels*** (Warner Bros.) is her most musical album, at least as pop fans understand the term. So serious about her expanded melodic ambitions that she took singing lessons, Anderson also hired collaborators—notably, South African bassist Bakithi Khumalo, whose fretless flow puts meat on her brains—who counterpoise their organic instincts to the boss's disjointed designs. To label the album's pulse a dance beat, however, is to reveal how little you know about parties.

The music's gain in sensuousness isn't for revelers, disco d.j.s or radio programers—it's for Anderson, who feels a need to balance a growing pessimism with the gift of faith. Although her jokes are as funny as ever, they have a big fat butt—the notion that things ever get better.

On ***All Hail the Queen*** (Tommy Boy), Queen Latifah comes by her faith naturally. Since even female hip-hop indulges in the genre's confrontational *macho*, it's a pleasure to hear a woman rapper come on like a matriarch instead of a bad sister. Shifting beats from *reggae* to house to De La Nonsense, this is a proud, generous, hopeful record. Revelers will like it fine.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

For a legendary guitarist, Eric Clapton sure doesn't show off much. He doles out his virtuosity in teaspoon-size dollops—never a full feast of an extended solo to sate his audience. Either he believes in always leaving them begging for more or he has done so many dumb things in his career that he has learned genuine humility. Based on the humble title of his latest album, ***Journeyman*** (Reprise/Duck), my guess would be the latter. Is it, indeed, a journeyman's effort? Yes, in the sense of being competent and professional. No, in the sense that Clapton has inspiration and is singing better than he has in years. The sad quaver in his tenor was made for the heartfelt love song—not necessarily of the unrequited variety. Here he has chosen well among songwriters for pensively intelligent material, such as *Pretending*, by Jerry Williams, which is about discovering that your girlfriend is altering her personality for love and that you are capable of doing the same. If that's too heavy, program your CD player for his covers of *Hound Dog* and Bo Diddley's *Before You Accuse Me* for some unadulterated fun.

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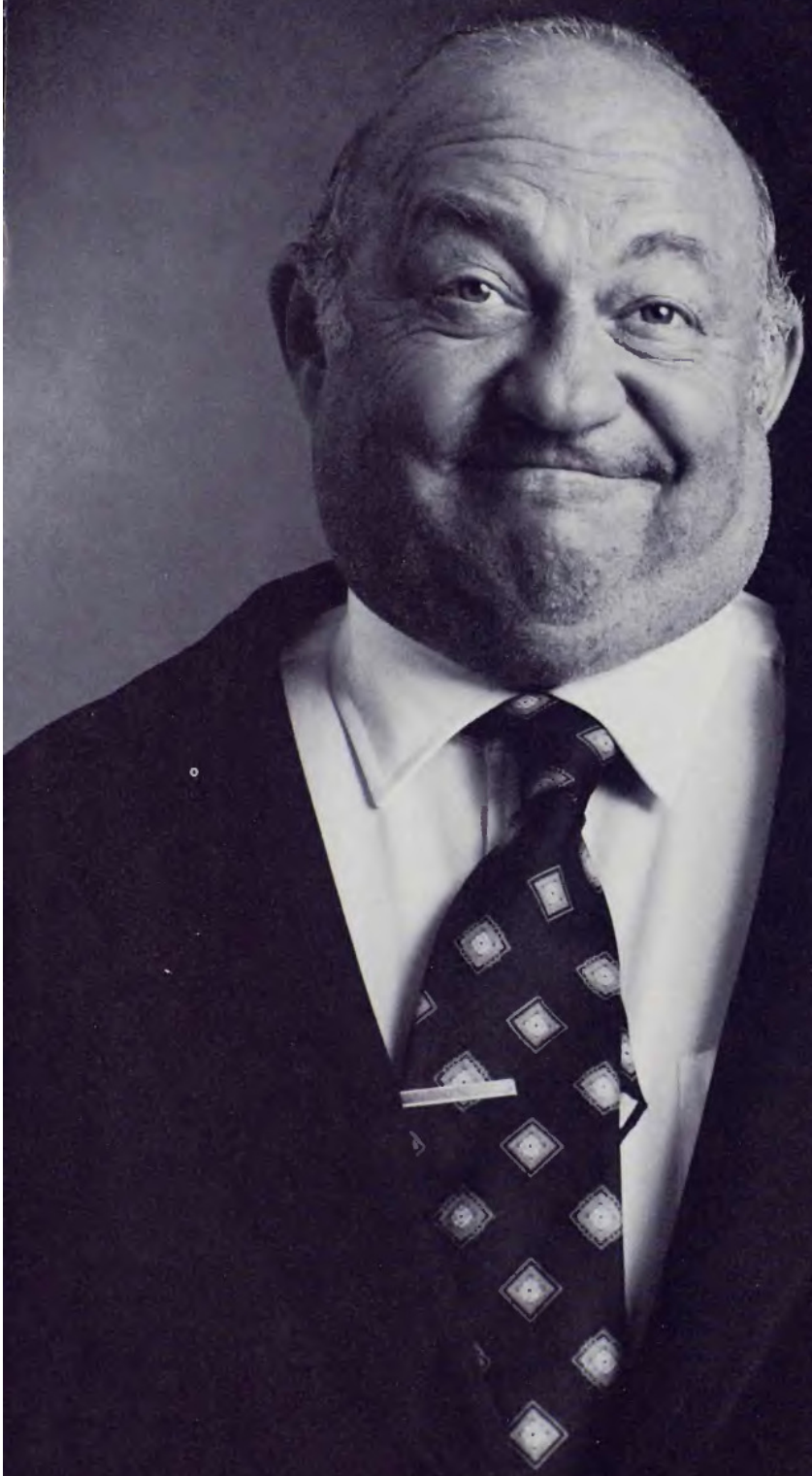

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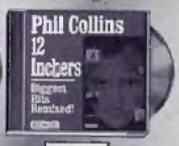

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

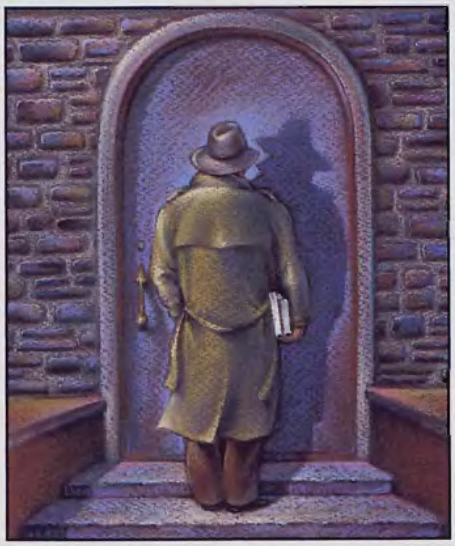
THE WORLD OF mystery and detective fiction has grown so large that searching for particular titles requires a literary sleuth to investigate entire bookstores now devoted to the subject. Happily, a new edition of the most comprehensive guide to crime fiction, ***A Catalogue of Crime*** (Harper & Row), by Jacques Barzun and Wendell Hertig Taylor, has just been enlarged to include books published through 1988. For still more recent additions, however, here's the docket:

P. D. (Phyllis Dorothy) James proves that in her 11th novel, ***Devices and Desires*** (Knopf), she is still Agatha Christie's most worthy successor. Adam Dalgliesh, her poetry-writing Scotland Yard inspector, takes a vacation on the North Sea coast, only to find himself in pursuit of a serial killer known as the Norfolk Whistler. This is a psychologically complex book with enough characters to people a Russian saga; for literary brilliance, it surpasses her previous best seller, *A Taste for Death*.

Although an American, Martha Grimes conjures the English countryside with the best of British whodunit writers and, in fact, has titled most of her ten novels with the evocative names of British pubs, such as *The Five Bells and Bladebone* and *Help the Poor Struggler*. ***The Old Silent*** (Little, Brown) takes us first to the West Country and eventually into the world of rock, as Richard Jury unravels the mystery of a triple murder.

Formerly the Queen Mother's first jockey, Dick Francis has been writing stylish mysteries about the race-track scene since the early Sixties. His 28th, ***Straight*** (Putnam), mixes horses with semiprecious stones for a well-tailored plot triggered by a murder. One killing no longer appears to suffice for most writers, so Simon Brett's 13th novel featuring the witty and frequently unemployed actor/sleuth Charles Paris is titled ***A Series of Murders*** (Scribner's). Brett has wry fun with a suspect in the cast of a West End TV mystery series.

Robert B. Parker is rightly regarded for his Spenser novels as the most authentic heir to the American hard-boiled tradition of Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett. But the writer whose work takes you back into the history of Los Angeles' mean streets even more vividly than the movie *Chinatown* is James Ellroy. *The Black Dahlia* and *The Big Nowhere* are rich detective stories with wonderful *noir* shadings, and Ellroy's forthcoming novel, his ninth, ***L.A. Confidential*** (Mysterious), is a breathtaking hard-boiled masterpiece. Firing machine-gun prose, he takes you inside the City of the Angels in the Fifties, when the freeways were being built, drugs were going big time, race relations were poor and "Bulldog" Parker was reshaping the L.A.P.D. into the New Centurions.



A must-have *Catalogue of Crime*.

Literary sleuths: Prepare to be whisked back to the scene of the crime.

With 7,000,000 copies of his previous books in print, Jonathan Kellerman has turned the psychological mystery into a gold mine. His latest, ***Silent Partner*** (Bantam), again features psychologist/detective Dr. Alex Delaware, whose cases often deal with child endangerment. (His wife, Faye Kellerman, has just written her third mystery, ***Milk and Honey*** (Morrow), featuring the unique romantic pairing of a streetwise L.A. cop and a sexy orthodox Jewish widow.)

Andrew Vachss, a lawyer who specializes in child-abuse cases, often writes about that area of crime, too, but his style is stomach-turning tough. He looks at the nasty side of life unflinchingly in books such as ***Hard Candy*** (Knopf), with sparse descriptive phrases that have a near-physical impact.

There's no shortage of talent in the tough-guy story department, where various writers have staked out distinctive territories for themselves. Tony Hillerman, for example, is a spellbinding writer who tells his crime stories in the setting of his native New Mexico. His latest, ***Talking God*** (Harper & Row), takes off from the recent controversy over Indian remains in the Smithsonian and builds suspensefully into a tense whodunit steeped in Navaho lore. Jonathan Valin sets the adventures of private eye Harry Stoner in a shadowy Cincinnati where Sam Spade would have felt right at home. His eighth book, ***Fire Lake*** (Dell), revives memories of the Sixties in a drug deal gone bad, with dialog that crackles off the page.

For readers delighted by gourmet pretentiousness, there is no better banquet than that offered by Michael Bond's ***Monsieur Pamplemousse Aloft*** (Fawcett), the fifth in his gastronomic mystery series featuring Aristide Pamplemousse and his canine partner, Pommes Frites. Hard-boiled send-ups are almost a category of their own, one in which the prolific Robert Campbell would qualify for his Jimmy Flannery animal mysteries. The most recent, ***Nibbled to Death by Ducks*** (Pocket), while not as wildly funny as *Hip-Deep in Alligators*, dips into Chicago politics and Irish friendships with inventive charm. When you read on the jacket that Robert Crais's detective Elvis Cole "is a literate Vietnam vet who quotes Jiminy Cricket, drinks from a SpiderMan mug and carries a Dan Wesson .38," you might suspect comedy. You'd be right. But in books such as ***Stalking the Angel*** (Bantam), Crais merges off-the-wall wisecracks with realistic scenes in a fast-moving plot for a fresh twist on the old formula.

One provocative new direction in crime fiction is the proliferation of women detectives. The best of these is V. I. "Vic" Warshawski, who prowls Chicago in five well-researched novels by Sara Paretsky, such as the recent ***Blood Shot*** (Dell). Other sisters in crime include Sue Grafton's Kinsey Millhone, who is working her way deftly through the ABCs of malfeasance and has recently reached ***"F" Is for Fugitive*** (Holt); and Linda Barnes, whose tall redhaired, cab-driving Boston dick was most recently seen in ***The Snake Tattoo*** (St. Martin's).

For veteran mystery readers seeking a discovery, here are some less-well-known books to think about. John Lescroart's ***Dead Irish*** (Donald I. Fine) is a beautifully written San Francisco murder story with perfect-pitch dialog. ***Virgil's Ghost*** (Fawcett), by Irving Weinman, introduces a Jewish former N.Y.P.D. homicide detective who turns P.I. and struggles with his past in a case about AIDS. Keith Peterson tells an engrossing, suspenseful tale of a search into childhood and of a passionate love story in ***The Scarred Man*** (Doubleday), and *The Miami Herald*'s Pulitzer Prize–winning crime reporter Edna Buchanan delivers the fictional goods with ***Nobody Lives Forever*** (Random House), a tough saga of homicide and sex among Miami's finest.

One caveat applies to mystery and detective fiction: This stuff is addictive. Once you develop a taste for literary lawbreaking, you'll go back to the scene of the crime over and over. As an unrepentant recidivist, I confess that repeat offenders often carry concealed paperbacks and develop midnight cravings for suspense. If this doesn't deter you, you're fit for a life of crime fiction.

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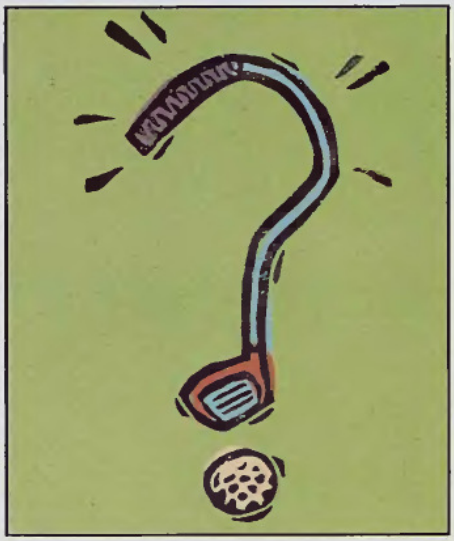
SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS



GOLF: OPEN AND SHUT

A few weeks ago, I noted to myself (as others around me fled from my shrieks) that the funniest sports book on the current market wasn't meant to be.

The book in question was *The History of the P.G.A. Tour*, as in golf, published by Doubleday, as in Bantam Doubleday Dell, and all the ships at sea. I say "was" in this case because the book may have disappeared by now. Books, as we know, have only a two-month life in hardcover unless they are written by cartoonists, kindergarten philosophers or Danielle Steel.

Two things make this particular book funny. One, the statistical section in the back that attempts to rank the game's greatest players and makes a fool of itself; and two, the fact that these rankings are authorized by Deane R. Beman, the commissioner of the P.G.A. Tour, who is becoming best known for having authorized mediocrity on today's tour.

With the publication of this authorized book, and the silly statistics therein, Beman must get full credit for trying to make the game's illustrious history seem as mediocre as the present.

All that's missing is a photo of Bobby Jones, Ben Hogan or Walter Hagen wearing a Nabisco visor.

Permit me to entertain you with some examples:

1. If you follow golf and know something of its history, you've probably been going through life thinking that Bobby Jones's feat of winning the grand slam in 1930 was the most remarkable accomplishment in the annals of the sport.

Wrong. The book's rankings of the best players for 1930 place Jones 22nd. Among others, he trails such stalwarts as John Golden, Bill Mehlhorn, Bobby Cruickshank, Joe Turnesa, Wiffy Cox, Ed Dudley and Al Espinosa, none of whom *ever* won a major championship.

Jones was an amateur, of course, which is why his victories in the U.S. Open and the British Open as part of the slam that year don't count for enough points to outrank all those journeymen pros, not under the scoring system used.

The book claims to include Jones in the rankings out of "courtesy." So he's ranked 22nd in the year of the grand slam. Tell me that's not funny.

2. You may also have been going through life thinking that Ben Hogan's feat in 1953 of winning the Masters, the U.S. Open and the British Open (and five of the only six tournaments he entered) was the most remarkable accomplishment since Jones's slam.

Wrong. The book's rankings for 1953 place Hogan 14th. Among others, he trails Dutch Harrison, Ted Kroll, Porky Oliver and Marty Furgol, none of whom *ever* won a major championship.

The book's top-ranked player of 1953 is Doug Ford, primarily, we learn, because he won three tournaments called the Labatt and finished in the top 25 so often in numerous other dreary events.

Listen carefully. I was around in 1953 and I can assure you that the Masters, the U.S. Open and the British Open were infinitely more important than all the Labatts put together. In fact, they are the three most important tournaments in the world today, as we speak, despite anything you may hear from the P.G.A. Tour or some idiot at Nabisco who's in charge of throwing millions of dollars at mediocrity.

As funny as anything in the book is the fact that Marty Furgol, ill-clad, unstylish and about half-goofy, ranks ahead of Ben Hogan in 1953. Marty Furgol didn't win a single tournament in 1953, while Hogan captured three majors.

3. Again, you've probably been going through life thinking that Jack Nicklaus must be the greatest golfer who ever lived because he won 20 major championships—the Masters six times, the P.G.A. five times, the U.S. Open four times, the British Open three times and the U.S. Amateur twice. That's seven more majors than Bobby Jones, nine more than Walter Hagen, ten more than Ben Hogan, 12 more than Arnold Palmer, and so on.

Wrong. According to the book, Sam Snead was the greatest player. This was arrived at because Sam played at the top level longer than anyone else—40 years, to be exact. That's all well and good, and Snead was certainly *one* of the greatest, but why should longevity make him the best?

The fact is, Snead won 13 fewer majors than Nicklaus and he also forgot to win the U.S. Open, ever. I say a man who never won the U.S. Open can't possibly be called the greatest golfer who ever lived.

There happens to be a simple way to rank the game's greatest players. You total up the majors they won.

Using this method, here's what you get:

- Jack Nicklaus, 20 majors.
- Bobby Jones, 13 majors.
- Walter Hagen, 11 majors.
- Ben Hogan, ten majors (counting a wartime U.S. Open).

And everybody else is tied for fifth, as far as I'm concerned. But. . . .

4. The book ranks the top 500 players from 1916 through 1988; under its unique scoring system, Walter Hagen is 17th.

When I was told this before I picked up the book, I was willing to bet that if Hagen were 17th, Donald Duck must be 16th.

I was wrong. Dutch Harrison was 16th—Harrison, a player who never won a single major championship, while Hagen won five P.G.A.s, four British Opens and two U.S. Opens.

But I've saved the funniest for the last in this authorized book with the P.G.A. Tour's logo on the jacket.

Deane Beman, who was a fine amateur but never won a major as a touring pro, ranks 226th on the all-time list.

That wouldn't be anything to brag about except that the authorized scoring system puts him 13 spots above Seve Ballesteros and 40 notches above Bobby Jones!

Does Deane Beman think all of this is as funny as I do? He must or he wouldn't have authorized it.

New: Sports scores by Playboy. *Dial* ***1-900-740-5500*** *for up-to-the-minute scores and information about man's second-favorite leisure activity; 75 cents per minute.*

MEN

By ASA BABER

RISE AND HATE!

It happens every weekday morning. How do I know? Because I watch it. Not every day; I don't have the stomach for that. But I see it as part of my job to tune in and chart the television industry's manipulation of the American woman as she watches Oprah, Phil and Geraldo (and sometimes Sally, though she usually tries to be fairer to men than the rest of that crew).

I call it the several-hour hate. Yes, it's showtime, folks, every weekday morning on our nation's television screens. Women are encouraged to tune in and bitch and gripe and hate, to stick pins in our collective doll, to simplify and denigrate and curse us with an intensity that is hard to believe. For several hours every weekday morning, Oprah, Phil and Geraldo trot onto their respective stages and begin their ritual bashing of the American male. And their audiences, both in the studio and in the hinterlands, love it! They suck up every tale of womanly woe and male perfidy. They stir themselves into a feeding frenzy as they are presented with men who are evil and women who are victims, and it sells a lot of soap and gets very high ratings.

There is another side to this rise-and-hate syndrome, of course. Men who are considered OK occasionally do appear on the shows. Not all the men presented are rapists and muggers and scoundrels—just most of them. Oprah, Phil and Geraldo sometimes offer their audiences politically correct males, men whom women are allowed to like. These include men who are TV stars, movie stars, feminist sympathizers, ballet dancers, etc. Cute and winsome men are adored, in other words, and *never* do the men presented give their hosts any shit. "It's just us girls together," these special men being interviewed seem to say, "and God forbid that we should speak out in defense of the average American male. He is definitely *dreck*, girls, and you have every right to hate him. By the way, please notice that I am a sweetheart and not at all like him."

All of this psychological exploitation is a result of today's cultural revolution. Women, now the political majority in the population, truly love to hate the men who used to be the majority. Women, now much more assured of their own spending power, are catered to by the sponsors who must hand them television programs they will watch. More than that, women form the major audience for daytime TV, so if Phil, Oprah and Geraldo did not exist, television would have to invent them. Oh, wait a minute, that's right; television *did* invent them!

I'm trying to imagine the shows that Oprah, Phil and Geraldo have blocked out for the 1990 season. I submit that these will be the types of listings they will provide. Check them out—but be sure you leave home early every morning.

"Men Who Rape Their Children and Then Kill Them and Throw Them into the Sewers." This is a tossup between Oprah and Geraldo, but I think Geraldo will probably grab it first. On this show (or shows; this has the potential to be a month-long series), men who have murdered their children are interviewed at length from their prison cells. They are asked to describe the murders in exquisite detail. There are many still photographs shown. The men are then asked if they are sorry for what they did. Those sickos who say they are not sorry and would happily do it again will be kept on camera and berated for a long time. "Is this what it is to be a man today?" Geraldo will ask selfrighteously. The audience will applaud him.

"Sexist Male Strippers Who Do Not Believe in God." This show just screams out Phil's name, doesn't it? He'll do it, for sure. First, we will see 25 minutes of male stripteasers in action. The audience will be shocked and outraged but very attentive. Phil will say "Oh, dear" a lot. Then, when he actually talks to these hunks, he will discover that they view women as sex objects. "How could you?" Phil will ask. Later, he will realize that several of them have no particular religious beliefs. "Is this what it is to be a man today?" Phil will ask in his motherly fashion. "First you titillate helpless females with your steroid-shaped bodies and baffling biceps, then you deny us all metaphysical faith?" The audience will be very pleased that Phil has stood up for purity and truth. As soon as the men have their clothes back on, they will be booed and hissed.

"Men Who Vomit on Airplanes and Then Hand the Bag to the Stewardess." This is a show just made for Oprah's incisive and unprejudiced interrogation. First, several men will be asked to stick their fingers down their throats and throw up on national television. The audience will be both amused and nauseated. "Look familiar, ladies?" Oprah will smile. "Look like the last time he came home drunk and disorderly after he said he had to stay late at work?" The men themselves will be fully confessional, in tears, ashamed that they have ever been airsick and expected help from a stewardess.

"I swear I'll never do it again," one of them will say.

The audience will scold him. "Don't put your puke in my palms," one of the women in the studio will yell. "You take that bag up front and give it to the pilot or the steward or some other man, understand?"

Oprah won't have to say a word. Her minions will do her work for her. Then she'll close with a haunting, perceptive question: "Is this what it is to be a man today?"

What it is to be a man today, of course, is to be an individual who avoids daytime TV. But maybe it's time for us to do our own gig, huh? How about it, men? Let's start our own talk shows and pick our own topics. What about "Women Who Kill Everybody They Know and Then Fly to France"? Or "Female Strippers Who Are Probably Lesbians and Don't Like Men Very Much Even Though Men Think They Do"?

Gosh, oh, gee, I think I've found a new career. See you at the hatefest, gentlemen. And don't forget to bring your sexist prejudices. They'll be reinforced. Promise.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Nigel was rouging and powdering my cleavage; George was blow-drying my bangs; I was wriggling.

"Ow!"

"Stay still," said George. "Do you or do you not want to look like Christy Turlington?"

"Christ, now I've rouged your collarbone," said Nigel. "Stop fidgeting. There. You look fabulous."

"Fabulous," said George, "stunning."

"So would either of you like to fuck me?"

"I would, but I must condition my chest hair," said George, sweeping from the room.

"Would you like to suck a large milky-white tit?" Nigel asked me.

"Please, Nige," I said.

"How about licking a pussy?"

"Please! Gross me out!"

"And that's how we feel," said Nigel.

Gender identification is a tricky thing. Should I resent Nigel and George for not paying me the ultimate compliment of their sexual desire? Should I consider them misogynists for their aversion? Or should I, as I do, love them because they're my dear friends and they understand me better than a thousand straight men?

Not that there aren't gay misogynists: What's the difference between a woman and a bowling ball?

If you had to, you could fuck a bowling ball.

Why are women like dog turds?

The older they are, the easier they are to pick up.

I heard both of those jokes from gay men about a decade ago, but I'll never forget them or stop despising the men who told them. But those are two instances in ten years, whereas every day of my life, I am buffeted—no, fuck it—I am smashed in the face with heterosexual misogyny. Woman hatred explodes from my TV set, from the guys with jackhammers on my street, from waiters, from novelists. Straight men want to fuck women, and too often that makes them hate women.

So call me a fag hag if you want.

"You fag hag," says Nigel.

"There, you see!" I say. "Gay men are always the ones to say it! They're always the first to put themselves down. Gay men are full of self-loathing!"

"So are women."

"That's true. Sometimes I think that self-loathing is the most humanizing of influences. We hate ourselves; therefore, we have great compassion for others."

GAY BLADES

"Unless, of course, we hate ourselves and therefore go out and machine-gun an entire village."

"There is that. Maybe we feel bound to each other by our oppression. We are united in our helpless resentment of the oppressor, the heterosexual white male. We identify with each other's plights."

"We identify with each other's tragically futile lust for Kevin Costner, you silly cow."

"We have the same sexual impulses, yet we're not competitive, the way women can be. It's perfect."

"Has anybody seen my champagne-bucket earrings?" George called from the bathroom.

Gay men identify with women; in camp moments, they yell at each other, "Girlfriend!" or even "Girleen!" but they are not women. In their sexual behavior, they are alarmingly male.

Prowling, predatory, easily excited into lust, willing and able to have sex with those they regard with indifference or even hold in contempt. This explains the tragic promiscuity that went on before we knew about AIDS. Imagine what it would be like if you, a straight man, were met with a lusty, eager acceptance by every woman you ogled on the street or in a bar. That's what gay life was like in the Seventies.

"Well, thank you very much," said George. "As if I would ever do it with anybody else but my Nige."

"You won't, George, but you might want to. Remember that guy who came to pick me up the other night?"

"Oh, he was so dishy. So gorgeous. Those eyes!"

"That's what I mean. Men, biologically, are helplessly promiscuous. The more evolved ones can reign in their animal impulses."

"Oh, shut up and let's go to the party," said Nigel, making his James Dean face in the mirror.

At the party, they got wild; Nigel danced with all the girls, holding them close, grinding into them.

"Nigel, be careful, she's a flower," George cautioned.

"You're just a closet heterosexual, Nigel," I accused.

Then the hostess brought out her wigs, and all the straight men in the room, heady with drink, tried them on and flounced around. They were adorable.

"That one doesn't know it yet," said Nigel, gesturing, "but he plays on our team."

"Yes," I said, "I thought he was awfully nice."

Yes, I mean it! Gay men are nicer! You can talk to them! And not because they're willing to chat about hairdos! You can say personal, complicated things to a gay man, and he won't look at you fishily, he won't make you feel like a fool.

There is a terrible pride about straight men. An implacable rigidity. They seem to forever be holding themselves in check, as if they were denying a convoluted maelstrom of feelings and fears churning within them. As if they were afraid that even one chink in their armor would make them fall apart.

So vehemently in control and, therefore, so clearly vulnerable, straight men reduce women to uncertainty and delicacy. We're afraid we'll wound you and compromise your potency. We become your nursemaids.

The best and, perversely, the most masculine of straight men are the ones who have a strong dollop of femininity in their make-up. Give me a straight man who isn't afraid to gossip, whose mouth doesn't tighten when confronted by a woman being raunchy.

Femininity makes you strong.

Introducing new ESCORT and self-powered SOLO

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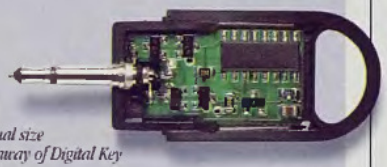

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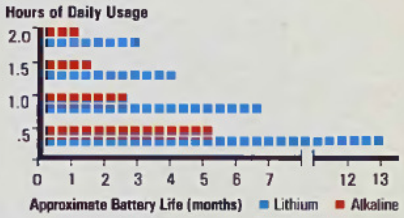

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Recently, I joined a health club that is well equipped. It has aerobics, tanning rooms, a swimming pool and a jogging track, as well as various free weights and machines. When I see some of the stunning women there in their tights and such, all I can think of is Oh, my God, would you look at that! while I stand there with my teeth in my mouth. What can I say to them to break the ice and not be identified as a throbbing cock? The club is in a shopping center with a nice restaurant nearby that I'd like to use to my advantage. If you can offer any low-risk, casual openers that won't make me look like an idiot to anyone else around if they don't work, I would appreciate them tremendously.—K. C., Annapolis, Maryland.

First, take a look around. We assume you aren't the only guy at the health club. See if there is a communal style or etiquette: Is there some guy who's an aggressive throbbing cock (to use your phrase)? Does it work for him? Probably not. Next, get over the candy-store syndrome. You can't date all of these women, and health clubs are a lot like high schools—as soon as you choose one of the women, the rest become spectators, judge and jury. Most people work out on a regular schedule: If there is someone you are specifically interested in, notice what days and hours she attends the gym. Offer to spot her on the weights. Or, if she's in better shape, ask her to explain one of the machines. This isn't something you accomplish in ten seconds. You don't lift one weight, then say, "OK, so I'm fit. Now what?" After you become acquainted, you might say, "Well, that burned off six hundred calories; want to go put them back on?"

What is the *Advisor*'s attitude toward motorcycle helmets? Do you side with Gary Busey, who held a press conference after his motorcycle accident to say he was still against helmet laws for adults? I've heard all sorts of arguments against helmets—that they cut noise, that they don't protect at more than 13 miles per hour, that they become saunas in warm weather and fog up in cold and that anything a legislator says is mandatory is, by definition, not.—O. E., New York, New York.

We are prohelmet. One of our editors who rides motorcycles was hit by a car—he woke up in the middle of the street with his helmet cracked like an eggshell. He keeps it in his office to remind him that there but for the grace of D.O.T. (the Department of Transportation, or—as it thinks of itself—God) goes a vegetable. He insists that without the helmet, he would be brain-damaged. Nowadays, he wears one for all occasions except cunnilingus. As for Gary Busey—a helmet might have kept him out of the hospital. As for your complaints, stow them: A recent article in Motorcyclist *addressed some of the myths about helmets. As for noise, a good helmet cuts wind roar, so you can actually hear better. Vision? In more than 87 percent of motorcycle collisions, the bike hits an object directly in front of the rider, in plain view with or without a helmet. While a helmet won't absorb a 100 mph impact, in most accidents when your head hits the curb or the parking meter or the fender of the car that cuts you off, the helmet will absorb the blow sufficiently to keep your vital signs intact. If you are worried about ventilation, check out the latest designs. A helmet such as the Kiwi K-20 has vents that cool in the summer and prevent fogging in wet or cold weather.*

The other night, I tried to be creative in bed. My girlfriend and I were enjoying a liqueur. I decided to pour some over her body and lick it off. The result was the opposite of what I had expected. She found that the alcohol created a burning sensation and we had to call off the play for a mad dash to the bathroom. Where did I go wrong?—K. L., Los Angeles, California.

Would you believe that there is a book in our office called "Oral Sex Made Easy"? Published in 1982 by an organization called the International Sex Institute, it provides guidelines for combining booze and bed. Here are some of the hints: "One of the special benefits of oral-genital sex is that it can titillate the taste buds as well as the genitals. Many individuals lovingly pour sweet wine, champagne or some other liquid on their lover's chest, abdomen or pubic region, then sensually lick it off as it runs in rivulets down to and over the genital region. Sweet wines are perhaps the most popular. Champagne, the modern 'beverage of romance,' adds the sensation of effervescence to the one receiving the libation, but its dry flavor does not combine well with the natural aroma of the woman's vulva. A bubbly sweet wine might be a better choice. Tastes vary, but it is advisable not to apply to the genital region any alcoholic beverage stronger than wine with 12 percent to 14 percent alcohol. Though some people are excited by the burning sensation caused by stronger liquors, most find it merely painful. Orange juice is a popular enhancement of oral sex. It offers the benefit of neutralizing vulvar odors to those individuals who, for some reason, are not fond of the genital scent. If orange juice is used, it should be squeezed a drop at a time from a fresh orange onto the genital region. Other liquids or semiliquids popular with devotees of oral-genital sex include honey, melted ice cream and whipped cream. These offer the advantage of viscosity, enabling them to be dripped onto the man's penis as well as on the woman's vulva. For hygiene's sake, it's imperative that genital regions bathed in such substances be licked clean by the oral partner, or that the genital partner follow the lovemaking with a cleansing of the genitals. . . . Some individuals enjoy placing small pieces of fruit in the woman's vagina, then removing them with tongue, lips or teeth. Strawberries, slices of banana, seedless-orange sections, pieces of melons and slices of apples work well, as do most other fruits that can be sliced into small sections. Obviously, it is necessary to clean such fruit well before sexplay." About the only thing missing is a recipe for sangria.

My wife and I recently made a discovery that I find truly fascinating. We have found that by placing the palm of my hand on her lower abdomen—just above the pubic area—and massaging gently, she can achieve orgasm after orgasm. She tells me the sensation is from the pressure on her uterus and ovaries and that it wasn't until after she had a baby a couple of years ago that this area became so sensitive. Having been brought up on the Masters and Johnson idea that most female orgasms are clitoral in nature, I am intrigued by this new discovery. How unique is this technique?—K. B., New Haven, Connecticut.

A lot of people misinterpret Masters and Johnson's finding about clitoral sensitivity to mean that only direct stimulation produces orgasm, or that it is the only route to orgasm. Many women cannot tolerate direct stimulation and prefer indirect methods such as the one you have discovered. Some can achieve orgasm from stimulation of nipples, ears, toes, teeth or eyebrows. Consider yourself lucky.

A persnickety lady of my acquaintance—a self-proclaimed social arbiter—informed me in no uncertain terms that champagne at the end of a meal is improper, yet I can't count the number of times I've seen champagne toasts offered toward the close of weddings and banquets. I've always considered champagne appropriate

any time, any place. Am I simply gauche?—W. F., Washington, D.C.

Of course champagne should be enjoyed at the end of an important dinner or celebration. But there is a caveat: The common mistake is pouring a brut *(dry) champagne. Very dry bubblies do not complement sweet desserts. However, an extra-dry (moderately sweet),* sec *(fairly sweet) or* demi-sec *(frankly sweet) champagne matches up beautifully with cakes, fruit tarts, poached fruit and many more finales. Incidentally, fresh strawberries—which fight* brut *champagne—are terrific with the sweeter bubblies. There seems to be a trend to sweeter champagne. Veuve Clicquot, a* grande marque, *is promoting its* demi-sec *as a dessert champagne.*

I hope that you can settle a heated argument. I say that you should always rewind cassette tapes to the end so that the portion containing the music won't react with the air. Several nonaudiophile friends say that I'm just being picky. Who is correct in this case?—B. B., Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

In theory, you are correct, in that it is preferable to rewind a tape rather than have a middle portion of it exposed to dust and other elements. However, we've been told that some experts feel that rewinding a tape before storage is not necessarily a good idea, either, because the rewind occurs at a high speed and binds the tape tightly to one of the hubs on the cassette. A better idea to maximize the life of your tape is to let it play out completely at regular speed and store it that way. Then rewind it the next time you are ready to use it. Having the tape play out at normal speed means that it is not wound quite so tightly around one hub of the cassette.

Not long ago, I went shopping—an activity I usually loathe—with my girlfriend. But this time, it was different. She found an evening gown—an attractive piece of flowing black silk. She liked it on the hanger. To my surprise, I liked it, too. She went into the dressing room to try it on while I waited outside. She opened the door of the dressing room and the dress looked great on her. Then she turned around, revealing that it was backless. She invited me into the dressing room and asked me how I liked it. I said I liked it a lot. She asked me again how I liked it, this time unshouldering the dress, letting it pool onto the floor and stepping out of it. Then she sat me down on the little chair that was in one corner of the room, unzipped my trousers and started to give me a fabulous blow job. It was then that I started to think about, among other things, store security and whether there was surveillance equipment monitoring the dressing rooms. These thoughts disappeared when she, still holding me in her mouth, thumbed her panties down her legs, grabbed me by my cock and inserted me inside her. I reached orgasm very quickly thereafter. We both emerged from the room with smiles on our faces. My question is, Does this sort of thing go on a lot in dressing rooms, and how likely is it that we were watched by store security?—J. R., Boston, Massachusetts.

We suspect that this sort of thing happens all the time, especially in higher-quality stores. There is something very exciting to women about shopping, and thank goodness it's something they want to share with us. As for the security issue, it's safe to assume that discount stores with a high volume will have tighter surveillance measures than upscale department or designer stores. And it makes sense that, as long as you buy some things, whatever it is that puts you in the mood to do so behind closed doors won't bother the store's management.

What's with the paint job on new cars? A friend of mine has a nice sports car with a black finish that after two years looks like brushed aluminum—you can see the swirls in the surface. We wonder, is it a problem with the waxing? Does it take more elbow grease?—S. P., Dallas, Texas.

Whatever you learned about waxing cars from your dad is pretty much a thing of the past (unless, of course, you're still driving your dad's car). Cars used to be painted with lacquer, enamel or acrylic paints, which would oxidize or breathe into the atmosphere. A good high-speed buffing would take off the layers of oxidized grunge. You could work scratches out with a good rubbing compound or 2000-grit wet sand. Nowadays, on most cars, the paint is covered with a layer of clear coat. It prevents paint oxidation from contaminating the atmosphere, but it is much more susceptible to scratches and environmental debris. You can try a commercial swirl remover or a low-speed buffer to remove the grunge, but you can burn through the clear coat rather quickly. You don't want to practice on your own pride and joy. We recommend a trip to a professional detailing outfit.

Since you promise to answer questions of taste and etiquette, here's one that involves both. I enjoy going down on a lover as part of foreplay. But an etiquette question arises during the first time with a new lover, and I don't think Miss Manners would answer this one. When I kiss my lover again afterward, my mouth may not taste very appealing. I don't mind tasting her, but she may not want to taste herself secondhand—and I have a mustache. What is the considerate thing to do? Keep a clean damp washcloth or a bowl of lemon wedges on the bedside table? Trot off to the bathroom to brush and gargle? We can talk about it afterward, but I want to have a tasteful solution to offer the first time. Surely, this problem has a wide-enough application to warrant publication.—J. R., Daytona Beach, Florida.

We think you're being too sensitive for your own good. If you and your partner enjoy the give-and-take of oral sex, neither of you should be hung up on the aftermath. Which do you really prefer—the taste of a woman or the medicinal taste of mouthwash? What kind of message are you sending to your lover—that her genitals are dirty, but her mouth is not? That you feel dirtied by oral sex? If the mustache were a problem, you could offer to shave between courses. Or deal with it in a more romantic manner—try placing light kisses along your partner's body as you make your way to her lips. Or do a U-turn and give her a couple of more orgasms. She'll be so excited, she'll be willing to endure house cleaning for you.

While I was working on my laptop computer, it lost power. Somehow, my disk got fried in the process and, of course, it's the one disk for which I didn't have a backup. I would have liked to resurrect the files I lost, but the drive wouldn't even recognize the disk. All I got was ABORT, RETRY, FAIL. If this happens again, what should I do?—G. E., Denver, Colorado.

No guarantees, but, yes, there is hope. There are a couple of very good utility programs that may do the trick on a personal computer (IBM or IBM clone). One is Norton Utilities Advanced Edition, version 4.5. Earlier versions of Norton couldn't bring back a disk as far gone as the one you describe, but the latest one can rebuild the F.A.T. (File Allocation Tables). You can also buy another program, Mace Gold. Norton has a slick menu system—the Norton Integrator—Mace doesn't. Mace has a great backup program; Norton doesn't. Both programs are discounted to about $90 each. For a Macintosh, the state-of-the-art utility is called SUM II (formerly Symantec Utilities) and it costs about $150. These repair programs are like aspirin—we don't know why they work, but they do. Anyone using disks on a regular basis needs a safety net.

I know that sex feels good, but is it good for you? Are there any health benefits to regular sex?—D. W., Chicago, Illinois.

A few years ago, we reported that a regular sex life seemed to cut down the chance of prostate cancer in men. Now comes the news that regular sexual activity can help prevent gout in fertile men by reducing serum-uric-acid levels. We could use this opportunity to make a joke about one joint swelling to prevent another from doing the same—but we won't. One of our editors revealed that 20 years ago, a diagnosis of gout kept him from being drafted. That should tell you something about his college sex life.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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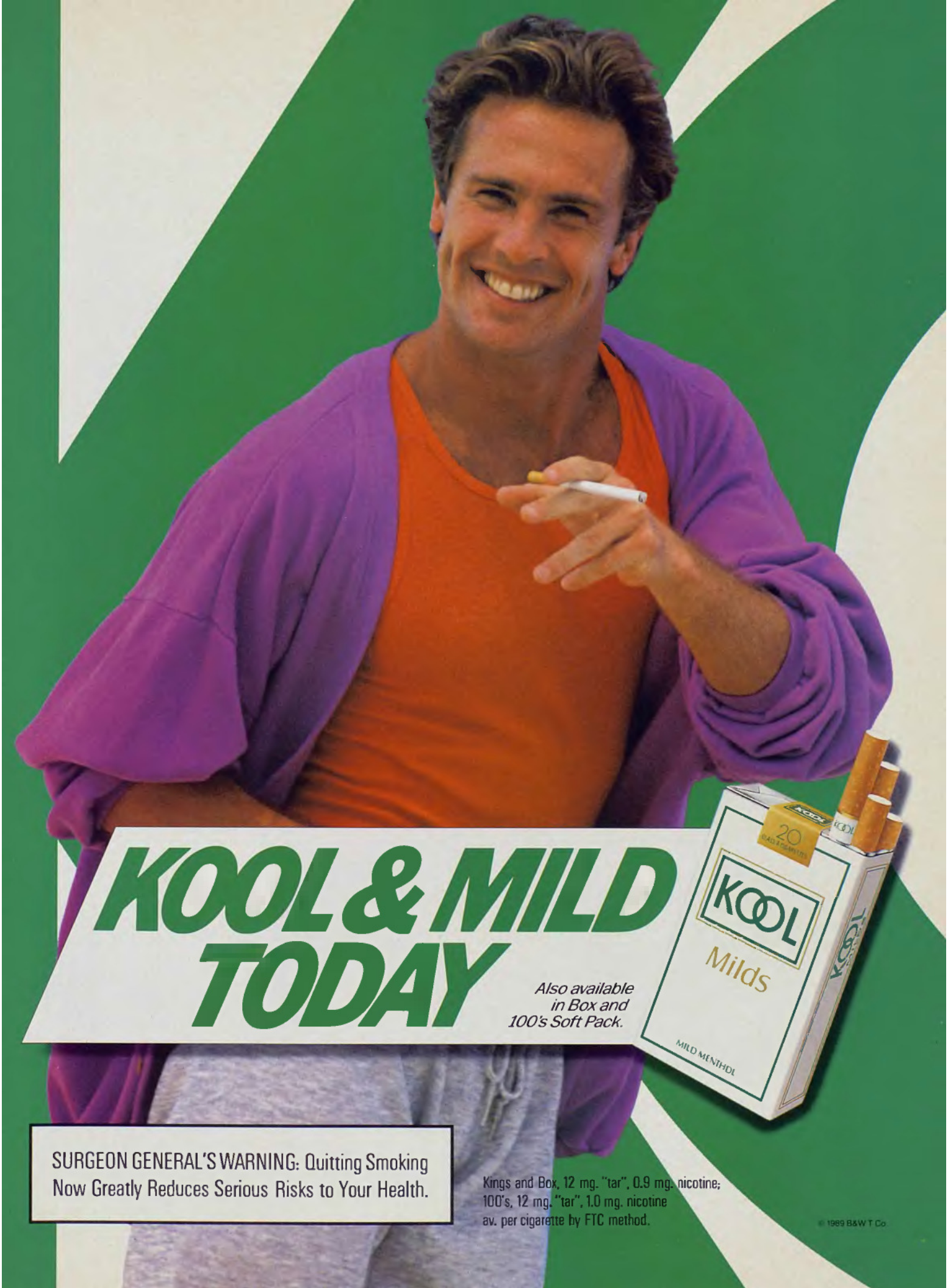
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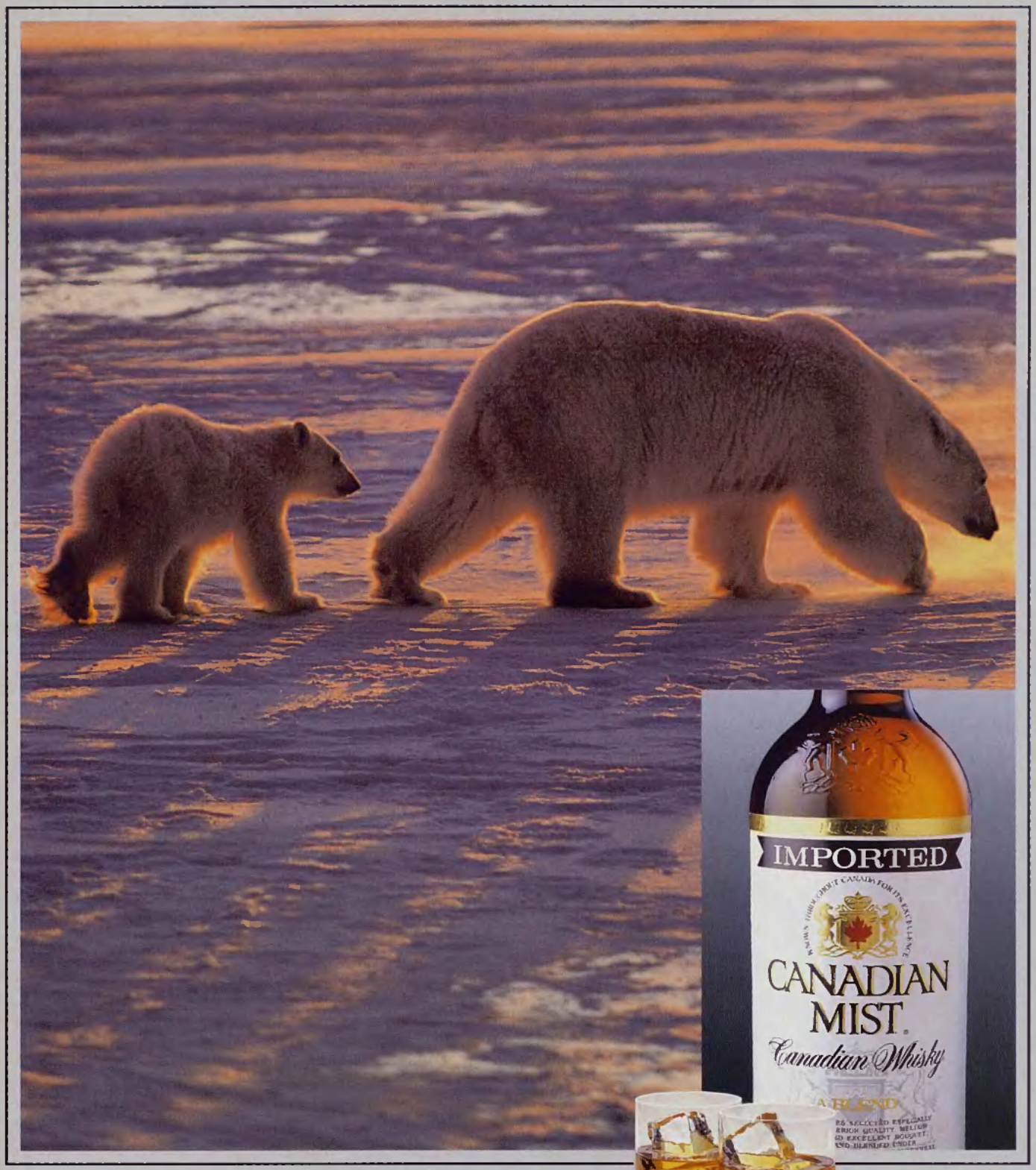
CANADA AT ITS BEST



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THE EMPEROR'S NEW ADDICTION

By Marty Klein

In my nine years as a sex therapist, I've treated hundreds of individuals and couples. I've worked with various people who couldn't get it up, couldn't get it off, couldn't get enough, didn't want to do it and who were, sexually speaking, afraid of their own shadows. But I've never treated a single sex addict. That is because sexual addiction does not exist.

It doesn't exist because it's a set of moral beliefs disguised as science; it's a new twist on an old theme: sex as sickness. (In our own century, sex-as-sickness believers already have tried to cure masturbation, oversexed women and homosexuality.) Believers say you shouldn't use sex to make yourself feel good. You shouldn't have fantasies about things you wouldn't do. You shouldn't have sex without love and commitment. And if you make poor sexual decisions, you are out of control.

Propagated by media shrinks, self-help authors and addictionologists, sex addiction is a concept rejected by almost all sex therapists, yet it has become *the* trendy new disease.

Why? First, because "sex addicts" are told that they have a disease for which they can't be blamed and, hence, can avoid taking responsibility for their behavior. Second, because anyone who calls himself a sex addict is accepted as one. Third, because support groups (such as Sexaholics Anonymous) provide a ready-made set of "friends" with similar problems. Fourth, because a high percentage of "sex addicts" are recovering substance abusers who love being in recovery. Being a "sex addict" allows support-group junkies to stay in the warm cocoon in which they feel safe and accepted.

The concept of sexual addiction trivializes sexuality. It ignores the punished childhood impulses at the source of much sexual guilt. It ignores the aggression, the lust for power and the greedy demands to be pleasured that are all part of normal sexuality. And it ignores the healthy desire for sexual expression that is part of even the most ineffective sexual strategies.

Unfortunately, the concept of sex addiction makes sexual therapy more difficult. Like sufferers of alcohol or drug dependence, patients are less willing to accept a therapist who has not himself been in a recovery group. And when a therapist points out an example of self-defeating behavior, a common response is, "That's my addiction talking."

Any professional who goes along with the concept of sex addiction betrays the integrity of therapy. The therapist's job is to empower people, while addicts must admit that they are power*less*. The therapist's job is to help people accept their rage, fear and sadness about having been mistreated or psychologically abandoned; addicts are told that the people who mistreated them (generally their parents) were themselves blameless victims of addictions. Real therapists don't try to snatch guilt away from clients. They patiently help them approach it, understand the source of it, realize that it's obsolete and gradually let it go.

Sex addicts are told that they have nothing to feel guilty about and are taught to feel better about themselves one day at a time. Yet at the end of successful therapy, the client should not accept himself one day at a time. He should simply accept himself. He should have learned that sex isn't dangerous and that he doesn't have to monitor himself for a relapse. Instead, he should be aware of his impulses and understand his decision-making process. He is a grownup—not a recovered addict.

Marty Klein is a licensed marriage and family counselor and sex therapist and the author of the book "Your Sexual Secrets: When to Keep Them, How to Share Them."

READER

ABORTION

My tax dollars buy food for a lot of foreign citizens; I don't mind their buying food for American-born babies. I never considered your magazine obscene until I read your "Abortion Debate Scrapbook" (*The Playboy Forum*, November).

Ricky Hatfield
Pompano Beach, Florida

The Playboy Forum lately has been dominated by *Playboy*'s editorial support of the pro-choice movement. Let me be more accurate: the pro-choice-for-women-only movement. Apparently, only women should be able to insist, "I don't want the responsibility of caring for a child." Men also want the right to say, "I don't want this child. If someone else does, let the child live and let him care for it." It is a cop-out for *Playboy* to remain silent while its readers can be forced into 18 to 21 years of unwanted parenthood.

Fredric Hayward,
Executive Director
Men's Rights, Inc.
Sacramento, California

Playboy has not remained silent about this issue. See Asa Baber's comments in the January "Men" column, "The Decade of the Dad." We don't need to take a survey to know that some women lie about whether they are using birth control. The moral: Men should take proper precautions. If you don't want 18 to 21 years of child-support payments—protect yourself.

I believe abortion is morally wrong. However, the cowardice shown by the Supreme Court about it is appalling. Is it so difficult for the highest Court in America to make a stand on a woman's right to choose for herself?

Neal H. Ross
Clark AFB, Philippines

I am personally against abortion, but I believe in letting the abortion decision be a personal one.

Charles E. Bratcher III
Manassas, Virginia

Until the anti-abortionists become concerned with the state of existence rather than the fact of existence, many children will continue to be physically, sexually and emotionally abused. Pro-lifers don't advocate life—they advocate birth.

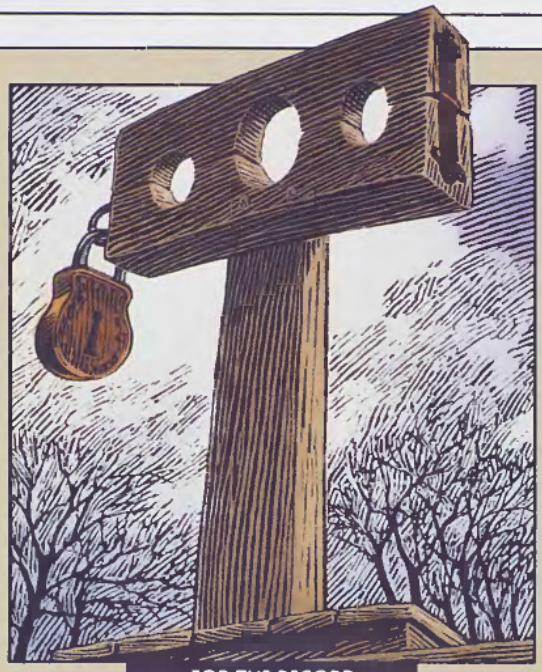
(Name and address withheld by request)

Thank you for your pro-choice position. I backed out of an abortion in 1984. I received more compassion from the doctor who was going to perform the abortion than from the misnamed pro-lifers. I call those self-righteous people what they really are: pro-vengeance. Of course, while I was pregnant, I wasn't much better than a pro-lifer. Although I didn't harass abortion patients, I felt smug and morally superior to those who'd had abortions. I exploited my fetus to play holier than thou. However, I was prepared to carry my pregnancy through—unlike those who terrorize others in crisis pregnancies. They want others to be martyrs for their cause.

Mary Simas
San Francisco, California

Whatever one feels about *Roe vs. Wade*, it is obvious that an extremely effective method of birth control would reduce the number of abortions. Unfortunately, only $9,000,000 per year is being spent in the United States for the development of new contraceptives. According to Planned Parenthood, the U.S. Office of Technology Assessment has recommended that $200,000,000 be spent on biomedical research on reproduction. Maybe now that the Cold War is drawing to a close, we can put some of the defense money into something *really* worth while.

M. Schwartz
Baltimore, Maryland



FOR THE RECORD

THE COST OF INTOLERANCE

"Moralistic intolerance, when embedded in the law, creates unjust stigmatization and criminalization of people who engage in private, consenting sexual conduct. Intolerance does not stop premarital sex. It does not even reduce extramarital sex. Intolerance cannot prevent homosexual sex. Nor does it preserve the pro-patriarchal family. Intolerance can never make America a respected world power. Instead, intolerance produces pain, suffering and injustice. Jonathan Swift said more than 200 years ago, 'We have just enough religion to make us hate but not enough to make us love one another.' Despite the claim 'to hate the sin but to love the sinner,' moralistic intolerance remains more than enough to make us hate but far from enough to make us love one another."

—DONALD L. MOSHER, Ph.D., in *The Journal of Sex Research*

ANTICHRISTIAN?

Why do you imply in your magazine that a Christian background causes sex problems in people?

Beverly McDonald
Minneapolis, Minnesota

We've never implied that a Christian background causes sexual problems; we think that a repressed background can cause sexual problems. We don't think that the two are necessarily the same.

FLAG BURNING

Playboy should put a small image of the American flag on its cover. That would give the Reverend Donald Wildmon and other bonfire boys pause when they tried to toss issues of *Playboy* into their backyard infernos of books, records, tapes and magazines.

Jefferson P. Swycaffer
San Diego, California

PEACE OF MIND

"Devil or Dove?" ("Newsfront," *The Playboy Forum*, November) reports that some Texas students are forbidden to wear peace signs because the symbols represent Satan. For the school officials at Pasadena Independent School District: The peace symbol derives from the semaphore signals for the letters N (flags held at four and eight o'clock) and D (flags held at 12 and six o'clock). N.D. is an abbreviation for nuclear disarmament. If Texas school officials insist on advancing falsehoods and curtailing the free speech of their students, they should be more accurate and ban symbols that are actually used in satanic worship: five-pointed stars and five-sided polygons. They can start by banning the American flag and pictures of the Pentagon.

David Cohen
Shaker Heights, Ohio

KEATING

In recent years, a number of public figures dedicated to interfering with other people's morals have turned out to have severe blind spots of their own. The latest case of such an amoral moralist is that of Charles H. Keating, Jr., founder of the antipornography organization Citizens for Decency Through Law and a central figure in the national savings-and-loan disaster.

According to the testimony of Federal bank regulators before the House Banking Committee, during the period that Keating owned Lincoln Savings and Loan Association based in Irvine, California, the S&L lost billions to risky investments. Large sums were transferred from Lincoln's Federally insured deposits to American Continental Corporation, a holding company also owned by Keating. He and members of his family took $34,000,000 in salaries, bonuses and other payments from money deposited with Lincoln.

Investigators examining the S&L had their phones tapped and found that its employees had doctored files to remove evidence of noncompliance with Federal regulations. One regulator's wife was offered a job with American Continental.

The examiners concluded that Keating was operating Lincoln in an unsafe manner and recommended that the Federal Home Loan Bank Board take action. But in April 1987, five U.S. Senators intervened. Keating had made political contributions totaling more than $1,300,000 to the five—Dennis DeConcini and John McCain of Arizona, Alan Cranston of California, Donald Riegle, Jr., of Michigan and John Glenn of Ohio. According to the regulators, the contributions came out of Lincoln's deposits. The Senators met with regulators from the Federal Home Loan Bank board and the examiners who had been investigating Lincoln were taken off the case.

Lincoln had a campaign to persuade 23,000 depositors and investors, mostly retirees living in the Los Angeles area, to transfer their savings from Federally insured accounts to high-risk, high-yield bonds issued by American Continental.

A second investigation begun in 1988 concluded that Lincoln was insolvent, and the Government took control of the S&L on April 14, 1989. One day before the seizure, Keating put American Continental into bankruptcy, rendering worthless the bonds it had sold to Lincoln's depositors. Many investors lost their life savings.

The more than two-year delay raised the cost of the failure, to be borne by taxpayers, to two billion dollars, the most expensive S&L bailout to date.

The Government has filed a 1.1-billion-dollar civil suit against Keating and Lincoln, charging fraud and racketeering.

Keating denies all wrongdoing and scoffs at charges against him as the product of a vendetta being conducted by "a few nameless bureaucrats."

Ann Landers

Ann Joins the Sexual Revolution

We can now measure the dimensions of the sexual revolution. Ann Landers' reply to the following letter, which ran November 5, 1989, is a high-water mark, of sorts. What next?

Dear Ann Landers: A while back you printed a letter from a woman whose husband wanted to spice up their lovemaking. He insisted on tying her hands and feet with silk scarves. She refused, saying it was "sadistic." You called him "kinky."

Bondage can be fun. My girlfriend and I have enjoyed it for years. Sometimes we reverse roles. She is the binder and I am the "bindee." There is no slapping, hitting or clothespins on the breasts. The key words are "mutual consent."

We play another game called make believe. We take turns making up situations to act out; for example, I pick her up in a bar and pretend that she is a hooker. We play our respective roles and it's very stimulating. Another scenario: She is a lonely working woman who is spending yet another evening alone, wondering why romance has eluded her. An attractive man shows up to repair the furnace. Your imagination can take over from there.

Granted, these games are not for everyone, but they can enhance lovemaking to an incredible degree. Sign me

Hedonist in Woodland Hills, California

Dear Woody: The mail on that subject was mind-boggling. I had no idea so many people in the United States and Canada were tying each other up. The final word from here is—whatever turns you on is OK so long as there is mutual consent and no inflicting of pain.

Keating founded Citizens for Decent Literature (later called Citizens for Decency Through Law) in the late Fifties in Cincinnati, where he helped make that city's name as synonymous with prudery as Boston's once had been. One of his triumphs was a suit to have the erotic play *Oh! Calcutta!* banned in the city.

He was President Nixon's sole appointee to the Federal Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. When the majority of the commissioners announced their conclusion that pornography probably does not cause antisocial sexual behavior, Keating launched an attack on the findings, warning that "the moral fiber of our nation seems to be rapidly unraveling" and declaring that "laws prohibiting obscenity and pornography have played an important role in the creativity and excellence of our system and our society—these laws have played an important part in our people coming so far and achieving so much."

Those duped by Keating's "junk-bond" high-risk investments and development-projects scam and the taxpayers who will ultimately bear the two-billion-dollar cost of Lincoln's demise may also be convinced that the moral fiber of our nation is unraveling, but not because of pornography.

One victim, a 78-year-old woman, told the House Banking Committee, "When senior citizens lose their life savings, they lose not only the money but something more important. They have failed—themselves, their children, their families—and . . . they feel that there is nothing left for them to believe in."

Robert Shea
Glencoe, Illinois

Keating is a familiar figure to us. In 1963, Hef devoted part of an installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" to the bombastic babble of Cincinnati's repressive son. For more on Keating, see box at right.

BORN AGAIN BUT OPEN-MINDED

Sometimes I think that I'm the only born-again Christian on the planet who feels that everyone has a right to his own beliefs.

I may believe abortion is murder—but I am a pro-choice activist. I may find some television objectionable, but I turn off the set. And I may disagree with Wildmon, Falwell, et al., but I'm not in their face telling them that they are wrong.

Dawn M. Francisco
Renton, Washington

Make your voice heard on issues of the day. Dial The Playboy Mailbox, ***1-900-740-3311,*** *and leave your comments; two dollars per minute.*

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF CHARLES H. KEATING, JR.

The Kinsey scientists "disseminate, directly and indirectly, their absurd and dirty bleatings and pagan ideas. . . . It seems strange to me that we credit . . . so-called experts but ignore the overwhelming testimony of the true experts like . . . J. Edgar Hoover."

"Why disbelieve the countless clergymen, who, from their flocks, know these ['girlie'] magazines cause masturbation and other immoral behavior among boys."

"I . . . take for granted that most people think that [masturbation] is a very bad thing and very dangerous to the health and moral welfare, physical and mental, of the people who have the habit. But we had a psychiatrist on the stand in Cincinnati recently for the defense, who said, sure, these magazines stimulate the average person to sexual activity, but it would be sexual activity which would have a legitimate outlet. The prosecutor said to him, 'Doctor, what is a legitimate or socially acceptable outlet for an eighteen-year-old unmarried boy?' The doctor answered, 'Masturbation.' When you are met with that kind of situation, you begin to wonder."—testimony before the House Subcommittee on Postal Operations, 1963, speaking as a self-appointed porn expert

"For a Presidential commission to have labored for two years at the expense to the taxpayers of almost $2,000,000 and arrive at the conclusion that pornography is harmless must strike the average American as the epitome of Government gone berserk."—from his statement on *The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography*, September 30, 1970, writing as a Nixon appointee to the commission

"Sure. You can legislate morality. . . . America has so much to love and to treasure. We need to protect it. To protect our values. Sometimes, even in a free society, it becomes necessary to stop excesses. The Attorney General's commission demonstrated that the time has come for the pornography industry to be stopped. To bring America back to moral health, we need now to vomit these vermin out and let them roil down the gutters to the sewers where they belong with their evil merchandise.

"God bless the Attorney General's commission on pornography. Go ahead. Legislate morality. Then enforce the laws."—from his article "Let's Get Rid of the Porn Vermin" in the July 18, 1986, *Los Angeles Times*, writing as chairman of the board of American Continental Corporation

"Ninety percent of the judges of this nation are political hacks that can't make a living practicing law. . . . They're being used today by the American Civil Liberties Union, specifically in the pornography field."—from his 1986 speech to Citizens Concerned for Community Values, an antipornography group

"On the advice of counsel, I respectfully exercise my constitutional prerogative and privilege and decline to answer questions here today."—Keating to the House Banking Committee on November 21, 1989, declining to answer questions regarding his role in the collapse of the Lincoln Savings and Loan Association

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NOW RECRUITS?

A study published in The Journal of Sex Research *reports that "male pornography theater patrons expressed more favorability toward women and women's*

issues than [did] the college women" also studied. The authors of the report conclude that "erotica is benign (or even positive)" and there is "no support for the hypothesis that pornography invariably produces negative attitudes toward women."

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

LOS ANGELES—*An official testifying on behalf of the Right to Life League of Southern California said that their centers used free pregnancy tests as a "hook" and a "marketing device" to draw women into the clinics to hear anti-abortion lectures. The superior court judge ordered the operators of 25 such centers to stop providing pregnancy tests as part of an attempt to talk women out of abortions and—unless they become medically licensed—to stop advertising in the "clinic" section of telephone books.*

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

LOS ANGELES—*The Hell's Angels Motorcycle Corporation is suing the producers of the movie "Nam Angels," which depicts some Hell's Angels as mercenaries in Vietnam. A spokesman said that the movie contains unauthorized use of the corporation's name, logos and patches. And, he added, club members were upset by the story line.*

THE FIGHT IS ON IN FLORIDA

ORLANDO—*When the Reverend Donald Wildmon came to town to help organize a chapter of the American Family Association, he was greeted by more than 1000 protesters wearing yellow arm bands to symbolize their opposition to censorship. The Florida A.F.A. had recently declared war on family video stores in Orlando. An anticensorship talk-show host who is against the A.F.A.'s effort to dictate community standards organized the protest.*

MIAMI—Playboy, *Waldenbooks, the American Booksellers Association and several groups of magazine distributors filed suit against the Florida American Family Association in Federal court. They charged that the Florida A.F.A. and its director, David Caton, had violated the Federal Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO), as well as several Florida laws, by sending retailers a threatening letter stating that they had violated Florida law by selling magazines that advertise X-rated videos.* (Playboy *does not accept such ads.) He had also threatened to make complaints to law-enforcement agencies and to subject the retailers to public ridicule. Michael Bamberger, counsel for Media Coalition, said, "We're not out to enjoin the A.F.A. from picketing or other First Amendment–protected activities. But we must draw the line at illegal activities and this threatening letter amounts to extortion."*

MISSISSIPPI MADNESS

BRANDON, MISSISSIPPI—*William Henry Pittman, Jr., is serving a 20-year sentence for making the wrong kind of home video. Pittman met several local women who worked for a local escort service and video-taped them while they performed oral sex in his home. He hadn't asked for I.D.s and the women were 17. Later, when they were busted as prostitutes by undercover cops, they mentioned the video tapes. Failing to uncover a major kiddie pornographer (the videos were for Pittman's own use), the cops charged him with everything from child exploitation to sodomy to a violation of the Mann Act. When we talked with Pittman, he explained the injustice: "In Mississippi, it is not against the law to have sex with a 14-year-old. It is, however, against the law to photograph the act. Essentially, I am serving twenty years for the same crime for which Rob Lowe got twenty hours of community service."*

DIPUTS

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA—*Some months ago, the Long Beach Unified School District warned its students to avoid wearing Natas sportswear because the name spelled backward is Satan. A spokesman for the clothing company protested that Natas spelled forward is the name of Natas Kaupas, a 21-year-old professional skate-boarder who appears in videos and is part owner of the Natas line of skate boards and outfits. "He's Lithuanian," the spokesman said. "That's his name."*

THE TAXMAN COMETH

MADISON, WISCONSIN—*Claiming that it has the authority to tax food and drink served in the air as well as on the ground, the state of Wisconsin is putting the bite on Republic Airlines for $69,000—plus*

$21,000 in interest—the amount the state says it owes for food and drink taxes from 1981 to 1984. The amount was calculated on the basis of aircraft overflights, regardless of whether the planes took off from or landed in Wisconsin. A state tax attorney argues that being over the state is the same as being in the state.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY
THE MASSACRE CONTINUES

Call me a sentimentalist, call me a romantic, but when Saint Valentine's Day rolls around every year, I am reminded that it marks the anniversary of that wintry day in Chicago in 1929 when Al Capone's bootleggers machine-gunned six members of the Bugs Moran gang. The Saint Valentine's Day Massacre helped convince Americans that nine years of Prohibition was not only failing to stop alcohol abuse but actually making it worse. In fact, it was making everything worse: It reduced the country's social drinking but made drunkenness fashionable; it produced unprecedented gang violence and political corruption; it acted as a growth hormone to the organized crime that has since become a permanent and crippling feature of American society. In short, Prohibition was a "noble experiment" that blew up in the country's face.

Read about it in a February 15, 1929, *Wisconsin News* article headlined "U.S. DRUNKENNESS INCREASES—SHOW INTOXICATION GAIN UNDER DRY LAW," which appears on page six of the same edition that reports the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre. Included in the article are statistics from a national survey of 584 police departments the previous year:

"In 584 towns, cities or localities, arrests for drunkenness increased from 640,125 in 1924 to 676,708 in 1925; to 695,928 in 1926; and to 707,104 in 1927.

"In 518 places, arrests for drunkenness in 1927 reached 238 percent of the figures available for 1920, the first year of national Prohibition, which was the lowest year for drunkenness." This doesn't mean that more people took up drinking under Prohibition; at first, alcohol consumption was reduced by about half. But it soon started climbing back toward pre-Prohibition levels and, worse, more people were drinking to excess—especially the young, for whom moral lawbreaking has always had a certain allure.

The story includes a statement endorsed by many prominent citizens advocating that Prohibition be repealed: "We cannot escape the conclusion that [Prohibition] has failed utterly to do what it was intended to do; namely, promote temperance and sobriety. . . .

"We are also of the firm conviction that such a policy of wise restriction would have the incidental advantage of eliminating almost entirely the scandalous corruption and bribery of public officials, would stop the growth of the bootlegging industry, would check disrespect for law and would in addition produce a handsome national revenue."

The philosopher George Santayana said that "those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it"—and the past is repeating itself. Drugs are a cheaply manufactured commodity attractive to young experimenters and to those with no other source of relief from unpleasant reality. And because drugs are illegal, they are enormously profitable. The principal players are a new breed of U.S. and South American producers and smugglers, too reckless and violent to be controlled even by our powerful indigenous criminal organizations—much less by the police or the military. Just as in the Twenties, the neighborhood gangs that formerly were concerned with turf and toughness have used profits from contraband to evolve into multibillion-dollar criminal enterprises. Just as competition led bootleggers to adopt the Thompson submachine gun, drug dealers have taken up the Uzi and the MAC-10.

RAID MANY HAUNTS OF GUNMEN IN
BLIND HUNT FOR MASSACRE CLEW
Massacre Is 'Fruit of Prohibition,' Says Russell
NORTH CLARK STREET DOOR
OFFICE

Alcohol Prohibition in the Twenties and drug prohibition today are solutions by reformers who think that "Just say no" and zero tolerance are the answers to substance-abuse problems. It didn't work then and it's not working now. Today, the corruption goes far beyond the local politician and policeman, all the way to agencies of the U.S. Government and the leaders of foreign states whose economies now are dependent on the American drug market. A massacre of the kind that made national headlines out of Chicago in 1929 occurs far more frequently 60 years later.

If the legacy of Prohibition was nationally organized crime, the legacy of drug prohibition is a new and more deadly international version of the same. Add to that the street crime—mugging, robbery, burglary, theft, home invasion—necessary to supply the money for drugs whose high costs are guaranteed by laws and enforcement policies that keep the products enormously profitable. Drug-related crime could be largely eliminated by removing the profits; most agree on that. But most also fear that legalization would destroy America like one great neutron bomb—killing the people without hurting the buildings.

So far, nobody has proposed the most radical solution of all: Legalize domestic pot to take it completely out of the crime picture; decriminalize the *sale* of hard drugs to drive down the price and the profits; and penalize hard-drug use under whatever circumstances please drug foes. Drug abuse would remain a problem, like alcohol abuse. But that's an individual problem, more a medical than a legal matter and no more or less manageable than any other intractable social disease.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

WANTED: BOUNTY HUNTERS
NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

Congress of the United States

House of Representatives • Washington, D.C. 20515

Dear Colleague:

Our nation's youth are being drawn into drug trafficking because of the enormous amounts of cash made from selling illegal narcotics. I recently introduced the Bounty Hunter Act of 1989 to effectively fight this dangerous condition and the allure of enormous profits.

My approach is simple: Make it more profitable to turn in a drug pusher than to become one. The Bounty Hunter Act provides that citizens who turn in drug dealers receive 50 percent of the value of the assets seized by—and forfeited to—Federal law-enforcement officials upon conviction of the dealer. In other words, turn in a pusher with an expensive home, yacht, car or plane bought from drug profits, and you get half of the value of those tainted luxuries.

Currently, would-be informants have little incentive to do the right thing and turn in the vicious drug dealers terrorizing our nation's streets—urban, suburban and rural! The lure of big money to be made by getting drawn into the drug trade is simply too strong. It's time to show those who want to do what is right that their courage in going against the tide of drug abuse is going to be duly recognized and amply rewarded.

If Congress can create the incentive for citizens to become involved at all levels, we can begin to win the war against drugs. I am proud to have as cosponsors of Bounty Hunter Representatives Charlie Rangel and Larry Coughlin, chairman and vice-chairman of the Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control. Additionally, a look at the other cosponsors of H.R. 3346 (listed below) further confirms the bipartisan appeal of this legislation.

I invite—and urge—you to join us in declaring war on drugs by becoming a cosponsor to the Bounty Hunter Act of 1989. . . . Thank you.

Sincerely,

Dick

Dick Schulze
Member of Congress

Cosponsors of H.R. 3346: Messrs. Rangel, Coughlin, Bennett, Walker, Wilson, Livingston, Chapman, Combest, Porter, Condit, Armey, Nielson, Lipinski, Whittaker, Inhofe and Oxley.

FORUM

THE CASE FOR CONTACT TRACING

The story broke last Thanksgiving. *The New York Times* declared: "AIDS STUDY WARNS OF WOMEN'S FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY IN 'SAFE' SEX." The *Chicago Tribune* was more direct: "MAN INFECTS 11 WOMEN WITH AIDS VIRUS."

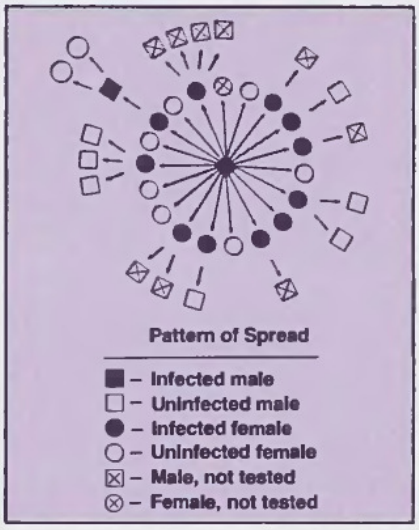
One man living in Belgium had infected 11 women with HIV. The women were for the most part white, middle class and married; they had averaged two and a half sexual partners over a three-year period. The man was neither a drug addict nor a bisexual. Two of the women had caught the AIDS virus after a single encounter.

The media had found a heterosexual Typhoid Mary—equivalent to the Patient Zero that Randy Shilts immortalized in *And the Band Played On*.

We checked out the source of the story, a report in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, and found that for once, the facts were pretty much as stated. But the media had missed the most important part of the story.

Heterosexual transmission in the U.S. is rare (about five percent of cases). In Belgium, however, 66 percent of all patients with AIDS have become infected through heterosexual contacts. For the past five years, patients in Brussels and Antwerp have been offered participation in a pilot program of partner notification. Four women who tested HIV-positive named the same man as a possible source of their infection. None was willing to notify him, so the program tracked him down. He turned out to be a civil engineer from central Africa who tested positive for HIV. He could remember the names of 19 sexual partners. He did not want to notify any of them, so again the program acted.

When investigators found the other women, all but one agreed to be tested. Seven of them were found to be HIV-positive. That brought the number of female sexual partners of the index patient who tested HIV-positive to 11. Six of these women named a total of eight male sexual partners; all eight agreed to be tested. One of them was HIV-positive, and he named two female sexual partners, who tested negative.



Reprinted from *The New England Journal of Medicine*

The follow-up to these cases constitutes an impressive argument for contact tracing. According to *The New England Journal of Medicine*: "Two and a half years after the initial counseling and testing, six of the 11 HIV-seropositive women were still attending an HIV clinic. Five of them had engaged in monogamous relationships with partners who used condoms consistently, and one woman had been sexually abstinent for the entire period. All five male sex partners remained HIV-antibody negative. One of the women, knowing her HIV status, decided to postpone pregnancy."

The index patient who had infected all of these women ceased having sex.

The chief American strategies for preventing AIDS have been to target risk groups and/or to issue blanket warnings that tend to be ignored by people who do not perceive themselves to be at risk. Education is necessary, but is it as effective as direct contact tracing? None of the people in Belgium believed they were at risk; none knew that they could infect someone else. Once armed with the knowledge that they had the virus, they could make real decisions, moral decisions. And they could avail themselves of current treatments that postpone the fatal consequences of AIDS.

In America, opponents of contact tracing argue that it is an invasion of privacy. The Belgian story, with its quiet, compassionate counseling of victims, offers important lessons.

HOW AMERICANS REACT TO RISK

Michael Fumento, author of *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS*, suggests that a false sense of security is as American as apple pie. He makes an interesting point. During the eight years when fewer than 2500 heterosexually transmitted cases were reported to the Centers for Disease Control, "about 380,000 Americans, the vast majority of whom were white heterosexuals, were killed in automobile accidents. About 10,000,000 more suffered disabling injuries. Almost half of those deaths and more than half of deaths and injuries combined could, according to the National Highway and Transit Authority, have been prevented by the simple buckling of a safety belt, an act the victim neglected because he or she did not think the risk was great enough. Indeed, a majority of Americans do not wear safety belts. If we look at AIDS in the short-term future, at the present rate of case reporting, there will be somewhere in the range of 1000 new native-born heterosexual cases reported to the Centers for Disease Control during 1989. . . . During the same period, 475,000 Americans will die of cancer and more than 750,000 of heart disease.

"In fact, other than fairly spectacular rare occurrences, such as shark attacks and maulings by wild animals, it is difficult to name any broad category of death that will take fewer lives than heterosexually transmitted AIDS. A middle-class non-IVDA [intravenous drug abuser] heterosexual in the Chicago suburbs or in Orange County, California—or, indeed, in almost any area of the country—has less of a chance of getting AIDS in the next year than of being struck by lightning or drowning in a bathtub. Most of us, while acknowledging the existence of these threats, be they murder or drowning, do not live in terror of them. Indeed, if heterosexuals treated other risks as they were told to treat the threat of AIDS, life as we know it would cease to exist."

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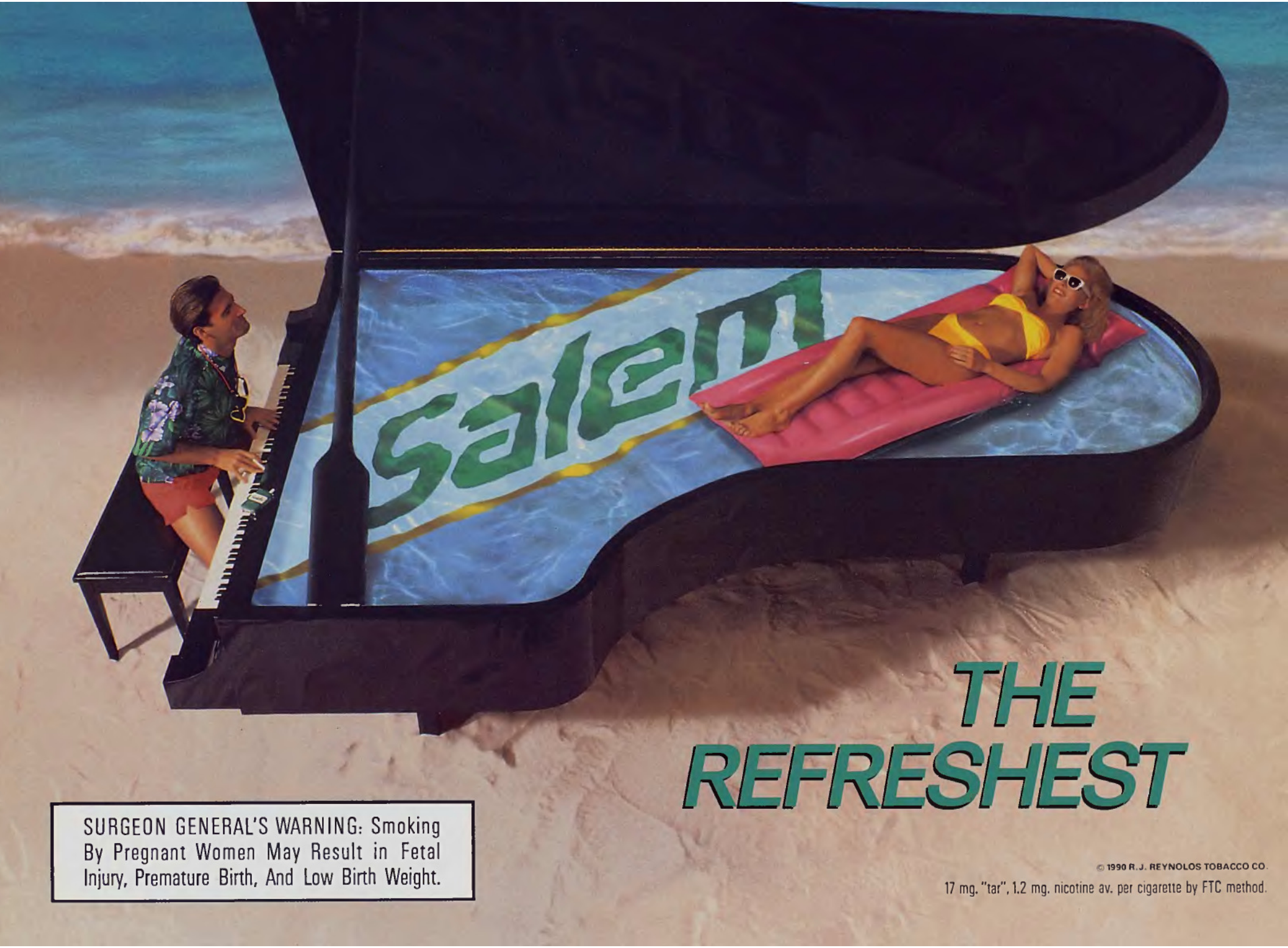

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FREEDOM TO BURN

government, george bush style . . . wrap yourself in the american flag while you burn the bill of rights

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

This has been a pretty good year for flag burners, particularly in the Communist countries, where in one people's republic after another, the hammer and sickle has gone up in flames. And as each totalitarian regime crumbles, Americans seem determined to become a bit less free. We have a President whose juices seem to flow only over the prospect of forcing the citizenry to pledge allegiance to a flag that it must, under threat of a year in Federal prison, treat as a religious shroud.

Last summer, when the U.S. Supreme Court—in a majority decision that included two Reagan appointees—held that flag burning was a manifestation of the freedom of speech guaranteed by the First Amendment, George Bush's response was to eliminate the constitutional safeguard. He proposed, and a Senate majority endorsed (though not by the requisite two thirds), an amendment to the U.S. Constitution that would have altered the Bill of Rights for the first time in its 200-year history.

As people throughout the world risk life and limb to obtain a bill of rights, we seem bent on demeaning our most valuable export. If we need some new laws, maybe they should be aimed at Bill of Rights alterers rather than at flag burners.

Not that there has been much flag burning going on here. As New Hampshire's Gorden Humphrey, arguably the Senate's most conservative member, put it in voting against Bush's constitutional amendment, "One would think that America was aflame with burning flags, when nothing could be further from the truth." A few kids tried it in Berkeley, but the dean forgot to get their names and they soon ran out of flags.

What the country is aflame with is Bill of Rights burners. These are people, led by the President, who just don't seem to understand that the exercise of freedom is an inherently disruptive, chaotic and often rowdy enterprise, whether it's practiced in Tiananmen Square or in the park across from the White House. Free people make mistakes of passion, style and judgment. The point of the Bill of Rights is to defend behavior that is offensive to the majority. Political acts that do not hit at the raw nerves of the majority are most often not in need of constitutional protection. The further a nation goes toward turning its flag into an icon, the more obvious the flag becomes as a target for those deeply upset about something the majority is doing.

"But not the flag," cries the President, milking the moment at the monument to the battle of Iwo Jima, with its heroic Marines raising the banner after much death and glory. Surely there are many Soviet and Chinese citizens who associate their flags with heroic moments of intense suffering. What the protesters often are saying is that current leaders are wrapping themselves in past glories and by their actions—be it in Afghanistan or Nicaragua—distorting the symbol. So they strike back at the symbol—an act of dubious political wisdom, but it does make a strong statement. Flag burning is not for children. The decision to desecrate a national symbol ought to represent a mature judgment on the sorry state of one's nation.

Chicago art student "Dread" Scott Tyler, 24, is arrested on the steps of the U.S. Capitol for setting the American flag on fire in protest.

But then again, the exercise of freedom is never perfect, and who am I, or George Bush, to ban students in a square in Peking or Berkeley who feel the need for such protest? Or Carlos Mendoza-Lugo, who served seven months of a year's sentence for burning the flag in front of a post office in a protest for Puerto Rican independence? As long as the flames from the flag don't burn our noses and we keep in mind that we have some control over where we stick our noses.

I am not arguing taste but, rather, constitutionality. And on that, the Supreme Court has spoken and Bush should follow. The President has a right to say that "flag burning is wrong," but not to add, "I will uphold our precious right to dissent, but burning the flag goes too far and I want to see that matter remedied."

As the nation's highest constitutionally designated leader, the President's primary obligation is to strengthen rather than weaken the separation of powers. He is not the ultimate judge of what goes too far, nor should he trivialize a profound debate on free speech with snappish remarks.

George Bush cannot lead. He can obviously get himself elected and even remain popular, but if leadership means the ability to educate and lift the public consciousness, he is and has long been a bust. The man's career has been marked by a pandering to surface emotion for cynical political purpose, be it a matter of crime, abortion or patriotism. As one political consultant was quoted as saying, "It's leadership, George Bush style—find an issue eighty percent of the people agree with you on and step out in front of it."

A more charitable view was offered by an unnamed White House insider who told the *Los Angeles Times*, "I'd have thought the more Bush thought about it, the more he'd understand the Supreme Court's view. I guessed wrong. There are highbrow, legalistic arguments—free speech and all of that—but it just doesn't pass the common-sense test" of the President.

Ugh. There it is. "Free speech and all of that." Just highbrow stuff.

Not that the members of Congress, Democratic and Republican, showed much greater courage or wisdom. At a time when the power and cohesion of this country is manifest and external and internal enemies are meekly at bay, the false

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patriots nonetheless bellow alarms as if enemy armies were at the gates.

"What in God's name is going on?" shouted Congressman Doug Applegate, an Ohio Democrat who termed the Supreme Court's decision "an outrage" and went on to ask the burning question for the future of American democracy, "What will they allow next? Allow fornication in Times Square at high noon?" Don't you love it?

More somber was Representative Ron Marlenee, who spoke of "the treasonous nature of the decision on the bench," adding that the six Servicemen in the Iwo Jima memorial "were symbolically shot in the back by five men in black robes."

In contrast with the opportunistic rhetoric rampant in the Congress, Bush sounded restrained, even prissy: "I understand the legal basis for that decision and I respect the Supreme Court . . . but . . . flag burning is wrong—dead wrong—and the flag of the United States is very, very special."

Of course it is—as are the flags of other countries to their citizens. But among the developed nations, only the Soviet Union and the United States punish those who desecrate the flag. In Russia, it's a two-year stint in jail, as opposed to a year here under the new law passed by Congress. There is no law in Japan or England protecting the flag, and even in haughty, nationalist France, where a prohibition has been on the books since 1822, no one has been prosecuted under the statute.

In the end, the President's flag amendment was supplanted by a clever Democratic-sponsored trick of passing a law rather than a constitutional amendment against flag burning. It was a trick because this Supreme Court can be expected to eventually throw this new law out the same way it did the local Texas law on which it acted last summer. For the moment, the new legislation has allowed members of Congress, with paltry few exceptions, to wave the flag of patriotism in time for the next election without screwing around with the Constitution.

We should, I suppose, be thankful for small favors. If not for the compromise new law, it's conceivable that the majority in favor of a constitutional amendment might have swelled to the necessary two thirds. As it is, only nine Senators (91–9) and forty-three members of the House (371–43) found the courage and conviction to vote against the new law. Senator Edward Kennedy was the most forthright when he said, "It is wrong to desecrate the Constitution to prevent desecration of the flag. . . . It would change the flag from a treasured symbol to a Government-regulated icon."

But people seem to need icons and it is possible that the heartfelt support of the flag-burning amendment registered in polls by three quarters of the population is a reflection of that. But why now, when there is no serious domestic or foreign challenge to the majority's power? Why this burst of patriotic zeal in a time of deep, even sonorous, military security, when the Red enemy is dismantling its empire right before our eyes?

The answer, I think, is that the beating of the patriotic drums has nothing to do with national military security and everything to do with the psychology of large groups. The irony is that as the Cold War erodes, as the enemy becomes reasonable, the search for national unity, something to cheer for and against, intensifies. The bad guys have become good guys, Gorbachev is more popular in the Western democracies than George Bush, and it's hard to know which team to root for or even to keep the names straight in this fast, shuffling new league.

The Cold War camps are breaking up with a ferocity that threatens the very idea of the nation-state. West Germany, which we have been protecting against Communist east Europe, will now underwrite the economic development of still-Communist east Europe. For reasons that are inexplicable to most people who are not paid foreign-policy experts, the Bush Administration is closer to neo-Stalinist China than to Gorbachev's Russia and even plays footsie with the dreaded Khmer Rouge in Cambodia.

We are shoving around the dregs of the Cold War stew at a time when the rest of the free world is busily preparing a new banquet. Our enemy has abandoned us and with it has gone the certainty of purpose that drove this nation for 45 years.

What to do now with the massive military economy and all of the high-tech junk that we have skillfully deposited throughout the planet? Is it good that peace is breaking out? Can we trust it? Will we still have jobs? More importantly, will we still have an overriding and soul-stirring sense of purpose?

It won't be easy. A drum roll and the cannons blaring as we march off to curtail the greenhouse effect, feed the hungry and give poor kids a head start will not as readily do it for the manly juices. It's not easy weaning us away from football metaphors elevated to foreign policy while substituting a complex appraisal of peacetime problems for the mind-numbing simplicity of the language of war.

But that's why we have leaders. They are supposed to educate us to a new reality and exploit new possibilities. New thinking should come more readily to us than to the Bolsheviks. Come on, George, you can do it; roll up your sleeves and get to work. Take a clue from Gorbachev and revolutionize the tired political terms. Rally us to a world without walls. Find a new vocabulary and a set of goals that will set us to marching again. But whatever you do, don't just sit there and wave the flag.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DONALD TRUMP

a candid conversation with the decade's most flamboyant billionaire on deal making, self-promotion, world affairs and how much is enough

Donald Trump sits alone. He hasn't slept in 48 hours.

At six A.M., *perched high in the bronze-coated jewel of his empire, Trump Tower, he's bent over a mammoth Brazilian-rosewood desk, scrutinizing spread sheets.*

No insomnia, no gnawing worries.

"Pressure," he surmises, sipping an iced Coke, "doesn't upset my sleep," a standard four hours nightly.

"I like throwing balls into the air—and I dream like a baby."

Three hours later, blond hair marshaled, he announces, with standard chutzpah, *his seven-and-a-half-billion-dollar bid to gobble down the nation's premiere airline, American. On the strength of his $120-a-share bid, the stock vaults from $16 to $99. The 43-year-old billionaire, who owns huge blocks of American Airlines stock, smiles broadly.*

A week later, with the market tumbling 190 points, he withdraws his offer, perhaps temporarily. Despite some reports that insinuated his American raid was only cardboard, a ploy to rattle up his stock, Trump stares into space:

"Nope. I <u>want</u> it."

Yup. If it's the best, and it's for sale, Donald Trump's stomach begins to growl.

He captured troubled Saudi financier Adnan Khashoggi's onyx-and-gold-plated yacht for a mere $29,000,000—now it's worth $100,000,000. Then he bought the Eastern Shuttle for $365,000,000 and transformed it overnight into the Trump Shuttle, complete with comfortable cabins and stewardesses rustling in virgin wool and pearls.

A year earlier, he had bought the Plaza Hotel for $400,000,000 and is now lovingly restoring her without a name change. Her make-over will be supervised by the Czech mistress of Trump's kingdom, Ivana, a former Olympic skier and fashion model.

At home, Ivana presides over a 100-room Trump Tower triplex, recently expanded from 50 rooms ("Better closet space," she jokes). Trump, proud of the salmon-marbled atrium of Trump Tower, where no expense was spared, says, "I bought the whole damn mountain! You've never seen that color before. Ivana suggested it because it makes people <u>look</u> better."

The couple also has a 47-room country house on ten acres in Greenwich, Connecticut, and the well-publicized 118-room Mar-a-Lago Marjorie Merriweather Post estate in Palm Beach, their commute time shortened by the 727 jet and the French-made military Puma helicopter.

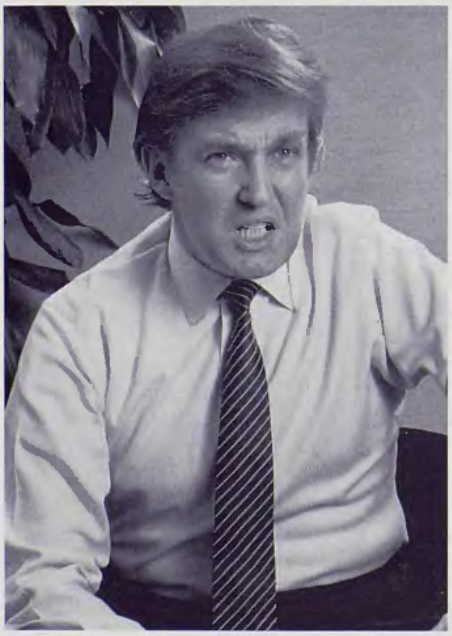
The Trump Princess, or the Khashoggi "boat," as Trump now calls it, has gotten cramped, so a Dutch shipyard is confecting not a Princess but a full-fledged Queen costing more than $175,000,000.

Such ostentation, despite a catalog of charities and good deeds done for sick kids, has predictably yielded a rich crop of snipers. Spy *magazine, the New York–based humor monthly, cheerfully carries on a scabrous vendetta against the Trumps, comparing them to Dickensian monsters.* Time *did a cover story on the decay of Atlantic City and chided Trump for helping create a crime-plagued urban blight divided between welfare cases and high rollers. On the Upper West Side, Manhattanites attack him for his proclaimed desire to build an enormous complex, Trump City, complete with a 150-story skyscraper; Phil Donahue charges that Trump's casinos pillage the gullible; an aide close to outgoing mayor Ed Koch calls Trump "the most arrogant s.o.b. who has ever stepped onto the earth."*

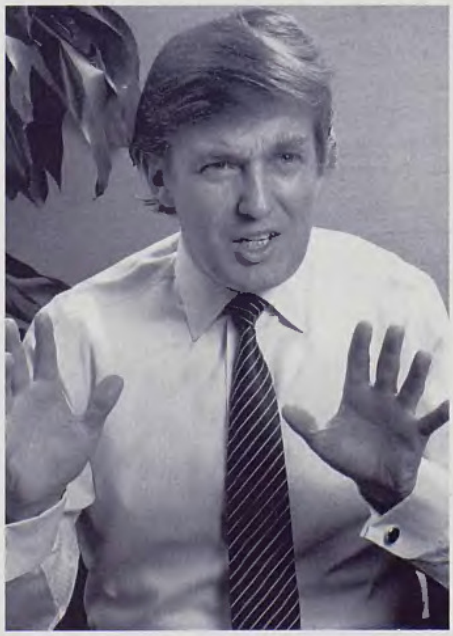
Ah, well. To be young, blond and a billionaire.

It doesn't seem to matter. The most daunting entrepreneur since the Astors, Vanderbilts and Whitneys, Donald John Trump has made his "art of the deal" work—not just for making money but for crushing adversaries, too.

Case in point: Merv Griffin. Ten months after Griffin bought Trump's Resorts International Inc. for $365,000,000, for which Trump had paid $101,000,000 the year before, Griffin found himself holding a busted balloon. Not only had he inherited the



"There has always been a display of wealth and always will be, until the depression comes, which it always does. And let me tell you, a display is a <u>good</u> thing. It shows people that you can be successful."



"We Americans are laughed at around the world for defending wealthy nations for nothing, nations that would be wiped out in about fifteen minutes if it weren't for us. Our 'allies' are making billions screwing us."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"I've always thought the ultimate job for me would have been running MGM in the Thirties and Forties. There was incredible glamour and style that's gone now. And that's when you could <u>control</u> situations."

hotel-casino's $925,000,000 debt but he embarrassingly had to report first-half losses of $46,600,000. There's now talk of a possible bankruptcy for Merv and a possible lawsuit against Trump.

Looking beyond his one-billion-dollar Taj Mahal opening in Atlantic City next month, Trump has plenty to consider. There are rumors of his building casinos in Nevada and his buying Tiffany's, NBC, the New York Daily News or the Waldorf Hotel ("I've got to have the Waldorf," he coos jokingly into the phone. "I can't sleep without it"). And the Presidency? No, that takes an election, and it is clear that Trump is not that patient. Too much to do!

The billion-dollar baby was born in the exclusive Jamaica Estates in Queens, New York, on June 14, 1946, to a mere millionaire, real-estate developer Fred Trump, who had racked up his $20,000,000 fortune building low-to-middle-priced homes and apartments in Brooklyn and Queens.

Among the five little Trumps, only Donald seemed to have a passion for mortar and bricks, riding around construction sites with his father—"who ruled all of us with a steel will"—and showing younger brother Robert, now a low-profile V.P. in the Trump organization, who was boss in their 23-room house.

At the age of eight, little Donald borrowed Robert's cherished toy blocks, glued them together into one giant skyscraper and never returned them, thereafter exercising his fantasies about changing Manhattan's skyline.

His father, who harped on the importance of "knowing how to make a buck," regarded mop-haired Donald as "rough and wild," shipped him off to the New York Military Academy in Cornwall-on-Hudson and, some say, forever instilled in him a gnawing sense of inadequacy that fueled the boy's ambition. There followed two years at Fordham and two years at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance, then a few years diddling in middle-income housing until, at the age of 28, Trump delivered the punch that launched him. Taking a hard look at Manhattan's troubled fortunes, he fastened onto the bankruptcy of the Penn Central Railroad as his ticket into the big time and nimbly plucked options on Penn's Hudson River railroad yards, now the site of New York's Convention Center, and its 59-year-old Commodore Hotel, now the Grand Hyatt.

The coup was in his persuading bankers to lend him $80,000,000 and in talking politicians into awarding him a $120,000,000 tax abatement.

Persuasion, hype and chutzpah thereafter defined the Trump style, welded to a scrupulous management technique.

In 1979, at the age of 33, he snapped up the Fifth Avenue site of the old Bonwit Teller for $20,000,000, won a $140,000,000 tax abatement and three years later finished Trump Tower, a 68-story dazzler that includes a six-story atrium and today draws 100,000 visitors daily, with residents such as Johnny Carson and Steven Spielberg.

Amassing a fortune his father never dreamed possible—a cash hoard of $900,000,000, a geyser of $50,000,000 a week from his hotel-casinos, assets thought to total 3.7 billion dollars—Trump soon became as captivated by mystique-making as by money-making.

As the snooty ads running around New York proclaimed, "Everything does seem to be very Trump these days." There are his residential buildings, Trump Parc and Trump Plaza and the soon-to-be-finished Trump Palace; Trump Castle in Atlantic City and the soon-to-be-finished Taj Mahal; his book "Trump: The Art of the Deal," written with Tony Schwartz, which held on to the number-one spot on the New York Times best-seller list longer than any business book since "Iacocca"; his high-rise board game named—you guessed it—Trump (reported to be a flop); his upcoming TV game show—you guessed it again—"Trump Card"; and the bike race named Tour de Trump, which, as he points out, sure beats its old name—Tour de Jersey. And—well—you get the picture.

"Vision is my best asset," he says without a shred of modesty. "I know what sells and I know what people want."

Along the way, Trump even found time to attend the 1976 Montreal Olympics, marry his match, Ivana Zelnicek (who has vowed never to look a day over 29), and produce his own little Trumps—Donald, Jr., 12, Ivanka, eight, and Eric, six.

> "The Presidency? No, that takes an election, and it is clear that Trump is not that patient. Too much to do!"

Notwithstanding the good fortune that seems to have attended Trump's business moves, he and his family have not escaped life's darker side. While sisters Maryanne, a Federal judge in New Jersey, and Elizabeth, an administrative assistant for Chase Manhattan, have found their niches, Trump's older brother, Fred, hated the real-estate business, became an airline pilot, took to drink and died an alcoholic in 1981 at 43.

Trump was also recently shaken when, last October, three key executives died in a helicopter crash; the boss reportedly narrowly missed death, deciding at the last minute that he was too busy to travel. "I never realized," says Trump today, "how deaths outside the family could have such a profound effect on me. It's a tragic waste." As for himself, he's fatalistic: "I work, I don't worry and I protect myself as well as anybody can. But ultimately we all end up going to hopefully greener pastures."

To check out his present-day pastures, we sent New York Daily News celebrity interviewer and syndicated columnist **Glenn Plaskin** to talk with him. This interview had long been in the works, including two earlier starts. But Plaskin finally got Trump to sit down with him over a period of nearly 16 weeks. His report:

"For our first session at Trump Tower, after being visually frisked by a troop of basketball-player-tall bodyguards, I entered the inner sanctum. There was Donald Trump, as he would be for most of our sessions, slumped behind the cinnamon-colored desk, slung comically low in his chair, clipping his fingernails. 'I think best this way,' he'd deadpan.

"As the weeks went by, I found I liked poking through the hooded dare-me eyes with rapid-fire changes of topic, watching for surprise. Often he parried with rehearsed answers, but we spent enough time together that we entered genuinely fresh territory. When I asked for his stand on abortion, he frowned, pouted and asked me to turn the recorder off. He didn't really have an opinion—what the hell was mine? It was a very human moment.

"Supervising his office like an exceedingly well-run vaudeville show, executive assistant Norma Foerderer would wander in with another gold-framed magazine cover to put up on his wall—or with a seven-pound cheesecake or a stuffed skunk. Trump would take calls during our interview—never for more than a few minutes—that invariably ended with, 'OK, baby, you're the greatest.' Then secretary Rhona Graff would walk in, bearing little yellow slips of paper announcing calls waiting: down-on-his-luck financier Adnan Khashoggi, asking to have lunch; a hotel executive, dickering to sell yet another big hotel. . . . By the time Duchess Fergie called about borrowing his brand-new accident-proof helicopter, and Don Johnson to borrow his city-size yacht, I was dizzy.

"To get away from it all, we began our first session hovering above the East River in the cobalt Darth Vader helicopter. Donald Trump was strapped into taupe leather, good-naturedly hyping his empire below."

PLAYBOY: You aren't known for being shy at promotion; let's start by playing a little game. Trump Tower is _____?

TRUMP: The finest residential building anywhere.

PLAYBOY: The Taj Mahal in Atlantic City is going to be _____?

TRUMP: The most spectacular hotel-casino anywhere in the world.

PLAYBOY: And the Trump Shuttle will be _____?

TRUMP: Easily the number-one service to Washington and Boston.

PLAYBOY: Your apartment sales are _____?

TRUMP: The best. Trump Tower and Trump Parc have seventy percent of the top sales in New York per square foot.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TRUMP: Simple: People know they're going into a building where no expense is spared, where the level of materials and finishes will be the best, where the location

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will be the best. Many European and Japanese investors literally give their subordinates instructions to buy apartments only in Trump buildings. A Japanese investor just paid me twenty million bucks for seven apartments he's turning into one.

PLAYBOY: OK. But here we are at the start of a new decade. How do you respond when people call you ostentatious, ego-ridden and a greedy symbol of the Eighties?

TRUMP: Rich men are less likely to like me, but the working man likes me because he knows I worked hard and didn't inherit what I've built. Hey, I made it myself; I have a right to do what I want with it.

PLAYBOY: With so much poverty on the city streets, isn't it embarrassing for you to flaunt your wealth?

TRUMP: There has always been a display of wealth and always will be, until the depression comes, which it always does. And let me tell you, a display is a *good* thing. It shows people that you can be successful. It can show you a way of life. *Dynasty* did it on TV. It's very important that people aspire to be successful. The only way you can do it is if you look at somebody who is.

PLAYBOY: And for you, sitting snugly inside the one hundred and eighteen rooms of your Palm Beach mansion——

TRUMP: People understand that the house in Florida is business. I use it very seldom. I could be happy living in a studio apartment.

PLAYBOY: Oh, come on.

TRUMP: I mean it; the houses, the planes and the boat are just investments. I paid twenty-nine million dollars for the Khashoggi yacht; two years later, I'll be selling it for more than one hundred million dollars and getting a bigger one.

PLAYBOY: Why in the world do you need a bigger yacht?

TRUMP: I don't. But the Khashoggi boat is worth more only if I sell it. This new one will—believe it or not—be even more spectacular and bring tremendous acclaim to Trump properties in Atlantic City.

PLAYBOY: What is it that attracts you to all this glitz?

TRUMP: I have glitzy casinos because people expect it; I'm not going to build the lobby of the IBM office building in Trump Castle. Glitz works in Atlantic City, and yet the Plaza Hotel has been brought back to its original elegance of 1907. So I don't use glitz in all cases. And in my residential buildings, I sometimes use flash, which is a level below glitz.

PLAYBOY: Then what does all this—the yacht, the bronze tower, the casinos—really mean to you?

TRUMP: Props for the show.

PLAYBOY: And what is the show?

TRUMP: The show is "Trump" and it is sold-out performances everywhere. I've had fun doing it and will continue to have fun, and I think most people enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the ones who hate it are jealous?

TRUMP: They could be whatever—but the vast majority *dig* it.

PLAYBOY: Calvin Klein, who doesn't have a fraction of your wealth, has often said he feels guilty about his. Do you?

TRUMP: It's not overriding, but I do have it.

PLAYBOY: You don't sound guilty at all.

TRUMP: I do have a feeling of guilt. I'm living well and like it, I know that many other people don't live particularly well. I do have a social consciousness. I'm setting up a foundation; I give a lot of money away and I think people respect that. The fact that I built this large company by myself—working people respect that; but the people who are at high levels don't like it. They'd like it for themselves.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as greedy?

TRUMP: I don't think I'm greedy. If I were, I wouldn't give to charities. I run the Wollman Skating Rink in New York City for nothing and I gave away the royalties from my book. I give millions for charity each year. If I were really greedy. . . .

PLAYBOY: You mean like Leona Helmsley, the convicted hotel queen?

TRUMP: Yes, like Leona Helmsley. She is a vicious, horrible woman who systematically destroyed the Helmsley name. I know Leona better than anybody does but Harry [Helmsley]. If Harry had one fault, it was giving her too much leeway.

When I was twenty, Harry was the big guy in town. I once drove my car down the street in Manhattan, saw him at a corner,

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stopped and introduced myself and offered him a ride. When I pulled over on the left side of the street, with traffic on the right, he asked me to get out of the car so he could get out on the left side. I thought to myself, This is a highly conservative guy. He never would have evaded taxes on his own. But Leona pushed and pushed him. He needed that money like you need fifty-six cents in your pockets, I'm telling you.

Also, Leona was *not* a great businesswoman but a very bad one. She sold me the St. Moritz Hotel and a few years later, I made more than a hundred million dollars on it. She ran that hotel badly. She set the women's movement back fifty years. She is a living nightmare, and to be married to her must be like living in hell.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, your wife, Ivana, is doing a great job running the Plaza, right?

TRUMP: Well, I have told Ivana, "Whatever Leona would do, do the opposite. [*Laughs*] Be nice to everybody." And she is nice, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Was it simple greed with Leona?

TRUMP: Much more than greed. She's out of her mind. Leona Helmsley is a truly evil human being. She treated employees worse than any human being I've ever witnessed and I've dealt with some of the toughest human beings alive.

PLAYBOY: What do you do to stay in touch with your employees?

TRUMP: I inspect the Trump Tower atrium every morning. Walk into it . . . it's perfect; everything shines. I go down and raise hell in a nice way all the time because I want everything to be absolutely immaculate. I'm totally hands-on. I get along great with porters and maids at the Plaza and the Grand Hyatt.

I've had bright people ask me why I talk to porters and maids. I can't even believe that question. Those are the people who make it all work. . . . If they like me, they will work harder . . . and I pay well.

PLAYBOY: You lost some valued employees in a recent helicopter crash.

TRUMP: Yes. I lost not only brilliant, key players in my company but true friends—and I couldn't believe it. At first, I was shocked, called their wives, just kept functioning. . . . My own sense of optimism and life was greatly diminished. I never realized how deaths outside the family could have such a profound effect on me.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when the shock wore off?

TRUMP: [*Pauses*] It's a tragic waste. I was also angry in that it was an event that I didn't want to happen. Here was this press conference, a very mediocre event announcing a minor boxing match. I told these guys that they didn't need to go, but they wanted to be there. . . . They gave their lives for something so unimportant. It's been a rough time. [*Pauses*]

PLAYBOY: What do you think of rich people in general?

TRUMP: Rich people are great survivors and, by nature, they fall into two categories—those who have inherited and those who've made it. Those who have inherited and chosen not to do anything are generally very timid, afraid of losing what they've got, and who can blame them? Others are great risk takers and produce a hell of a lot more or go bust.

PLAYBOY: As Merv Griffin did? After buying Resorts International from you, the company may be facing bankruptcy. What happened there?

TRUMP: Merv is a good guy who I have really just gotten to know; we were both judges on the Miss America Pageant after our deal. I don't want to bug him, but prior to buying Resorts, he was telling everybody what a great deal he made and, by inference, what a bad deal Trump made.

PLAYBOY: But, in fact, you didn't make such a bad deal.

TRUMP: Well, let's just say he didn't out-Trump Trump. He has a huge amount of debt. But he is very efficient and has very good PR people. *Business Week* wrote a story titled *How Donald Taught Merv the Art of the Deal.* I was angry. And equally angry when *People* and *Time* magazines, with no goddamned research and no knowledge, incompetently reported that Merv had bested Donald. Can you imagine? They didn't do any research. They just listened to PR people. Well, now they know the truth and have asked about following up or correcting stories. I said, "Forget it—it doesn't matter."

"Leona Helmsley set the women's movement back fifty years. She is a living nightmare, and to be married to her must be like living in hell."

PLAYBOY: What satisfaction, exactly, do you get out of doing a deal?

TRUMP: I love the creative process. I do what I do out of pure enjoyment. Hopefully, nobody does it better. There's a beauty to making a great deal. It's my canvas. And I like painting it.

I like the challenge and tell the story of the coal miner's son. The coal miner gets black-lung disease, his son gets it, then *his* son. If *I* had been the son of a coal miner, I would have left the damn mines. But most people don't have the imagination—or whatever—to leave their mine. They don't have "it."

PLAYBOY: Which is?

TRUMP: "It" is an ability to become an entrepreneur, a great athlete, a great writer. You're either born with it or you're not. Ability can be honed, perfected or neglected. The day Jack Nicklaus came into this world, he had more innate ability to play golf than anybody else.

PLAYBOY: You obviously have a lot of self-confidence. How do you use that in a business deal?

TRUMP: I believe in positive thinking, but I also believe in the power of negative thinking. You should prepare for the worst. If I'm doing a deal, I want to know how bad it's going to be if everything doesn't work rather than how good it's going to be. I have a positive outlook, but I'm unfortunately also quite cynical. So if all the negatives happened, what would my strategy be? Would I want to be in that position? If I don't, I don't do the deal. My attitude is to focus on the down side because the up side will always take care of itself. If a deal is going to be great, it's just a question of, How much am I going to make?

PLAYBOY: How far are you willing to push adversaries?

TRUMP: I will demand anything I can get. When you're doing business, you take people to the brink of breaking them without having them break, to the maximum point their heads can handle—without breaking them. That's the sign of a good businessman: Somebody else would take them fifteen steps beyond their breaking point.

PLAYBOY: What if your pushing results in losing the deal?

TRUMP: Then I pushed him too far. I would have made a mistake. But I don't. I push to the maximum of what he can stand and I get a better deal than he gets.

PLAYBOY: Another aspect of your deal making is how you handle the media. You managed to suppress an unflattering TV documentary about you funded by your archnemesis, [New York businessman and publisher] Leonard Stern. Do you also claim victory over him?

TRUMP: Total victory, yes. But I don't want to dwell on triumph or defeat.

PLAYBOY: That may sound magnanimous, but, in fact, you're known to exact revenge on people you think have tried to pull something on you.

TRUMP: I think I'm *fair*, not tough, in business. But if somebody is trying to do an injustice to me, I fight back harder than anybody I know. When somebody tries to harm you or your family, you have an absolute right to fight back.

PLAYBOY: Do you hate Stern?

TRUMP: No. Stern is a nonentity to me. He obviously dislikes me enough to spend close to a million dollars trying to make a negative documentary.

PLAYBOY: You have a lot of enemies in New York City, among them a group that opposes your building a huge Trump City on the Hudson that will include the world's tallest building—on the theory that it will ruin the West Side and cause unbearable congestion. What do you say to them?

TRUMP: Point one: There were more people living on the West Side of New York in the Forties than there are today. Very few

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people understand that. Point two: Trump City is going to be an architectural masterpiece. Point three: The city desperately needs the taxes, the housing and the shopping that will produce billions of dollars in revenue. Yet that community group [West Pride] fights every job.

Those people fight for the sake of fighting. I honestly believe that if I proposed an eighty-acre *park*, they would come out and fight me. Selfishly, they like what they have and don't want to give it to anybody else. We need another Rockefeller Center—especially now that Mitsubishi has bought most of the one we had.

PLAYBOY: Among other things, West Pride claims the largest building in the world would cast a mammoth shadow across the West Side, blocking out light and wrecking the ambience of the neighborhood.

TRUMP: [*Angrily*] Every building casts a shadow, for God's sake! I *want* this job to be dramatic. I strive for that. I don't want it to be contextual, blending into everything else. It shouldn't be like getting a haircut and telling the barber I don't want anyone to know I've gotten one. I am competing here with the state of New Jersey, which is sucking the lifeblood out of New York City. They're beating us up. Trump City would take the play away from the development of the New Jersey waterfront. There will be *nothing* in New York to compete with Trump City!

PLAYBOY: So you're going to build it, come what may?

TRUMP: I'll build it, though it may not be now. I'll wait until things get bad in the city, because every city in every nation has its ups and downs. If I had tried to get the zoning for Trump City in 1975, I would have gotten everything I wanted, because the city was absolutely at a low point. I may now wait for construction to stop, for interest rates to go up—then the city will desperately need Trump City.

PLAYBOY: You often say that the key to your success is being a good deal maker *and* a good manager. Why?

TRUMP: I've seen great deal makers go down the tubes because they haven't known how to manage what they've had. Take [Saudi financier indicted for a felony] Adnan Khashoggi: He was a great deal maker but a bad businessman. Time will tell if Merv is a good manager. He is going to have to be.

PLAYBOY: When you were growing up in Queens, your father was supposedly a harsh taskmaster. It has been theorized that your father instilled in you a great sense of inadequacy. True?

TRUMP: That's one hundred percent wrong. I was always very much accepted by my father. He adored Donald Trump and I've always known that. But I did want to prove to my father and other people that I had the ability to be successful on my own.

PLAYBOY: You've often said that your father made you work as a teenager and taught you the value of the buck.

TRUMP: My father never *made* me work. I liked to work during summers. I don't understand these teenagers who sit home watching television all day. Where's their appetite for competition? Working was in my genes.

PLAYBOY: Still, your father *was* one tough son of a bitch, wasn't he?

TRUMP: He was a strong, strict father, a no-nonsense kind of guy, but he didn't hit me. It wasn't what he'd ever say to us, either. He ruled by demeanor, not the sword. And he *never* scared or intimidated me.

PLAYBOY: Your older brother, Fred, who died from heart failure brought on by acute alcoholism, had a more difficult time with him, didn't he?

TRUMP: Take one environment and it will work completely differently on different children. Our family environment, the competitiveness, was a negative for Fred. It wasn't easy for him being cast in a very tough environment, and I think it played havoc on him.

I was very close to him and it was very sad when he died . . . toughest situation I've had. . . .

PLAYBOY: What did you learn from his experience?

TRUMP: [*Pauses*] Nobody has ever asked me that. But his death affected everything that has come after it. . . . I think

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constantly that I never really gave him thanks for it. He was the first Trump boy out there, and I subconsciously watched his moves.

PLAYBOY: And the lesson?

TRUMP: I saw people really taking *advantage* of Fred and the lesson I learned was *always to keep up my guard one hundred percent*, whereas he didn't. He didn't feel that there was really reason for that, which is a *fatal* mistake in life. People are too trusting. I'm a very *un*trusting guy. I study people all the time, automatically; it's my way of life, for better or worse.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TRUMP: I am very skeptical about people; that's self-preservation at work. I believe that, unfortunately, people are out for themselves. At this point, it's to many people's advantage to like me. Would the phone stop ringing, would these people kissing ass disappear if things were not going well?

I enjoy testing friendship. . . . Everything in life to me is a psychological game, a series of challenges you either meet or don't. I am always testing people who work for me.

PLAYBOY: How?

TRUMP: I will send people around to my buyers to test their honesty by offering them trips and other things. I've been surprised that some people least likely to accept a trip from a contractor did and some of the most likely did not. You can never tell until you test; the human species is interesting in that way. So to me, friendship can be really tested only in bad times.

I instinctively mistrust many people. It is not a negative in my life but a positive. *Playboy* wouldn't be talking to me today if I weren't a cynic. So I learned that from Fred, and I owe him a lot. . . . He could have ultimately been a happy guy, but things just went the unhappy way.

PLAYBOY: How large a role does pure ego play in your deal making and enjoyment of publicity?

TRUMP: Every successful person has a very large ego.

PLAYBOY: *Every* successful person? Mother Teresa? Jesus Christ?

TRUMP: Far greater egos than you will ever understand.

PLAYBOY: And the Pope?

TRUMP: Absolutely. Nothing wrong with ego. People need ego, whole nations need ego. I think our country needs *more* ego, because it is being ripped off so badly by our so-called allies; i.e., Japan, West Germany, Saudi Arabia, South Korea, etc. They have literally outegotized this country, because they rule the greatest money machine ever assembled and it's sitting on our backs. Their products *are* better because they have so much subsidy.

We Americans are laughed at around the world for losing a hundred and fifty billion dollars year after year, for defending wealthy nations for nothing, nations that would be wiped off the face of the earth in about fifteen minutes if it weren't for us. Our "allies" are making billions screwing us.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Japan's economic pre-eminence?

TRUMP: Japan gets almost seventy percent of its oil from the Persian Gulf, relies on ships led back home by our destroyers, battleships, helicopters, frog men. Then the Japanese sail home, where they give the oil to fuel their factories so that they can knock the hell out of General Motors, Chrysler and Ford. Their openly screwing us is a disgrace. Why aren't they *paying* us? The Japanese cajole us, they bow to us, they tell us how great we are and then they pick our pockets. We're losing hundreds of billions of dollars a year while they laugh at our stupidity.

The Japanese have their great scientists making cars and VCRs and we have our great scientists making missiles so we can defend Japan. Why aren't we being reimbursed for our costs? The Japanese double-screw the U.S., a real trick: First they take all our money with their consumer goods, then they put it back in buying all of Manhattan. So either way, we lose.

PLAYBOY: You're opposed to Japanese buying real estate in the U.S.?

TRUMP: I have great respect for the Japanese people and list many of them as great friends. But, hey, if you want to open up a business in Japan, good luck. It's virtually impossible. But the Japanese can buy our buildings, our Wall Street firms, and there's virtually nothing to stop them. In fact, bidding on a building in New York is an act of futility, because the Japanese will pay more than it's worth just to screw us. They want to *own* Manhattan.

Of course, I shouldn't even be complaining about it, because I'm one of the big beneficiaries of it. If I ever wanted to sell any of my properties, I'd have a field day. But it's an embarrassment! I give great credit to the Japanese and their leaders, because they have made our leaders look totally second rate.

PLAYBOY: A group of Japanese visitors to New York was recently asked if there were anything in the U.S. they would like to buy. The answer: towels.

TRUMP: That's fair trade: They'll take the towels and we'll buy their cars. It doesn't sound like a good deal to me. They have totally outsmarted the American politician; they have no respect for us, because they're getting a free ride. Of course, it's not just the Japanese or the Europeans—the Saudis, the Kuwaitis walk all over us.

PLAYBOY: The Arabs also spend plenty of money in your casinos, don't they?

TRUMP: They lose a million, two million at the tables and they're so happy because they had such a great weekend. If you lost a million dollars, you'd be sick for the rest of your life, maybe. They write me letters telling me what a wonderful time they had.

PLAYBOY: You have taken out full-page ads in several major newspapers that not only

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concern U.S. foreign trade but call for the death penalty, too. Why?

TRUMP: Because I hate seeing this country go to hell. We're laughed at by the rest of the world. In order to bring law and order back into our cities, we need the death penalty and authority given back to the police. I got fifteen thousand positive letters on the death-penalty ad. I got ten negative or slightly negative ones.

PLAYBOY: You believe in an eye for an eye?

TRUMP: When a man or woman cold-bloodedly murders, he or she should pay. It sets an example. Nobody can make the argument that the death penalty isn't a deterrent. Either it will be brought back swiftly or our society will rot away. It is rotting away.

PLAYBOY: For a man so concerned about our crumbling cities, some would say you've done little for crumbling Atlantic City besides pull fifty million dollars a week out of tourists' pockets.

TRUMP: Elected officials have that responsibility. I would hate to think that people blame me for the problems of the world. Yet people come to me and say, "Why do you allow homelessness in the cities?" as if I control the situation. I am *not* somebody seeking office.

PLAYBOY: What about using your influence in Atlantic City to help the disadvantaged?

TRUMP: Everybody has influence, but it is a Governmental problem. I take out those ads to wake up the Government about how Japan and others are ripping our country apart——

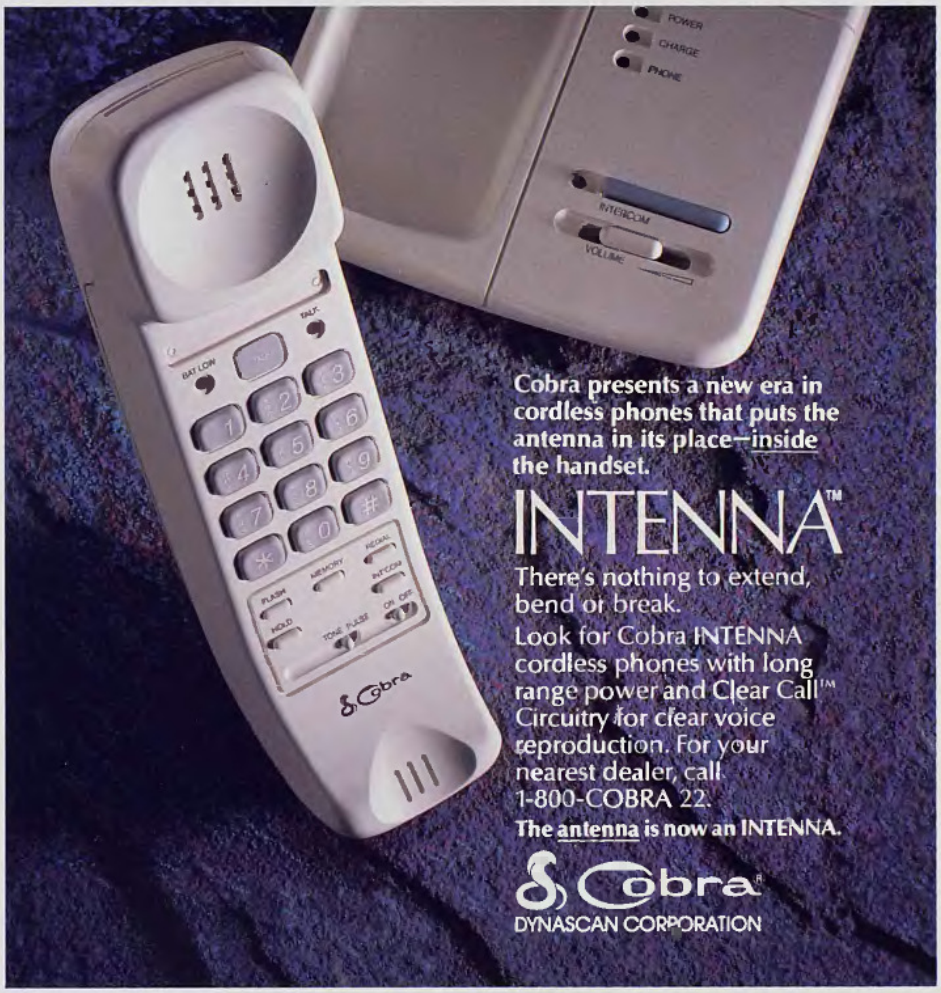
PLAYBOY: Wait. Doesn't it seem that with all your influence in Atlantic City you could do more to combat crime and corruption and put something back into the community?

TRUMP: Well, crime and prostitution go up, and Atlantic City administrations are into very deep trouble with the law, and there are lots of problems there, no question about it. But there is a tremendous amount of money going to housing from the profits of the casinos.

As somebody who runs hotels, all I can do, when you get right down to it, is run the best places, bring in as much money as possible, which in turn goes out for taxes. I contribute millions a year to various charities. Finally, by law, I'm not allowed to have Governmental influence; but if they passed legislation that allowed me to get more involved, I'd be very happy to do it. In the meantime, I have the most incredible hotels in the world in Atlantic City. The Taj Mahal will be beyond belief. And if I can awaken the government of Atlantic City, I have performed a great service.

PLAYBOY: We've talked about building low-income housing; what have you done about that in other locations?

TRUMP: I did that during the years I worked with my father; I did build both low-income housing and housing for the elderly. And now I'm going to be building more of it. The problem is, that stuff never gets written about.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PLAYBOY: On the other hand, you were invited to consider building a luxury hotel in Moscow a few years ago. What was your trip to Moscow like?

TRUMP: It was not long after the Korean plane was shot down over Russia. There I am up in my plane when my pilot announces, "We are now flying over the Soviet Union," and I'm thinking to myself, What the hell am I doing here?

Then I look out the window and see two Russian fighter planes . . . I later found out, guiding us in. I had insisted on having two Russian colonels flying with me—I felt safer, and my pilot doesn't speak great Russian, which is putting it mildly, and I didn't want problems in radio communications.

PLAYBOY: Once you got to Moscow, how did the negotiations go?

TRUMP: I told them, "Guys, you have a basic problem. Far as real estate is concerned, it's impossible to get title to Russian land, since the government owns it all. What kind of financing are you gonna get on a building where the land is owned by the goddamned motherland?"

They said, "No problem, Mr. Trump. We will work out lease arrangements."

I said, "I want ownership, not leases."

They came up with a solution: "Mr. Trump, we form a committee with ten people, of which seven are Russian and three are your representatives, and all disputes will be resolved in this manner."

I thought to myself, Shit, seven to three—are we dealing in the world of the make-believe here or what?

PLAYBOY: What were your other impressions of the Soviet Union?

TRUMP: I was very unimpressed. Their system is a disaster. What you will see there soon is a revolution; the signs are all there with the demonstrations and picketing. Russia is out of control and the leadership knows it. That's my problem with Gorbachev. Not a firm enough hand.

PLAYBOY: You mean firm hand as in China?

TRUMP: When the students poured into Tiananmen Square, the Chinese government almost blew it. Then they were vicious, they were horrible, but they put it down with strength. That shows you the power of strength. Our country is right now perceived as weak . . . as being spit on by the rest of the world——

PLAYBOY: *Why* is Gorbachev not firm enough?

TRUMP: I predict he will be overthrown, because he has shown extraordinary weakness. Suddenly, for the first time ever, there are coal-miner strikes and brush fires everywhere—which will all ultimately lead to a violent revolution. Yet Gorbachev is getting credit for being a wonderful leader—and we should continue giving him credit, because he's destroying the Soviet Union. But his giving an inch is going to end up costing him and all his friends what they

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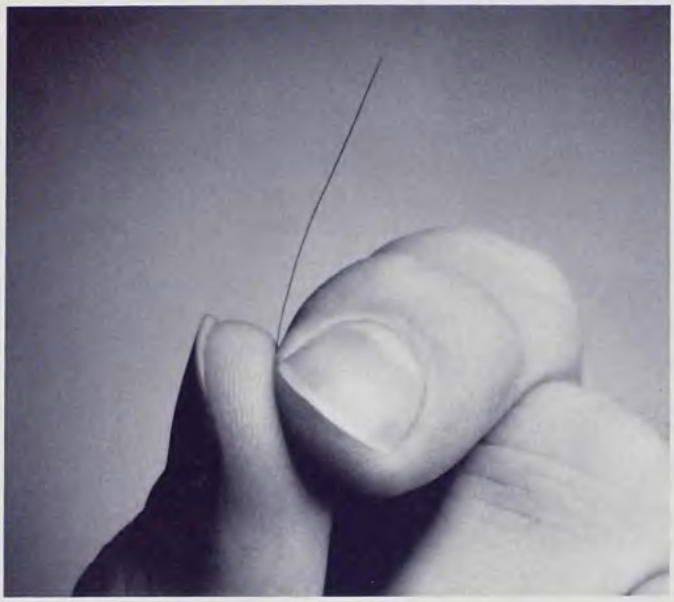

This one.

From the time you first started losing your hair, you've wished for something that could somehow reverse the balding process. Now, The Upjohn Company has developed *Rogaine*, the *first* and *only* product that's proven to grow hair.

Rogaine is not a cosmetic or conditioner. It's a prescription treatment for male pattern baldness of the crown of the head that's available only with a prescription written by your doctor.

Two million men just like you have used *Rogaine*.

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In a year-long test involving almost 1,500 men, only 16% reported no new growth. Virtually half (48%) saw at least moderate growth with *Rogaine*. 36% noted minimal growth. Generally, it took four months before hair began growing again. The side effects were minimal. The most common, itchy scalp, occurred in only 5% of the men.

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Your dermatologist or family physician will tell you what *Rogaine* can do for you. So see your doctor now. The sooner you get your prescription for *Rogaine*, the sooner you could be growing hair again.

For more information and a certificate worth $10 as an incentive to visit your doctor (sorry, this offer is available for men only), call the toll-free number below or send in this coupon.

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The only product ever proven to grow hair.

What is ROGAINE?

ROGAINE Topical Solution, discovered and made by The Upjohn Company, is a standardized topical (for use only on the skin) prescription medication proved effective for the long-term treatment of male pattern baldness of the crown.

ROGAINE is the only topical solution of minoxidil. Minoxidil in tablet form has been used since 1980 to lower blood pressure. The use of *minoxidil tablets* is limited to treatment of patients with severe high blood pressure. When a high enough dosage in tablet form is used to lower blood pressure, certain effects that merit your attention may occur. These effects appear to be dose related.

Persons who use ROGAINE Topical Solution have a low level of absorption of minoxidil, much lower than that of persons being treated with *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure. Therefore, the likelihood that a person using ROGAINE Topical Solution will develop the effects associated with *minoxidil tablets* is very small. In fact, none of these effects has been directly attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies have shown that the response to treatment with ROGAINE may vary widely.

Some men receiving ROGAINE may see faster results than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair growth. You should not expect visible growth in less than four months.

If I respond to ROGAINE, what will the hair look like?

If you have very little hair and respond to treatment, your first hair growth may be soft, downy, colorless hair that is barely visible. After further treatment the new hair should be the same color and thickness as the other hair on your scalp. If you start with substantial hair, the new hair should be of the same color and thickness as the rest of your hair.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a treatment, not a cure. If you respond to treatment, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to maintain or increase hair growth. If you do not begin to show a response to treatment with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least four months or more), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

If you stop using ROGAINE, you will probably shed the new hair within a few months after stopping treatment.

What is the dosage of ROGAINE?

You should apply a 1 mL dose of ROGAINE two times a day, once in the morning and once at night, before bedtime. Each bottle should last about 30 days (one month). The applicators in each package of ROGAINE are designed to apply the correct amount of ROGAINE with each application. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

If you miss one or two daily applications of ROGAINE, you should restart your twice-daily application and return to your usual schedule. You should not attempt to make up for missed applications.

Can I use ROGAINE more than twice a day? Will it work faster?

No. Studies by The Upjohn Company have been carefully conducted to determine the correct amount of ROGAINE to use to obtain the most satisfactory results. More frequent applications or use of larger doses (more than one mL twice a day) have not been shown to speed up the process of hair growth and may increase the possibility of side effects.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Studies of patients using ROGAINE have shown that the most common adverse effects directly attributable to ROGAINE Topical Solution were itching and other skin irritations of the treated area of the scalp. About 5% of patients had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches were reported by patients using ROGAINE or placebo (a similar solution without the active medication).

What are some of the side effects people have reported?

The frequency of side effects listed below was similar, except for dermatologic reactions, in the ROGAINE and placebo groups: *Respiratory* (bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis); *Dermatologic* (irritant or allergic contact dermatitis, eczema, hypertrichosis, local erythema, pruritus, dry skin/scalp flaking, exacerbation of hair loss, alopecia); *Gastrointestinal* (diarrhea, nausea, vomiting); *Neurology* (headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness); *Musculoskeletal* (fractures, back pain, tendinitis); *Cardiovascular* (edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitation, pulse rate increases/decreases); *Allergy* (nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling and sensitivity); *Special Senses* (conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity); *Metabolic-Nutritional* (edema, weight gain); *Urinary Tract* (urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis); *Genital Tract* (prostatitis, epididymitis, sexual dysfunction); *Psychiatric* (anxiety, depression, fatigue); *Hematology* (lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia); *Endocrine*.

Individuals who are hypersensitive to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol must not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes, mucous membranes, or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, bathe the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if irritation persists.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Although serious side effects have not been attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies, there is a possibility that they could occur because the active ingredient in ROGAINE Topical Solution is the same as in *minoxidil tablets*.

Minoxidil tablets are used to treat high blood pressure. *Minoxidil tablets* lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to retention of fluid and increased heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate—some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute; Rapid weight gain of more than 5 pounds or swelling (edema) of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area; Difficulty in breathing, especially when lying down, a result of an increase in body fluids or fluid around the heart; Worsening of, or new onset of, angina pectoris.

When ROGAINE Topical Solution is used on normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed and the possible effects attributed to minoxidil tablets are not expected with the use of ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed, discontinue use of ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Presumably, such effects would be most likely if greater absorption occurred, e.g., because ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in doses higher than would be obtained from topical use in people, has caused important heart structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

Individuals with known or suspected underlying coronary artery disease or the presence of or predisposition to heart failure would be at particular risk if systemic effects (that is, increased heart rate or fluid retention) of minoxidil were to occur. Physicians, and patients with these kinds of underlying diseases, should be conscious of the potential risk of treatment if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be applied only to the scalp and should not be used on other parts of the body, because absorption of minoxidil may be increased and the risk of side effects may become greater. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp becomes irritated or is sunburned, and you should not use it along with other topical treatment medication on your scalp.

Can men with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

Individuals with hypertension, including those under treatment with antihypertensive agents, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking guanethidine for high blood pressure should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?

Individuals using ROGAINE should be monitored by their physician one month after starting ROGAINE and at least every six months afterward. Discontinue ROGAINE if systemic effects occur.

Do not use it in conjunction with other topical agents such as corticosteroids, retinoids and petrolatum or agents that enhance percutaneous absorption. ROGAINE is for topical use only. Each mL contains 20 mg minoxidil and accidental ingestion could cause adverse systemic effects.

No carcinogenicity was found with topical application. ROGAINE should not be used by pregnant women or by nursing mothers. The effects on labor and delivery are not known. Pediatric use: Safety and effectiveness has not been established under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

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J2557-M December 1989

most cherish—their jobs.

PLAYBOY: Besides the real-estate deal, you've met with top-level Soviet officials to negotiate potential business deals with them; how did they strike you?

TRUMP: Generally, these guys are much tougher and smarter than our representatives. We have people in this country just as smart, but unfortunately, they're not elected officials. We're still suffering from a loss of respect that goes back to the Carter Administration, when helicopters were crashing into one another in Iran.

That was Carter's emblem. There he was, being carried off from a race, needing oxygen. I don't want my President to be carried off a race course. I don't want my President landing on Austrian soil and falling down the stairs of his airplane. Some of our Presidents have been incredible jerk-offs. We need to be *tough*.

PLAYBOY: A favorite word of yours, tough. How do you define it?

TRUMP: Tough is being mentally capable of winning battles against an opponent and doing it with a smile. Tough is winning systematically.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes you sound like a Presidential candidate stirring up the voters.

TRUMP: I don't want the Presidency. I'm going to help a lot of people with my foundation—and for me, the grass isn't always greener.

PLAYBOY: But if the grass ever *did* look greener, which political party do you think you'd be more comfortable with?

TRUMP: Well, if I ever ran for office, I'd do better as a Democrat than as a Republican—and that's not because I'd be more liberal, because I'm conservative. But the working guy would elect me. He likes me. When I walk down the street, those cabbies start yelling out their windows.

PLAYBOY: Another game: What's the first thing President Trump would do upon entering the Oval Office?

TRUMP: Many things. A toughness of attitude would prevail. I'd throw a tax on every Mercedes-Benz rolling into this country and on all Japanese products, and we'd have wonderful allies again.

PLAYBOY: Would you rescue our remaining hostages in Lebanon?

TRUMP: Number one, in almost all cases, the hostages were told by our Government not to be there. If a man decides to become a professor at Beirut University, when he was told not to be there, and that person is captured——

PLAYBOY: He deserves it?

TRUMP: You feel very bad for him, but you cannot base foreign policy on his capture. With that being said, when they killed our Colonel Higgins, I would have retaliated militarily immediately. I would have hit something vital to them. And hit it hard. In any other case, I would let the takers of hostages know that they'd have one week to return that hostage. And after that week, all bets would be off. You would not have any more hostages taken, believe me. Weakness always causes problems.

PLAYBOY: Do you think George Bush is soft?

TRUMP: I like George Bush very much and support him and always will. But I disagree with him when he talks of a kinder, gentler America. I think if this country gets any kinder or gentler, it's literally going to cease to exist. I think if we had people from the business community—the Carl Icahns, the Ross Perots—negotiating some of our foreign policy, we'd have respect around the world.

PLAYBOY: What would President Trump's position on crime be?

TRUMP: I see the values of this country in the way crime is tolerated, where people are virtually afraid to say "I want the death penalty." Well, I want it. Where has this country gone when you're not supposed to put in a grave the son of a bitch who robbed, beat, murdered and threw a ninety-year-old woman off the building? Where has this country gone?

PLAYBOY: What would be some of President Trump's longer-term views of the future?

TRUMP: I think of the future, but I refuse to paint it. Anything can happen. But I often think of nuclear war.

PLAYBOY: Nuclear war?

TRUMP: I've always thought about the issue of nuclear war; it's a very important element in my thought process. It's the ultimate, the ultimate catastrophe, the biggest problem this world has, and nobody's focusing on the nuts and bolts of it. It's a little like sickness. People don't believe they're going to get sick until they do. Nobody wants to talk about it. I believe the greatest of all stupidities is people's believing it will never happen, because everybody knows how destructive it will be, so nobody uses weapons. What bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Does any of that fuzzy thinking exist around the Trump office?

TRUMP: On a much lower level, I would never hire anybody who thinks that way, because he has absolutely no common sense. He's living in a world of make-believe. It's like thinking the Titantic can't sink. Too many countries have nuclear weapons; nobody knows where they're all pointed, what button it takes to launch them.

The bomb Harry Truman dropped on Hiroshima was a toy next to today's. We have thousands of weapons pointed at us and nobody even knows if they're going to go in the right direction. They've never really been tested. These jerks in charge don't know how to paint a wall, and we're relying on them to shoot nuclear missiles to Moscow. What happens if they don't go there? What happens if our computer systems aren't working? Nobody knows if this equipment works, and I've seen numerous reports lately stating that the probability is they don't work. It's a total mess.

PLAYBOY: And how would President Trump handle it?

TRUMP: He would believe very strongly in extreme military strength. He wouldn't trust anyone. He wouldn't trust the Russians; he wouldn't trust our allies; he'd have a huge military arsenal, perfect it, understand it. Part of the problem is that we're defending some of the wealthiest countries in the world for nothing. . . . We're being laughed at around the world, defending Japan——

PLAYBOY: Wait. If you believe that the public shares these views, and that you could do the job, why *not* consider running for President?

TRUMP: I'd do the job as well as or better than anyone else. It's my hope that George Bush can do a great job.

PLAYBOY: You categorically don't want to be President?

TRUMP: I don't want to be President. I'm one hundred percent sure. I'd change my mind only if I saw this country continue to go down the tubes.

PLAYBOY: More locally, one of your least favorite political figures was Mayor Ed Koch of New York. You two had a great time going after each other: He called you "piggy, piggy, piggy" and you called him "a moron." Why do you suppose he lost the election?

TRUMP: He lost his touch for the people. He became arrogant. He not only discarded his friends but was a fool for brutally criticizing them. The corruption was merely a symptom of what had happened to him: He had become extremely nasty, meanspirited and very vicious, an extremely

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disloyal human being.

When his friends like Bess Myerson and others were in trouble, he seemed to automatically abandon them, almost before finding out what they'd done wrong. He could think only about his own ass—not the city's. That was dumb: The only one who didn't know his administration was crumbling around him was him. Power corrupts.

PLAYBOY: You probably have more power than Koch did as mayor. And you're getting more of it all the time. How about power's corrupting *you*?

TRUMP: I think power sometimes corrupts—"sometimes" has to be added.

PLAYBOY: Also on the local scene, there's a report that you wanted to be an owner of a New York–area baseball team in a proposed new baseball league—despite your bad experience as owner of the New Jersey Generals in the short-lived United States Football League.

TRUMP: That's not true anymore. It's not a passion of mine. The sports business *is* a lousy business. If a player gets hurt or doesn't perform, he wants to get his money anyway; if he performs better than expected, he wants to renegotiate his contract. I like boxing better.

PLAYBOY: A clean, forthright sport. As one of Mike Tyson's promoters, what can you tell us about him?

TRUMP: I know Mike better than anybody and have strong opinions, pro and con. But it's too early for me to say. I understand his obsessions, everything. And no, I don't begrudge Don King if he's able to get Mike Tyson to sign a contract to the benefit of Don King.

PLAYBOY: You got to know him during his marriage to Robin Givens, didn't you?

TRUMP: Yeah; I loved it when Robin said she didn't want any money and then sued him. He won the case against her. She was killed when she started in with the law, when she filed for divorce. Historically, this has been the case with champions. The champ can do no wrong.

PLAYBOY: How is your marriage?

TRUMP: Just fine. Ivana is a very kind and good woman. I also think she has the instincts and drive of a good manager. She's focused and she's a perfectionist.

PLAYBOY: And as a wife, not a manager?

TRUMP: I never comment on romance. . . . She's a great mother, a good woman who does a good job.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when José Torres wrote his book, excerpted in *Playboy*, about Tyson's sex life—the charges that he beat up women and had wild sexual escapades?

TRUMP: It's unfortunate for one of the great fighters in history to have all this crap hanging over his head. Or for politicians, for that matter. We're living in an age when there are no boundaries left, which is unfortunate for our country. The problem is, we're going to lose good talent because somebody likes looking at pretty women or pretty men.

Somebody's sex life may mean absolutely nothing to the job at hand, but when the written word gets out, we lose somebody good and the country goes to hell. I know politicians who love women who don't even want to be known for that—because they might lose the gay vote. OK? If this is the kind of extreme we're heading toward, we're really in trouble.

PLAYBOY: What is marriage to you? Is it monogamous?

TRUMP: I don't have to answer that. I never speak about my wife—which is one of the advantages of *not* being a politician. My marriage is and should be a personal thing.

PLAYBOY: But you do enjoy flirtations?

TRUMP: I think any man enjoys flirtations, and if he said he didn't, he'd be lying or he'd be a politician trying to get the extra four votes. I think everybody likes knowing he's well responded to. Especially as you get into certain strata where there is an ego involved and a high level of success, it's important. People really like the idea that other people respond well to them.

PLAYBOY: You and your wife are often a subject of very biting satire for magazines such as *Spy*, which calls you a "short-fingered vulgarian" and recently published a horrendous close-up photograph of your wife on its cover. How do you feel about that?

"I know politicians who love women who don't even want to be known for that—because they might lose the gay vote. We're really in trouble."

TRUMP: Ten years ago, bad publicity was much harder for me to take than it is now. It is almost irrelevant.

PLAYBOY: That's all you can say about *Spy*?

TRUMP: It's a piece of garbage.

PLAYBOY: We assume you take *Forbes* magazine more seriously; it claims you're worth one point five billion dollars. But you say three point seven billion dollars. What's the right figure?

TRUMP: *I* don't say anything. *Business Week* and *Fortune* have numbers much higher than *Forbes*'s. I know many people on the *Forbes* list who shouldn't be there. It's a very inaccurate survey. Malcolm Forbes seems to keep me low. *Business Week* and *Fortune* don't have boats and they couldn't care less.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Malcolm Forbes, why didn't you accept his invitation to the Morocco bash?

TRUMP: I wish I could have gone, but I couldn't because of a schedule conflict.

PLAYBOY: Would you spend three million dollars on a party for yourself?

TRUMP: It was a great investment for Malcolm. He got fifty million dollars' worth of free publicity. I think he should do it every day of his life. That's like people who can't understand why I'm building an even more spectacular boat than the Trump Princess. It's going to be world class, beyond belief.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your main interest—buildings. Architecture critic Paul Goldberger of *The New York Times* hasn't been kind to Trump buildings, panning them as garish and egotistical.

TRUMP: Paul Goldberger has extraordinarily bad taste. He reviews buildings that are failures and loves them. Paul suffers from one malady that I don't believe is curable. As an architecture critic, you can't afford the luxury of having bad taste.

The fact that he works for the *Times*, unfortunately, makes his taste important. And that's why you see some monster buildings going up. If Paul left the *Times* or the *Times* left him, you would find that his opinion meant nothing.

PLAYBOY: But it's not just the architecture critics who criticize you for stamping your name on everything you own. Are you going to continue doing that forever?

TRUMP: No. I own the Grand Hyatt Hotel; I don't call it the Trump Hotel. I own the Plaza Hotel, not the Trump Plaza. But I *will* say that from a marketing point of view, putting my name on buildings is a plus. I'm now building Trump Palace and if I called it something else, I would get hundreds of dollars less per square foot. On the Trump Shuttle, I've owned it for six months and we are already taking over fifty percent of the market in Washington, Boston and New York. If I called it anything but the Trump Shuttle, it wouldn't be nearly so successful. The Tour de Trump was actually going to be called the Tour de Jersey. We had four hundred and seventy-three reporters at a news conference for a damn bicycle race; how many would have been there for the Tour de Jersey? We would have gotten nowhere.

PLAYBOY: You're involved in so many activities, deals, promotions—in the deep of the night, after the reporters all leave your conferences, are you ever satisfied with what you've accomplished?

TRUMP: I'm too superstitious to be satisfied. I don't dwell on the past. People who do that go right down the tubes. I'm never self-satisfied. Life is what you do while you're waiting to die. You know, it is all a rather sad situation.

PLAYBOY: Life? Or death?

TRUMP: Both. We're here and we live our sixty, seventy or eighty years and we're gone. You win, you win, and in the end, it doesn't mean a hell of a lot. But it is something to do—to keep you interested.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with the T-shirt

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that says, WHOEVER HAS THE MOST TOYS WINS?

TRUMP: Depends on your definition of winning. Some of my friends are unbelievably successful and miserable people. I truly believe that someone successful is never really happy, because dissatisfaction is what drives him. I've never met a successful person who wasn't neurotic. It's not a terrible thing . . . it's controlled neuroses.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

TRUMP: Controlled neuroses means having a tremendous energy level, an abundance of discontent that often isn't visible. It's also not oversleeping. I don't sleep more than four hours a night. I have friends who need twelve hours a night and I tell them they're at a major disadvantage in terms of playing the game.

PLAYBOY: And when you're up at night, you're totally alone?

TRUMP: Yeah, yeah, because it's a little tough to find anyone up at four in the morning.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that you have to be born with "it." Do you suppose your children inherited "it" from you?

TRUMP: Statistically, my children have a very bad shot. Children of successful people are generally very, very troubled, not successful. They don't have the right shtick. You never know until they're tested. But I do well with my children.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they will have to make it?

TRUMP: I would love them to be in business with me, but ninety-five percent of those children fail in a sophisticated big business. It takes confidence, intelligence, shtick. If any one of these traits is missing, you're not going to make it.

PLAYBOY: You've always said that you earned, not inherited, your empire, that adversity and uphill struggles made you stronger. What kind of adversity can your children experience?

TRUMP: I'm a strong believer in genes, that my kids can be brought up without adversity and respond well if they have the genes. I have a friend who is extraordinarily smart. But he never became successful, because he couldn't take pressure. He was buying a home and it was literally killing him—a man of forty with an I.Q. of probably a hundred and ninety. He called me one day for the umpteenth time, worrying about his mortgage and I was sitting in my chair, thinking to myself, Here I am, buying the shuttle, the Plaza Hotel, and I don't lose *an ounce of sleep over any of it*. That's lucky genes.

PLAYBOY: Even with good genes, how can your kids ever feel they've lived up to what you've accomplished?

TRUMP: I don't know that they'll have to. I would be happier if they were able to preserve rather than build. I'm not looking to have a great deal maker as a son, though I'd certainly like everything to run beautifully when I'm not around. I'd be happier if my son became a great manager rather than a great entrepreneur.

My kids are extremely well adjusted. But I wonder what they think when they walk into Mar-a-Lago and see ceilings that rise to heights that nobody's ever seen before. And when my daughter's date picks her up at Trump Tower in a few years and sees the living room, how will he feel when he takes her out and tries to impress her with a studio apartment?

PLAYBOY: Knowing all this, are you taking any precautions?

TRUMP: It's somewhat late. And I don't think a paper route would work. But my son works on the boat.

PLAYBOY: When you think about role models from history, what figures particularly inspired you?

TRUMP: I could say Winston Churchill, but . . . I've always thought that Louis B. Mayer led the ultimate life, that Flo Ziegfeld led the ultimate life, that men like Darryl Zanuck and Harry Cohn did some creative and beautiful things. The ultimate job for me would have been running MGM in the Thirties and Forties—pre-television.

There was incredible glamour and style in those days that's gone now. And that's when you could *control* situations. In those days, when your great actor was an alcoholic, and nobody ever found out—that was having tremendous control over things, which would be impossible today.

"When somebody tries to sucker-punch me, when they're after my ass, I push back a hell of a lot harder than I was pushed in the first place."

PLAYBOY: You talk about glamour and style being gone—but isn't that what you tried to bring back to New York?

TRUMP: Yes, but not in show business, in *my* business. The Plaza Hotel is far more valuable than any movie I could make. If I put together a string of movies that were all hits, I couldn't have made anywhere near what I made in real estate. I believe I've added show business *to* the real-estate business, and that's been a positive for my properties and in my life.

PLAYBOY: So building that second huge yacht isn't an act of gaudy excess but another act in the show?

TRUMP: Well, it draws people. It will be the eighth wonder of the world and will create an aura that seems to work. It will cost me two hundred million dollars. *But I don't need it!* I could be very happy living in a one-bedroom apartment. I used to live that life. In the early Seventies, I lived in a studio apartment overlooking a water tank.

PLAYBOY: If you were starting over again, in what business would you choose to make your fortune?

TRUMP: Good question. . . . There's something about mother earth that's awfully good, and mother earth is still real estate. With the right financing, you've essentially invested no money. Publishing, movies, broadcasting are tougher, and there aren't too many Rupert Murdochs, Si Newhouses, Robert Maxwells and Punch Sulzbergers. I'll stick to real estate.

PLAYBOY: What about the stock market?

TRUMP: It's a crap shoot. Real estate is something solid. It's brick, mortar.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret your statements to the press after the October 1987 crash, when you seemed to gloat about getting out in time when others were wiped out?

TRUMP: No. I didn't gloat. Somebody reported that I was out of the market and I confirmed it. I don't know if that's talent or luck or instinct. I then went back into the market after the crash. I think the cash market is the great one right now—cash is king, and that's one of the beauties of the casino business.

PLAYBOY: You seem very pleasant and charming during interviews, yet you talk constantly about toughness. Do you put on an act for us?

TRUMP: I think everybody has to have some kind of filtering system. I'm very fair and I have had the same people working for me for years. Rarely does anybody leave me. But when somebody tries to sucker-punch me, when they're after my ass, I push back a hell of a lot harder than I was pushed in the first place. If somebody tries to push me around, he's going to pay a price. Those people don't come back for seconds. I don't like being pushed around or taken advantage of. And that's one of the problems with our country today. This country is being pushed around by everyone——

PLAYBOY: About your own toughness. . . .

TRUMP: Well, as I said, I study people and in every negotiation, I weigh how tough I should appear. I can be a killer and a nice guy. You have to be everything. You have to be strong. You have to be sweet. You have to be ruthless. And I don't think any of it can be learned. Either you have it or you don't. And that is why most kids can get straight A's in school but fail in life.

PLAYBOY: Is there a master plan to your deal making or is it all improvisational?

TRUMP: It's *much* more improvisational than people might think.

PLAYBOY: As you continue to make more deals, as you accumulate more and more, there's a central question that arises about Donald Trump: How much is enough?

TRUMP: As long as I enjoy what I'm doing without getting bored or tired . . . the sky's the limit.

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thanks to bigots, the music industry's dirty little secret is on the air

article **By DAVE MARSH**

ROCKING RACISM

NOBODY GETS OUT of these blues alive. Last October, Guns n' Roses was one of the opening acts for the Rolling Stones' show at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. The other act on the bill was Living Colour. Despite suggestions that the world's best all-black rock band would do something more provocative, Living Colour played its set straight through without comment. But what could be more provocative than such songs as *Open Letter to a Landlord*, *Which Way to America* and *Funny Vibe*? Especially the last, sung by young black men who've had it with getting the fisheye from white folks for no good reason: "No, I'm not gonna rob you / No, I'm not gonna rape you / No, I'm not gonna beat you / So why you want to give me that funny vibe?"

Fifteen minutes after Living Colour's set, Guns n' Roses, whose essence is

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

provocation, headed for the stage and ran into Living Colour bassist Muzz Skillings standing in the wings. Axl Rose, Guns n' Roses' lead singer and chief songwriter, confronted him in an angry mood about criticisms of G&R's song *One in a Million*. Living Colour guitarist Vernon Reid and drummer Will Calhoun had ripped it on a local radio show. The song depicts Rose's first day in Los Angeles, where he'd just arrived by bus from southern Indiana. The rant goes, "Police and niggers, that's right, get out of my way. . . . Immigrants and faggots, they make no sense to me / They come to our country and think they'll do as they please."

Rose harangued Skillings for several minutes with specious justifications for his apparent bigotry; Skillings mildly suggested that Axl Rose take the subject up with Reid and Calhoun. G&R then took the stage and Rose dived into a tirade about using the word nigger, concluding eloquently, "All you people calling me a racist, shove your head up your fuckin' ass."

Vernon Reid was reported to be upset the next day, not because of anything Living Colour or Guns n' Roses had said or played but because many in the audience of 70,000 had cheered whenever Rose said nigger. In America, apparently, music is not the only universal language.

In the past year, rock's *Ebony and Ivory* dream has exploded as overt racism rushed far past the exhortations of neofascist skinheads at the postpunk fringe into the scene's central currents. Rather than being dominated by the moist brotherhood fantasia of *We Are the World*, rock has revealed naked bigotry as a pair of its most adventuresome artists, Guns n' Roses and Public Enemy, became enmeshed in chilling incidents of racial friction. This isn't just another bad-boy pose. It's for real, an unfolding of the endemic segregation at the heart of the day-to-day business of the music world. What's new is that, in the aftermath of the affirmative-action era, hardly anyone is even pausing to apologize for making big bucks off bigotry.

In November 1988, Geffen Records released *G n' R Lies*, a quickie project designed to cash in on the megaplatinum success of Guns n' Roses' debut LP, *Appetite for Destruction*. *Lies* featured *One in a Million* but with not a hint of the group's usual thrashing heavy metal. (*Appetite* also had generated controversy with an original cover portraying a half-naked woman bashed, battered and presumably raped by cartoon monsters.)

In late May 1989, *The Washington Times* published an interview with Professor Griff, "minister of defense" for Public Enemy, a hip-hop group whose platinum *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* won *The Village Voice*'s 1988 national critics poll for best album. Griff made a variety of blatantly anti-Semitic comments to writer David Mills, including assertions that Jews were responsible for "the majority of wickedness that goes on around the globe" and that they control the jewelry business ("Is it a coincidence . . . that it's named Jew-elry?").

Rose also tried to explain his racist posturing to a journalist. Speaking with Del James, his "best friend" and associate editor of the heavy-metal magazine *Rip*, in a *Rolling Stone* interview, Rose proceeded to dig himself an even deeper hole. "I used words like police and nigger because you're not allowed to use the word nigger," he said. "I don't like boundaries of any kind. I don't like being told what I can and what I can't say. I used the word nigger because it's a word to describe somebody that is basically a pain in your life, a problem." He went on to say that his use of the word immigrants referred to Middle Easterners and Asians who work in "convenience stores and gas stations [and] treat you like *you* don't belong here." He justified his use of the word faggot because of "some very bad experiences with homosexuals. . . . I'm not into gay or bisexual experiences. But that's hypocritical of me, because I'd rather see two women together than just about anything else. That happens to be my personal favorite thing." While denying gay bashing, Rose went on to admit verbal harassment of gays on the Hollywood cruising strip.

What's going on here? The end of the cultural dream in which the universal language of music brings the world together? Or the consequence of the cultural reality in which the music world is divided, separate but equal, and, therefore, inevitably produces stars in its own bitterly but unconsciously racist image?

•

I asked Charles Hamm, a Dartmouth musicologist who has traveled to South Africa in order to study its music, to describe the similarities between the U.S. and South African music industries.

"I don't think it's very complicated," he said. "In most ways, the two are very much alike. I think it would be much more difficult to find differences." The only one he could think of: In America, there are black-owned record companies and radio stations.

Everybody in the music world knows that separate but equal is its essence. In talking with a few dozen people—performers, industry executives, broadcasters, managers, journalists—for this article, I discovered that that was the point almost everyone agreed on. I found only one person who disagreed. That was James Brown. He was calling collect from the South Carolina prison that's to be his residence for the next six years.

"I'm not here because of racism. America's not racist," Brown insisted, in his half-hysterical, self-promoting style. But the facts make it almost impossible to believe his claim.

Since Brown's 1988 arrest, he has been charged, legally and journalistically, with carrying a gun, fleeing police and their gunfire during a high-speed chase across state lines in South Carolina and Georgia, PCP addiction and wife beating. He is currently doing six years in the State Park Correctional Center in South Carolina, for the first two charges; a similar sentence is on the books in Georgia. He complains that he was unfairly convicted of those crimes and that the tabloid innuendo is inaccurate and unfair.

Brown isn't Nelson Mandela, but he is the most influential American pop musician of the post–World War Two era. Presuming that everything said against him is true—and a black man who flees police gunfire on a dark road in South Carolina is committing no *simple* crime—the question remains whether he should be serving time in a prison rather than in a detox center. Compare Brown to Ezra Pound and you'll have something to think about. Compare him to Oliver North and you may get pissed off.

Compare Brown's case to the separate, unequal treatment accorded Jerry Lee Lewis and maybe you'll just be stunned. Lewis' legend includes shooting up quiet streets in the Memphis night, wounding a band member, abusive behavior with his wives and a long-standing addiction to alcohol. Yet last summer, while Brown languished in prison, the same media that had avidly researched his crimes ran all sorts of stories celebrating Lewis on the occasion of the release of *Great Balls of Fire*, a film about his life.

That's not just how the media see it. It's how the record industry shapes images. From the beginning, the wild unconventionality of white rockers has been seen as a means of marketing them. Equally rowdy or eccentric black performers—from Little Richard and Jackie Wilson to Prince—are perceived as shameful. So Lewis, the music's ultimate redneck, is a cinema hero, while Brown, whose music helped redefine the meaning of blackness in pop culture, languishes in jail.

Racism is central to rock's role in our public mythology. For instance, the Jerry Lee Lewis legend includes an apocryphal story about a late-Fifties Alan Freed show at the Brooklyn Paramount. In the fable, Chuck Berry was headlining, and Lewis responded with a ferocious show, ending by setting his piano on fire. "Follow that, nigger," the mythic Lewis said to Berry as he sauntered into the wings. While there's probably no more truth to it than to the claim that Elvis once said "Niggers aren't fit to do anything but shine my shoes," it's interesting how often the

(continued on page 84)

"You're a sharp dresser, Rick—I like that in an invisible man."

FAX AND FIGURES

playboy plays show and telephone with some technologically savvy ladies

SCORE ONE for technology and score five for *Playboy*! If you thought that the most fun you could have with office automation was reproducing your buns on the copy machine, we have news for you. Last year, when Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen suggested that we ask women to fax us their photographs and biographies, we figured a handful would respond. We were wrong. The facsimile machines installed in our photo studios worked overtime as the hottest form of communication today kept getting hotter and hotter. Faxing everyday figures on charts and graphs from office to office turned out to be not nearly as much fun as transmitting figures of the sort that we were looking for. Emerging from an impressive pile of nearly 100 faxes, a final quintet—in full fax, above, and on the following pages—was chosen by our editors. The group includes a real-estate saleswoman, an office administrator, a business owner, a hair stylist and a student. Selecting them was, to say the least, an in*fax*tuating process.

A first impression can be a marvelous thing. Take, for example, our initial glimpses of faxy ladies (from left, above) Sheila Cerami, Maria Kouzoukas and Angela Jean Deiters as they arrived over the wire in our Chicago studios. We'll be giving them more exposure on the next few pages. Nancy Bright (opposite, with her fax inset) owns her own business in Portland, Oregon, where, she told us, there are more at hame just like her. Nancy dreams of being able to walk down the street and be recognized. Recognition you want? This is how we say, *Hail, hail,* Nancy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Maria Kouzoukas' fax photo, shown on the first page of this pictorial, arrived without so much as a change in area code. Working in Chicago as an office administrator gives her an inside track on the latest communication devices. We're glad she didn't just page us.

Arizonan Tracy Raper faxed us (inset) fram the Tucsan real-estate brakerage affice where she works. Her master plan is ta be successful. It's a trait, she says, that runs in her family. If she has that carefree, healthy look, it's probably because she enjoys spending much af her free time in the far Sauthwest in mation: swimming, daing aerabics and dancing. When her fax arrived, she certainly moved something in us.

Sheila Cerami (left) wants ta go fast. Thank goodness she slawed down to fax us the phota on the first page of this feature. Her ambition: to be the fastest pro womon race-car driver on quorter-mile trocks. For now, Sheilo works in Chicago as o hoir stylist ond panders the chemistry between men ond women. We think she has the right formulo.

If you never thought of fox mochines os sexy, take onother look at Angela Jean Deiters (obove and oppasite) ond think ogoin. After she finishes college in St. Louis, she has her sights set on a career in pharmoceuticol sales. Her facsimile certainly sold us on her. Just turn on your fax machine, Angela. We're betting that those job offers will come rolling in.

ROCKING RACISM (continued from page 76)

"John Mellencamp had a radio programer tell him his record couldn't be aired—it was 'too black.'"

Lewis/Berry confrontation is presented in a way that makes Lewis seem heroic.

Such lore beats its path straight to Axl Rose's door. And only slightly more circuitously to Professor Griff's. Both Rose and Griff, after all, are trying to make sense of their own feelings of oppression—one as a working-class long-hair, the other as a middle-class black kid. Nothing justifies either's verbal thuggery, but it shouldn't mystify anybody, either. The fact that both have identified false enemies—Griff, Jews; Rose, blacks, gays and foreigners—is the oldest, most predictable element of this story. Racism always makes its appeal to the oppressed themselves, as Bob Dylan made clear when he wrote *Only a Pawn in Their Game*, not about Mississippi civil rights leader Medgar Evers but about the deluded poor white who shot him.

No matter what Brown would like to believe, American music has been based on racial exploitation for 100 years. Charles Hamm's *Music in the New World* is virtually an encyclopedia of musical racism, from the mid–19th Century minstrel shows whose darky plantation caricatures gave the nation its first great songwriter, Stephen Foster, to the expropriation by Irving Berlin, Paul Whiteman and Glenn Miller, among many others, of ragtime and jazz at the expense of their black originators. In fact, one reason Tin-Pan Alley so adamantly opposed the postwar emergence of rock and roll and rhythm-and-blues into the Top 40 was that it actively integrated mainstream popular music for the first time. The problem wasn't that white musicians were stealing from blacks; Benny Goodman and Johnny Ray caused none of the problems that Elvis did. It was that white music, black music and their audiences were intermingling and, hence, screwing up the music industry's well-entrenched color-coded marketing plan.

The growing preference for Southern R&B (in both its urban-black and rural-white strains) led directly to the 1960 payola scandal, which amounted to lily-white Tin-Pan Alley's defending its turf against a barbarian invasion.

Many aspects of this battle remain unresolved 30 years later. "There are dozens of ways in which the black music community has been affected by racism," says Public Enemy's executive producer Bill Stephney, a black Long Island native with a near-perfect Top 40 radio voice without a trace of regional or ethnic accent, naming a few: segregated radio formats; the low priority record companies give black acts when it comes to tour support, image management and other kinds of career development; and the impoverished promotion and video budgets of "special markets" (black-music) departments. And he's right: Why does everybody know Robert Palmer, the Pat Boone of his generation, and relatively nobody Luther Vandross, the Sam Cooke of his? Why are terms such as new music and progressive assigned exclusively to white acts? Why does a $30 Michael Jackson ticket elicit massive criticism, while an equally overpriced Rolling Stones ticket is evidence of business savvy?

"The intense racism of the music business—a business where segregation is encouraged—has made many of us defeatists," Stephney says.

But the consequences of the music business' pervasive institutional racism are felt not by blacks alone but by everybody. In 1987, John Cougar Mellencamp made a video of his song *Cherry Bomb* that featured a blonde woman and a black man in a bun-hugging dance scene. Shortly thereafter, Mellencamp received a letter from a North Carolina chapter of the Ku Klux Klan chastising him for race mixing. But then, Mellencamp says that, early in his career, he had a radio programer tell him that one of his records couldn't be aired because it was "too black." As if good rock and roll could possibly be anything else.

Musicians who try to circumvent the record industry's unmarked race barriers meet massive resistance. Take Was (Not Was). The arty funky group was the brain child of white Motor City hipsters David and Don Was, but it's fronted by the black Detroit soul singers Sir Harry Bowens and Sweet Pea Atkinson. The Wases had been fairly successful as a near-underground act when they signed with Geffen Records, which refused to release their third album. David Was describes the material Geffen rejected as "a very traditional-sounding R&B album," but Don Was was reported to have stated, the record label "so much as said, 'Get rid of the black guys and go audition a Paul Young type.'" (Young is a white British singer.) Geffen A&R executives even scheduled an open-call audition in New York for such a vocalist. After Geffen refused to free Was (Not Was), an adventurous A&R man at Phonogram Records in England, David Bates, agreed to buy out the band's contract. The same material, technically spruced up but still featuring Bowens and Atkinson, became a hit in England and, later, in the U.S. as the album *What Up, Dog?* featuring *Walk the Dinosaur*.

"In a way, we became Eliza Doolittle to Bates's Professor Higgins," says David Was. "His very own soul band that he was gonna devise and make respectable and have hits with. He was romantically linked with Motown and Memphis in a way that no American A&R guy could be. And England not only doesn't have a fear of American black music but actually reveres it."

The Was (Not Was) experience suggests how deeply embedded the separate-but-never-quite-equal concept of institutional racism remains in the record and broadcasting industries. "When we were signed to Island [the group's first record label], it was at a time when the jamming up of cultural strains was just beginning," said David Was. "We wanted to make funk records with dub overtones. And we started to, but by the time we got to those big wide halls at Warner Bros. [Geffen's distributor], we hit the wall. Who's gonna promote Was (Not Was)? The head of black promotion? He couldn't believe a white guy was walking into his office. The first thing he said was, 'No pictures on the cover.'"

"I thought the musical climate was right for a black artist who was kinda on the edge. But when I took it to the record company, people were baffled," said Marc Anthony Thompson, a black artist who delivered a Talking Heads–like album to Warner's. "They didn't listen to it or try to understand it, the way they would with someone like Sting or Paul Simon, who to me just rape other cultures." Living Colour had it slightly easier, at least in part because the band was brought to Epic by Mick Jagger. Stephney pointed out that Public Enemy, for all its militant separatism, got to CBS only under the auspices of "mainly white background people," including the rap and heavy-metal producer Rick Rubin.

So separate but equal remains the guiding thesis of all major record companies. Black records are assigned to the euphemistically designated special-markets departments for marketing and promotion. Except for a few crossover stars such as Michael Jackson and Prince, budgets in special markets are smaller, opportunities narrower than on the pop side. Not surprisingly, the inequities begin with separate and distinctly unequal royalty scales for black artists below the megastar level. Numbers are hard to come by, but with rare exceptions—most of them named above—black artists begin with more disadvantageous contracts and never quite catch up in subsequent

(continued on page 163)

"Guess who has the home-field advantage!"

EXES

a recently single man is limited only by his appetites. trouble is, he may have a taste for just one thing

fiction

By DAN GREENBURG

"MAXIE, *bubele!* How ya been, kid?"

Max Segal got hugged, not by his mother or father but by Dr. Tony Natale, police shrink, one of Max's closest friends—if, indeed, Max had any close friends at all.

Tony Natale had been a longshoreman in Brooklyn at the age of 16, a foot patrolman at 21 and, at 32—Max's age—a police shrink, the result of going to school at night for about a hundred years and earning his Ph.D. in psychology. Now, at 47, Natale counseled burnt-out cops and earned a fifth of what he could have made in the private sector. Natale had enormous, contagious energy and enthusiasm, a hopeless Brooklyn accent and happened to be the only adult male not a relative whom Max allowed to hug him. Max figured the hugging was an Italian thing, which was not to say the Jews weren't huggers, because they were, only with Tony, it was different.

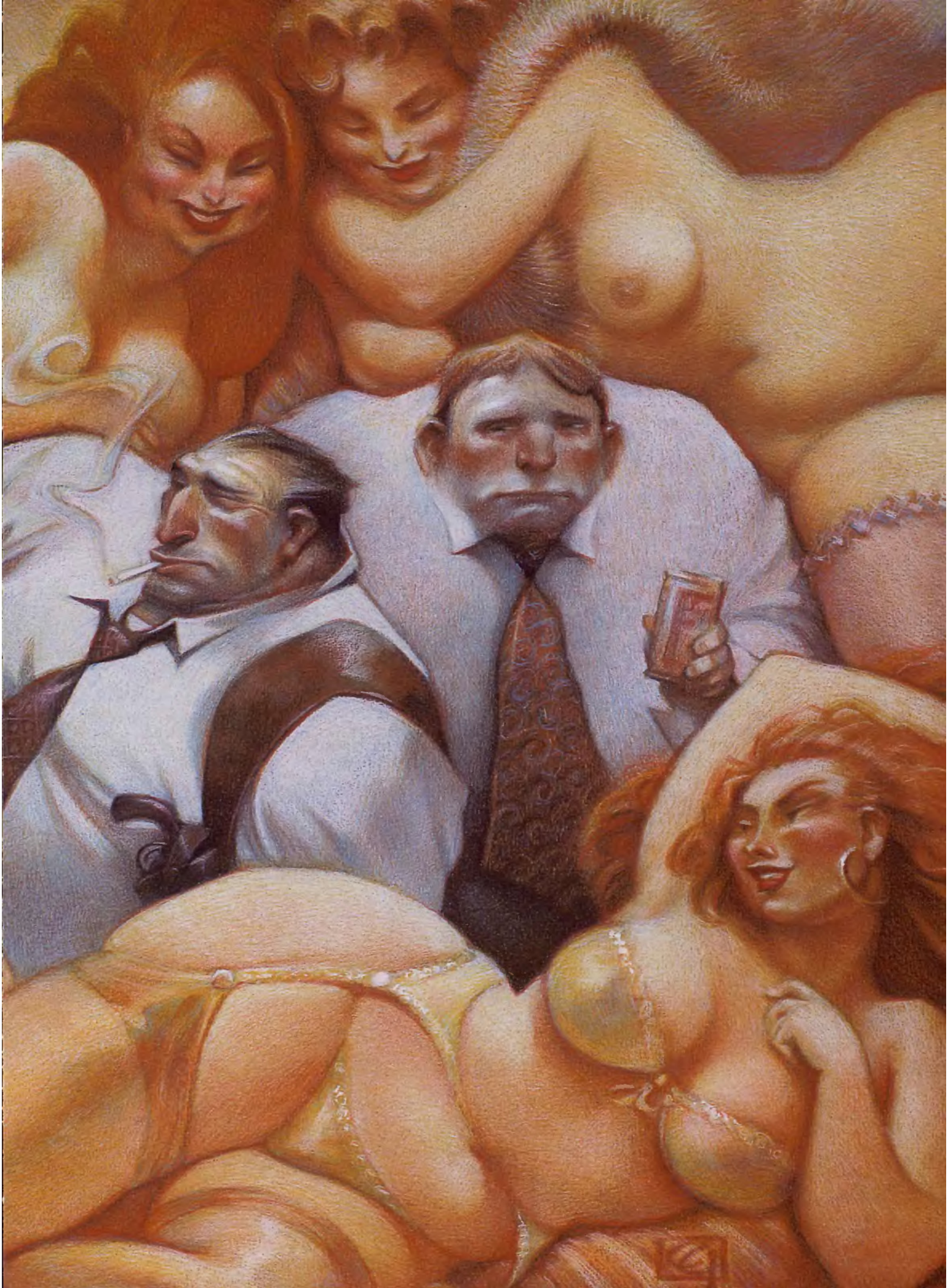
Natale's office had been moved from the ancient hole in the wall he had occupied when Max met him seven years ago to a nice, *modern* hole in the wall at One Police Plaza, the impressive $58,000,000 red-brick building near the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. Max had brought along a brown-bag lunch, hoping to pick Natale's brains about the Smiley and Petlin cases, though he frankly doubted that Natale could suggest anything that Max hadn't thought of already.

"So, Max, how's the family?" said Natale. "How's that kid of yours, eh?"

"Terrific, Tony. Sam is just terrific," said Max. "You wouldn't *believe* the things he's saying now."

"And Babette?" he said. "How's she?"

ILLUSTRATION BY CARTER GOODRICH



"She's, uh, terrific, too."

A wicked smile from Natale. "Uh-oh," he said. "What's going on? Marriage on the rocks?"

Max shrugged.

"How long you guys been married now?" said Natale. "Five years?"

"Seven."

A throaty chuckle.

"The old seven-year itch, eh?" said Natale. "You playin' a little hide-the-pepperoni on the side?"

Max shook his head and managed a weak smile.

"No, no, nothing like that," he said. "It's just . . . I don't know . . . over, I guess. We don't seem to enjoy being with each other anymore."

Max was surprised. He hadn't intended to say that much to Natale. But then, he hadn't intended to say that much to Joanie Jarvis, either. Natale was looking at him expectantly, with an encouraging half-smile on his face.

"I don't know how something as great as, as . . . *hot* as what I had with Babette could have degenerated to what it is we have now," said Max miserably. "I mean, I just don't understand how it happened. Do you?"

"Sure, I do," said Natale cheerfully.

"Yeah?" said Max. "Tell me."

"It won't do you any good," said Natale.

"Why won't it?"

"'Cause you're not ready to hear."

"Tell me anyway," said Max.

"OK," he said. "Well, what happened was fear of intimacy. The old incest taboo. Things got a little too cozy, OK? Babette started looking a little too much like family, and you heard when you were a kid that you weren't supposed to hump a member of your family, so you stopped feeling sexy with her."

Max smiled on one side of his face.

"You don't like that explanation?" Natale said. "OK, here's another way to look at it. You two got a little too close, OK? A little too vulnerable. Being vulnerable is scary. So, rather than risk being really hurt in case one of you ever dumped the other, you both pulled back to a comfortable distance, figuring if you ever got dumped, it wouldn't hurt so much. Only problem is, you can't maintain any marriage worth having from a safe distance. And the *real* irony is, pulling back didn't keep you from being hurt, either."

Max slowly raised his eyebrows and spread his hands.

"I don't know, Tony," he said and sighed. "I just don't know. Maybe you're right. Who knows?"

"Meaning," Natale said, "you ain't buying either *one* of those, right?"

"It's just that . . . I don't know," said Max. "It's just that we used to be so much in *love*, and now we aren't. That's what kills me. I mean, what happened to *love*?"

Natale looked at Max a moment, still smiling, his gaze stopping politely at the surface of Max's face. And then his gaze continued on through Max, right through the flesh of his face and through his skull and out the back of Max's head, back toward the wall at the rear of the hole-in-the-wall office. His smile faded slowly, like an orange sun sinking gradually into the ocean, as he waded into his own private torments.

"Love," said Natale, the smile now completely faded, "is the self-delusion we manufacture to justify the trouble we take to have sex."

Max said nothing, uncomfortable with the seriousness of Natale's tone.

"When we meet a potential mate, we can see her quite clearly for a matter of minutes," Natale continued. "Then our view is obscured by a rosy fog made up of our own dreams, our fantasies, our expectations, our hopes. After we've been with that person for a while, for maybe a year, the rosy fog is replaced by another one, a gray one, made up of our collected hurts and grievances. After those first few minutes, we never see the real face of our beloved again."

"Yeah," said Max. He felt that he was talking not to his friend but to a dark entity that was using his friend as a medium, speaking through his lips.

Natale gradually pulled himself back from wherever he'd been. The smile returned to his lips, the twinkle to his eye.

"Hey," said Natale, "at least I ain't *bitter*, right?"

"Right," said Max. Natale's own marriage of 20 years had ended recently in a messy divorce. Max had been told it was Natale who'd done the splitting, but now he wasn't sure.

"I just follow John Dillinger's advice," said Natale.

"What's that?" said Max.

"Never trust a woman or an automatic pistol."

"I wouldn't carry an automatic if they paid me," said Max, focusing on the more comfortable caveat.

"Good boy," Natale said. "And listen, if things with Babette don't get better, get the fuck out."

"You serious?" said Max. It seemed odd advice from a shrink, odder yet from someone who knew Babette and presumably liked her.

"Hell, *yes*, I'm serious," Natale said. "Come and stay with *me*. I'm having the time of my life, kid."

"That so?" Max said dubiously.

Natale nodded, smiling wickedly.

"The singles world is a fucking seller's market for guys," he said. "I'm getting more ass than a toilet seat."

"Yeah?" Max said wistfully. He hated hearing about anybody who was having good sex. "Aren't you afraid of AIDS?"

"Nah," Natale said, shaking his head.

"You use condoms?" Max said.

"I *hate* condoms," Natale said. "Fucking with a condom is like fucking inside a goddamn *scuba* suit. I'd rather get AIDS than wear a condom."

Max frowned. Natale exhaled slowly, collapsing his lungs.

"That was a stupid thing to say," Natale said. "I don't know, maybe I got an unconscious death wish. To punish myself for all the great sex I'm getting now."

Max shrugged. Natale brightened again.

"Seriously, Max," he said. "These girls are totally unself-conscious about their bodies. To them, fucking is as natural as eating or sleeping or pissing. And they come in about thirty seconds. Do you know how long it used to take me to make Rochelle come?"

Max shook his head. He didn't know and he didn't want to. Before the Segal baby and the Natale divorce, the two couples had hung out together. And Natale's wife, Rochelle, had been like an aunt.

"Hey, Tony, I didn't come here to talk about making Rochelle come," said Max, irritable. "I came here to talk about a couple of cases we got."

Natale nodded. "I'm sorry," he said contritely. "I tend to get a little carried away sometimes."

"Right," said Max. "So listen, you been following the Smiley and Petlin cases?"

"Some," said Natale. "Enough to get the general drift."

"We've been proceeding with the idea it's the same perp," said Max. "And with the idea he's a fag."

"Sounds reasonable," said Natale, "seeing as how both victims were naked. It's unlikely the killer was a woman. Women don't tend to kill men. They aren't strong enough is the main reason. Now, as I recall, you never found a murder weapon, the cause of death in both cases was severance of the carotid artery, there was post-mortem disfigurement of the face and the killer is presumed to have taken his time before leaving the crime scene."

Max nodded. "Yeah. So?"

"Well, let's see," said Natale. "Killers who bring their own weapons to a crime scene are what the FBI calls organized. They're planners. Stalkers. They enjoy the hunt. Killers who disfigure their victims' faces tend to know them pretty well. Neck wounds are characteristic of homosexual homicides, by the way. . . ."

"Yeah," said Max, "that was one I knew."

Natale nodded. "OK," he said, "killers who kill sadistically and slowly are older—in their thirties, say. They feel some mastery of the situation. That's unlike teenagers and killers in their early twenties, who feel threatened by their victims and need to dispose of them fast. Oh, and killers who spend lots of time at the crime scene usually live nearby.

(continued on page 166)

TOP-DRAWER SHIRTS & TIES

how to get up to your neck in style

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

EVER SINCE the uncomfortably starched detachable Gladstone collar made its debut in the late 19th Century, collars have defined the lines of a finely tailored shirt. Although they're no longer detachable, thank God, they are the finishing touch that brings together one's jacket with a choice of tie. Long and pointed narrow-spread styles are hot right now, as they both flatter a suit's silhouette and highlight a narrow-knotted tie. Men with thin, elongated faces, however, should opt for shirts with medium-spread collars. When shopping, also look for the new high-stance buttondown and button/tab collars that accentuate the tie by hugging the neck. (Incidentally, the rule of thumb for proper shirt-collar height is about one half inch above the back of the jacket collar.) Many shirt styles have bold or antique-style stripes on ecru or off-white backgrounds. Just remember to wear them with a suit or a sports jacket that has a minimal pattern. With the resurgence of interest in men's jewelry, cuff links and tie bars, clasps and clips (see *Ties Are Barred* in *Playboy on the Scene*) are back, bigger than ever. Ties are still wide, soft and colorful, with only a minimum of lining. Patterns run from prints such as fruits and vegetables to abstracts reminiscent of another era. Tie one on today!

Stripes of all types from ultrawide to skinny are the pattern of choice for this season's dress shirts. Top to bottom: Cotton striped dress shirt with engineered collar (that's one that has a pattern different from that of the body of the shirt) and flapped breast pocket, by Verri, $210. Cotton dress shirt with blue dobby-weave stripes, button/tab collar and patch breast pocket, by Bill Robinson, $60. Burgundy-striped cotton dress shirt with moderate-spread collar and French cuffs, by Geoffrey Beene Couture, $70; shown with rectangular bevel-edged sterling-silver cuff links, by Georg Jensen from The LS Collection, $140.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

More spiffy shirts and sensational stripes, clockwise from above: Awning-striped cotton-blend dress shirt with straight collar and patch breast pocket, by Henry Grethel, $35. Antique-striped cream-ground cotton shirt with buttondown collar and patch breast pocket, by Joseph Abboud, $125. Cotton broadcloth buttondown shirt, by Cerruti 1881, $85. Broken-striped cotton shirt with button/tab collar, by Hugo Boss, $180. Cotton shirt with straight buttondown collar with high button stance and welt breast pockets, by Lazo, $150. Striped Jacquard-ground cotton shirt with flapped breast pocket and straight collar, by Basile from Marca Uno, about $205.

CERRUTI 1881
BOSS
HUGO BOSS

Time and great ties wait for no man, so make your cravat selection quickly. Left to right: Multicolor silk tie with woven floral motif, by Hugo Boss, $70. Rust-silk Jacquard-ground tie with blue-polka-dot-print front and contrasting yellow-polka-dot back, by Shamask, $70. Green-silk Jacquard-ground tie with pink-and-burgundy eclipse-shape overprint, by Joseph Abboud, $72. Silk Jacquard tie with nostalgia overprint, from Modules by Toshia Takahashi, $65. Handsome ecru-ground silk tie with multicolor fruit print, by Perry Ellis from Manhattan Men's Group, $47.50. Tricolor silk Jacquard tie with abstract floral print, by Bill Robinson, $60.

ARNOLD ROTH

Did Winston Churchill Pump Iron?

HE DIDN'T WEAR

SUN BLOCK, WATCH

HIS CHOLESTEROL

OR WORRY ABOUT

CIGARS, EITHER.

GOOD THING HE

HAD TO DEAL ONLY

WITH HITLER

AND STALIN

AND NOT TODAY'S

HEALTH PURITANS

article **By Geoffrey Norman** OATS. Used to be only horses and Englishmen ate oats. But now we are all urged to strap on the feed bag and devour oats. For our own good health, of course. When *The New England Journal of Medicine* announced that the oats you ate turned around and ate cholesterol, and *then* scoured out your bowels, for good measure, there were oat riots as Yuppies mobbed the health-food stores.

Oats, at least, represented hope of a distinctly dreary sort. Sunshine, on the other hand, was fear itself. Too much would kill you, we were warned in the panic that preceded the dawn of oats. Before sunlight, it was the scarcity of calcium that would lead to brittle bones; so across the land, otherwise sensible people paid good money for powders made of crushed oyster shells, which they sprinkled over their spinach salads and washed down with soda water.

Eggs and butter have long been linked to certain death, along with red meat, the greatest killer of all. Sugar was bad and salt was worse. Eating salted nuts or popcorn was almost a suicidal act. For a while, high fiber and carbohydrates looked good.

A Texan I know said about all of this, "Hell, you got to eat *something*."

And now it turns out you can eat oats. Porridge. Which just about takes all the fun out of eating, once and for all.

Actually, you don't have to eat *anything*. Thousands of anorexics are proof of that. They starve themselves into hospitals and asylums and, eventually, the grave. They are the grisly proof that, while what you eat may kill, what you don't eat will, too. And if you make eating and drinking fearful enough that people refuse to put anything in their mouths (except, perhaps, their thumbs), the average life expectancy will not increase. It may even fall. Most anorexics are young girls and women who have been made pathologically fearful of eating. That is to say, they have been made afraid of life, which, if it can be reduced to any one thing, is appetite. To live is to satisfy the craving that allows you to live some more. When man first walked, all of life was devoted to the business of finding food. Now, in the last, feeble days of the 20th Century, we see the development of an almost philosophical loathing of the very idea of appetite. We (some of *(continued on page 150)*

ARE YOU SURE *S. Bull* HAS AN UNLISTED NUMBER?

from cellular phones to the latest satellite pagers, here's a roundnp of the latest ways to keep in touch

modern living **By DAWN GORDON**

A LITTLE MORE THAN 100 years ago, General George Custer paid the ultimate price for not keeping in touch at the Battle of Little Big Horn. Today, anyone who wants to stay in the know can board a jet in New York that's bound, say, for Los Angeles and tote along a laptop computer equipped with a modem for easy access to another personal computer or a fax machine; a personal pager that delivers financial quotes, sports scores or a hot phone number to call; or a cellular phone that eliminates standing in line to make a phone call. Even while aloft, it's simple to conduct business from a cordless Airfone system while settling back for a second cup of coffee. So, Mr. Big, if you want to keep in touch—really keep in touch—here are the latest ways to do so.

THE CELLULAR CONNECTION

Car cellular phones have become so commonplace that it's almost impossible not to spot a driver of a BMW or a Jaguar who isn't conducting a conversation into space with one hand clamped to his ear. But if you want to stay ahead of your upwardly mobile phone buddies, the latest trend in cellular technology is the combination phone. Low-power portable models such as NEC's P300, Panasonic's EB-KJ3500 and Audiovox' CTX-5000 are now small enough to be toted in a purse or a raincoat pocket, and they have the unique ability to be quickly transformed into car phones. Prices range from $1300 to $2000.

The 10.7-ounce Motorola Micro TAC with a flip-up mouthpiece resembles a *Star Trek* communications device, though earth-to-orbit communication isn't one of its options. This portable phone, about the size of a checkbook, offers continuous talk time of 30 minutes using a snap-on slim battery or as much as 75 minutes of talk time with its heavier standard battery. It sells for about $2500–$3500, depending on which features are added.

Cellular communications will enter the digital age over the next few years as the proposed digital cellular standard becomes a reality. This new technology will deliver many more calls per cell with fewer busy signals. Don't expect this new system to be cheap. The first digital cellular phones will be much more expensive than the current crop.

FAR-REACHING FAX

If your keep-in-touch wish list includes a fax machine built into every pay phone, don't hold your breath. But thanks to some innovative engineering, the age of the portable fax is here and with it will come the ability to use Airfone (more about this follows) or a phone booth as your personal facsimile-transmission center.

Weighing a scant seven pounds and measuring only about 9" x 12", the Nissei Courier 53 portable fax *(continued on page 160)*

Right: Custer makes his last stand using an Alpine 9530 Mobile Cellular Phone that offers 832-channel capability, hand-free operation, signal-strength monitor, mute button and 100-number memory, plus three one-touch speed-dialing memory, $800. When coupled with the 9709 Transportable Kit (which is hanging from the general's saddle horn), the phone can be taken on the trail using rechargeable batteries or it can be plugged into your horse's cigarette lighter, $450.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KENT BARKER

SAY IT!

opinion

By ALICE KAHN

WHY GUYS CAN'T SAY "I LOVE YOU"

and why women can't stand it

ON A BEAUTIFUL evening last spring, I found myself sitting on a balcony overlooking San Francisco Bay with a trio of strange men. We were all guests at a Passover Seder, and since this was California, we were drinking sauvignon blanc instead of Manischewitz and we were talking about sex instead of God.

The men were all ex-Bachelors, members of a boys' club called the Bachelors when they were students at Beverly Hills High School in the late Sixties. One Bachelor was happily married, one was recently divorced and one was still a bachelor. They began to sing old Bachelor songs and tell old Bachelor jokes and talk about having a Bachelors' reunion.

I asked if they'd be inviting their old girlfriends, and somehow, the discussion fell to a certain girl, a girl who worked the whole Bachelor crowd like a software salesman networking a hardware convention.

"She was always trying to get you to say 'I love you,'" said Bachelor number one.

"Yeah, yeah—no 'I love you,' no hand job," said Bachelor number two.

I asked if any of them had ever actually said it. "Hell, no" came the Bachelor chorus. I noted a distinct better-dead-than–"I love you"–said attitude among these men. I began to wonder, Is saying "I love you" the male equivalent of putting out?

I thought of those black-and-white movies where the

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

woman suddenly sits up in bed and turns away from the man. Then he lights a cigarette and says, "Do you need the words?"

Hell, yes. Women need the words. But why?

There are a number of ways to research a question like this and I have taken both the high and the low roads in this article. I considered the ladies'-magazine approach, which meant consulting "experts." I thought about calling noted therapists. But I knew what they would say: Men fear commitment and intimacy and bonding. They would use the words commitment and intimacy and bonding so often that they would begin to sound like items on a shopping list. "Honey, while you're out, pick me up a pound of fresh-ground commitment."

Better to do some field studies. I decided to go directly to the workers, those noble men and women toiling in the fields of love and sex. I put the questions "Why don't men want to say 'I love you'?" and "Why do women need to hear the words I love you?" out on my computer network. With some editing, I have come up with the following lists of profound insights into the issues.

THE TOP TEN REASONS MEN WON'T SAY "I LOVE YOU"

1. They don't mean it.
2. They want to get laid but not that bad.
3. Their fathers didn't say it to their mothers.
4. Their fathers didn't say it to them.
5. They don't want to be trapped in some long-term *thing*.
6. They've said it before and found out they were wrong.
7. They think it's more hip to say it to other men, like Sammy to Frank.
8. It will lead to "I'll marry you."
9. It has become a throwaway phrase.
10. If they say it, their dicks will fall off.

THE TOP TEN REASONS WOMEN WANT MEN TO SAY "I LOVE YOU"

1. They need the words.
2. Girls are raised to think love is important.
3. They can brag to their friends that they got him to do it.
4. It makes them feel all tingly to hear it.
5. A woman wants a sign of commitment.
6. Biological reasons—words go with the flow.
7. It makes up for what a jerk he is the rest of the time.
8. It makes sex better.
9. Then the woman can say it back without risking rejection.
10. The woman wants to see his dick fall off.

While all these reasons have the clear ring of truth and the slight odor of bullshit, they lack the depth of an individual perspective. For that, I consulted two love professionals. I spoke with my friend Rock, who has been with one woman for 25 years, and with my friend Spike, who has been with many women for 25 minutes.

Both are obsessed with love in their own ways. Besides being monogamous, Rock (known professionally as Dr. John Boe) is a professor of love—lecturing on the subject at universities and coffeehouses. He has even produced his own tape, *John Boe on Love*.

Spike is a professional hunter, devoted to the search for what he likes to call the primal beaver. He deplores the fact that his work as a chemist takes so much time away from his experiment to achieve the perfect chemistry.

"Spike," I said to him over drinks recently, "how many women do you estimate you've actually been with?"

He thought it over carefully. As a man of science, Spike takes numbers seriously. He went through the Rolodex of his mind a few minutes and finally said, "Approximately one thousand."

"And of those thousand, to how many have you said 'I love you'?" I asked him.

Without taking too much time, he said, "Seven."

I laughed and spit out some chardonnay.

"You think that's a lot?" he said, sipping his Bohemia.

"No," I said. "You're a scientist. Does a seven-out-of-a-thousand chance sound high to you?"

"Well, I'm very careful about language in those moments," he continued. "I know you think I lie a lot—which I do, but not about that. Most people are incapable of a serious relationship, so when I'm with someone, I try to decide: Is this just fun for the evening? I don't want to hurt anyone, so I stick to a minimum of verbalization. It's supposed to be *fun*, just a date, not a contract. I'm not going to try to get laid with 'I love you.'"

"I know," I told him. "As Elvis said, 'It's a very sacred thing to me.'"

"Women attach a lot of importance to words," Spike continued. "They get hurt when you say something trivial like, 'The steak wasn't well cooked.' Women may not remember where they parked the car, but they remember the exact time you committed to them. When you say 'I love you,' they believe it."

Why do they want to hear it?

"Women have more agendas than men do. The younger ones want to get married and have children. The older ones want money and security. Once you say 'I love you,' the ball's in their court. They can proceed with the agenda."

"Have you ever felt that women were manipulating you, trying to get you to say the words, trying to get your balls in their court?"

"Well, the best one was the therapist who told me that she loved me. Then she looked me in the eye and said, 'How do *you* feel about that?'"

I wondered how many of that group we now called The Spike 1000 had tried to get him to talk about his feelings. Did he think women were, in fact, more verbal?

"They're very verbal about the relationship, about when this will happen again, but almost mute about details like where I should put my finger. Women may need verbal foreplay, but they don't like to talk about how to do it."

What do The 1000 like to talk about before sex?

"They like to talk about themselves, their gripes. They want 'I love you' only after sex."

And what does Spike like to talk about before sex?

"I used to say anything—'I've got eight inches and it's unbelievable'—anything. We're talking about initially now—before you're a friend. I have a system, a different way of approaching people other than my regulars, or my regs, as I like to call repeaters. I usually have several relationships going—somewhere between just getting big and saying 'I love you.'

"But I'm careful. Part of love is allowing yourself to be dependent on someone. Otherwise, you can jack off or do it to hookers. Yet you can't just go looking for it, like with an ad. I'm a romance junkie. I love to be in love and have someone love me. If it happens, great; but you can't be a professional and feel bad. I *love* naked women, but I'm not going to say 'I love you' unless someone really moves me."

I thanked him for sharing with me. "Always a pleasure," said Spike.

A few days later, I met with Rock, the 25-year, one-woman man, the professor of love-ology, the author of the love tape. He came amazingly close to Spike, the 25-minute man, as he explained why men don't like to say "I love you."

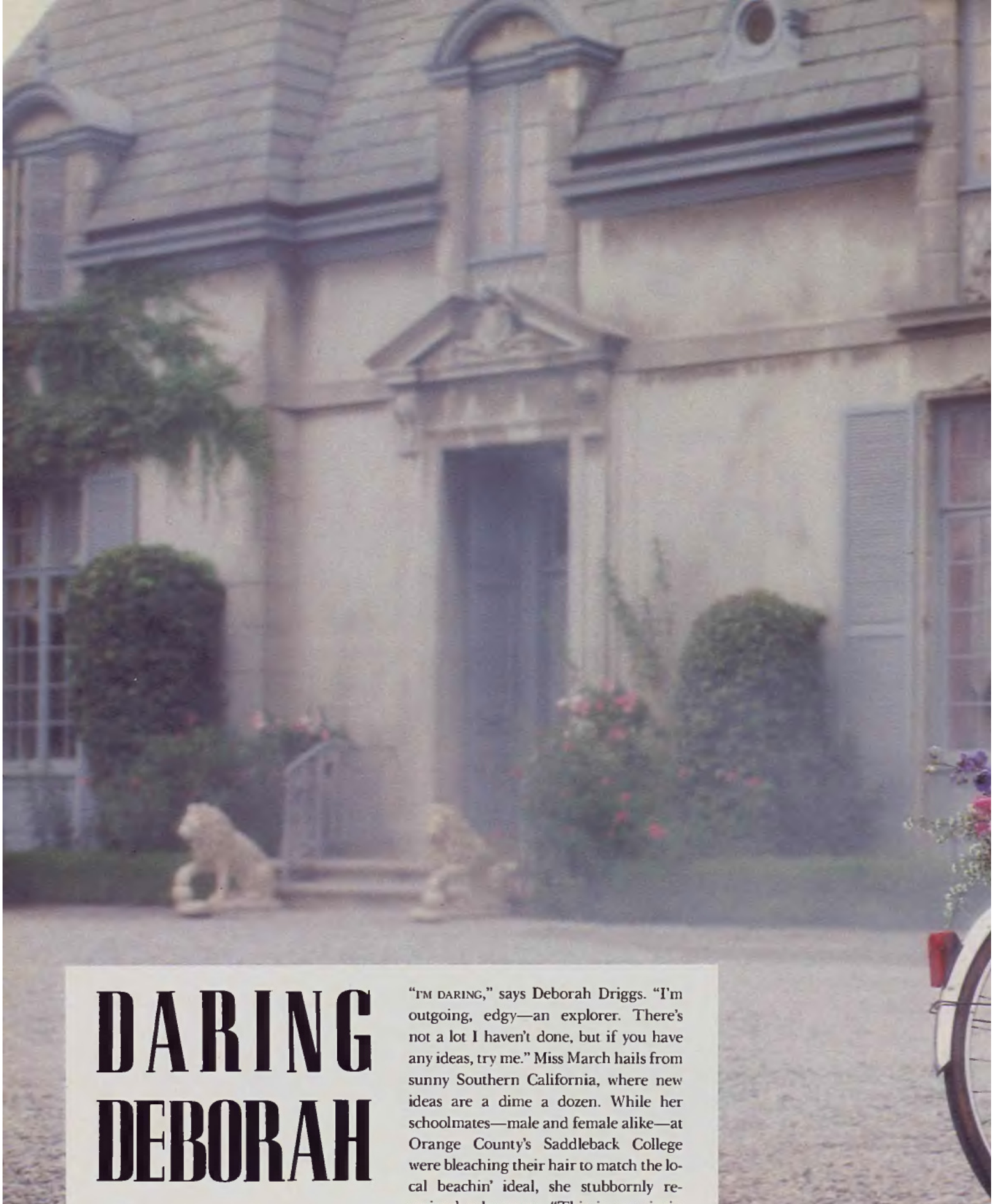
"Men take love seriously and don't want to waste the word," he explained over lunch. "Men actually believe in love. Women want to talk about love, figure it out, think of the economic side. Marriage was an economic arrangement until recently. The Puritans invented marrying for love when they said, 'If I can't fuck, I might as well get married.'"

"Is that why you got married?" I asked.

"My marriage has nothing to do with being *in* love. Love is what I have. In a marriage, you know the person, you're not just struck by an arrow. Being in love is being possessed. Men fall harder. Women know love can go wrong, that love is actually creepy."

(concluded on page 162)

"Move your ass a little, will you, Katrinka? I don't do still lifes."



DARING DEBORAH

meet the intrepid miss driggs, whose favorite adventure is life

"I'M DARING," says Deborah Driggs. "I'm outgoing, edgy—an explorer. There's not a lot I haven't done, but if you have any ideas, try me." Miss March hails from sunny Southern California, where new ideas are a dime a dozen. While her schoolmates—male and female alike—at Orange County's Saddleback College were bleaching their hair to match the local beachin' ideal, she stubbornly remained a brunette. "This is my virgin hair," she says, shaking it out over her shoulders. Deborah Driggs, no slave to

After years of the figure-skating grind—twice-a-day practice, 365 days a year, for a decade—Deborah burned out on regimentation. She's enjoying life these days. "Acting is tough, but I love it. Dressing up, living in an imaginative world—that's what I want to do from now on."

fashion, makes her own rules. She spent her formative years as a junior figure skater, wowing the crowds at ice palaces throughout the Los Angeles Basin. She remembers waking at four A.M. and practicing until 7:30, then racing to school, changing her clothes in the back seat of her mother's car. "Mom would tell me when a truck was coming, so I could cover up." A potential champion, she quit skating when she was still a teen. No discipline could hold her for long. At first, she says, she searched for an outlet for the energy she had put into skating competition. "When something that used to take up all your time stops, you have to search for something new," says Deborah. "I did a little drinking. I even tried drugs. That wasn't for me. So I decided to go all out for *life*." Give the woman a ten. She may not be as famous as Katarina Witt—yet—but Miss March has

cornered the market in style points. As a cheerleader ("*song leader*") at Saddleback College, she sang her heart out for the Gauchos, who made her homecoming queen in 1983. After college, Miss March took the advice of dozens of friends and resolved to concentrate on modeling. Her first job, a TV ad for a Japanese coffee creamer called Creep Christy, paid $700 a day. "I said to myself, 'I think I can stand this.'" Modeling built her bank account; ambition fueled her drive to take up acting. Now a familiar face in L.A., she does compulsories, Hollywood style—every night, she digs angst out of her soul in acting classes. "I don't want to sound like every other young actor," she says (Deborah thinks the distinction between *actor* and *actress* is sexist), "and say I am going to win an Oscar. I mean, I know I've got a lot of work ahead of me. But you never know if you don't try, right?" Deborah Driggs is outgoing, edgy, curious—and determined. She knows there are thousands of young beauties in Hollywood angling for the same acting jobs she wants. No matter. All a woman can do is her best. "I'm just intense enough to think that if you have it inside you—the need to *perform*—good

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

things can happen." Miss March says she is between relationships this year. She broke off an engagement in February of 1989—"*That* was a tough Valentine's Day"—and has not had a steady man since. "I know Prince Charming is going to ride up on his Harley someday," she says. "When he does, I'll be ready." She has an idea of what her prince will be like. He'll have a fast motorcycle, for one thing. Reservations at a four-star hotel in San Francisco, for another. He will be gentlemanly and funny. And an amateur masseur. After that, anything goes. "Surprise me. I like to be blown away. Nothing ordinary. Something to get your engine going." Advice for student princes: "Try something new. Take me away. All of a sudden—*boom!*—I'm yours." This month, she charms millions of *Playboy* readers. Next year, the world.

If you want to get close to Miss March, try patient passion. "I'm a very passionate person," she says, "but not at first. When we meet, be a gentleman. Take me to dinner at a great Italian restaurant. After that, a massage. Ahhh. Later on, maybe, we'll get to the wild, kinky stuff."

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Deborah Driggs

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 12-13-67 BIRTHPLACE: Oakland, Ca

AMBITIONS: To develop myself not only as an actress but also as a respectable human being.

TURN-ONS: A gianni Versace suit w/the right man in it! a good bottle of red wine, a massage!

TURN-OFFS: A date planned to the last minute! a negative bank account! negative people!

1999: I'm an optimist – There might be an Academy Award. If not, I'll name my first kid Oscar! :)

PRINCE CHARMING: He has a great sense of humor, he's very spontaneous! And a great kisser♡

ROLE MODELS: Glenn Close, Geena Davis, Michelle Pfeiffer, Al Pacino, Sean Penn

BIGGEST FEAR: Trapped in an elevator w/another actor!

LINGERIE I'M WEARING: Right now – NONE!

1st Ice Skating competition

Song leader at Saddleback College

That determined look!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Arriving home early one afternoon, a man found his wife lying naked in the bedroom. Gazing around, he spotted a pair of bare feet protruding from under the curtains.

"Who the hell are you?" he yelled as he whipped the curtains back.

"I'm from the Government," replied the quick-witted man. "I'm a moth inspector."

"Oh, yeah? What are you doing stark-naked?"

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, glancing down. "I'm too late."

What's the difference between lawyers and vultures? Lawyers accumulate frequent-flier points.

Mikhail Gorbachev woke up one morning feeling great. He walked to his window, saw the sun coming up and crowed, "Good morning, sun!"

As he turned away, he was startled to hear a great, booming voice say, "Good morning, Comrade. Good morning to you and the great Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

Gorbachev quickly woke Raisa and his closest aides, took them to the window and said, "Good morning, Comrade sun."

Again the voice boomed, "Good morning, Comrade. Good morning to you and to the rest of the glorious party."

Gorbachev sat down to his day's work, convinced he was destiny's child. Later, as the sun was setting, he walked to the window and said, "Good evening to you, Comrade sun." When no response came, he repeated the salutation again and again, growing increasingly impatient with the silence. "Sun! I'm talking to you!" he suddenly screamed.

"Fuck you, asshole!" the voice thundered back. "I'm in the West now!"

What are the three words you dread the most while making love? "Honey, I'm home."

On his honeymoon, an elderly man turned to his young bride, complaining, "Darling, you're gonna kill me. How can I tell if I'm having an orgasm or a heart attack?"

"That's easy," she responded. "If you grab your chest, it's a heart attack; if you grab mine, it's an orgasm."

Just a few more questions," the Postal Service interviewer told the job applicant. "Are you a veteran?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see action?"

"Yes, sir. Vietnam."

"Were you ever wounded?"

"Yes, sir. Got my testicles shot off."

"Oh, in that case," the interviewer said, "there's no need to go on. You've got the job. We start here at eight o'clock, but you can come in at ten."

"If everyone else comes in at eight, why should I come in at ten?"

"Because we stand around and scratch our balls for two hours."

You know you're having a bad day when the town nymphomaniac tells you she likes you, but just as a friend.

As the woman was instructing the new maid on the great care required in handling certain valuable household objects, she pointed to the dining room and said with obvious satisfaction, "That table goes back to Louis the Fourteenth."

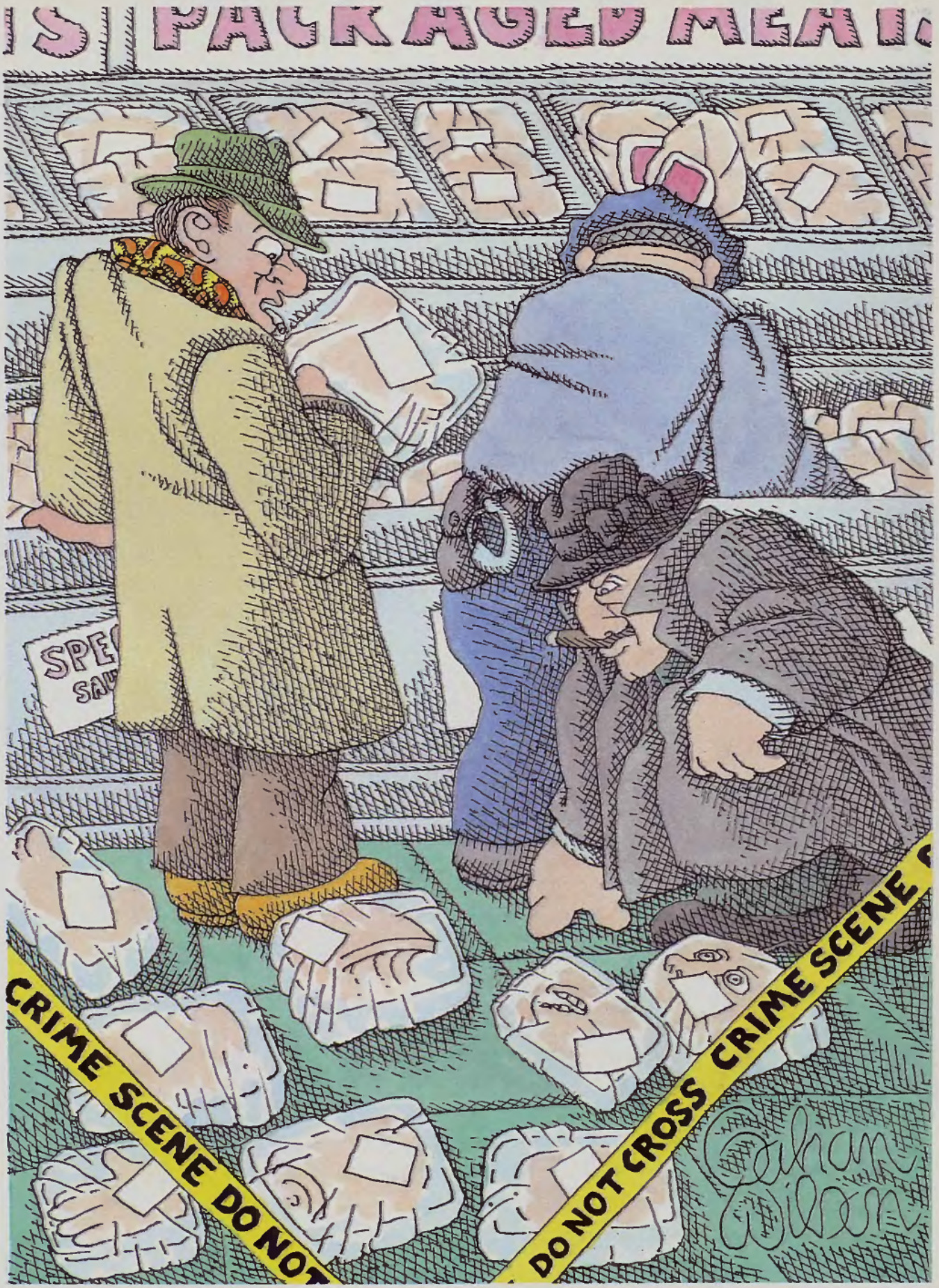
"Oh, that's nothing," the maid interjected. "My whole living-room set goes back to Sears the fifteenth."

What do Brooklyn and panty hose have in common? Flatbush.

An attractive woman walked into an elevator in a Manhattan office building and found herself alone with Donald Trump. As the elevator began to rise, she turned to him and said, "You know, Mr. Trump, if I push this red button, the elevator will stop and I could kneel down and give you the best damn blow job you've ever had."

"I'm sure you could," Trump replied, "but what's in it for me?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Here's his left foot."

BIG DEAL IN PARADISE

we all dream about a little stretch of beach to call home. our reporter made the mistake of actually going there

article **By REG POTTERTON**

I WENT DOWN to Costa Rica recently to buy some land at a place called Golfito, on the Pacific coast just north of the border of Panama. A man in Florida had been sending me property listings and I could hardly believe the prices he quoted. Talk about bargains!

"Three acres with a nice sandy beach on the ocean side with jumbo shrimp and sport fishing right off the property, all for just $6000."

"Fish-smoking business with buyers for all that you can smoke. Business with all equipment, house and 65 acres—all offered for $55,000, with terms."

Other listings described beautiful sandy ocean beaches with palms and fruit trees and fresh-water rivers, ocean fishing at your front door, coconuts all over the property. The prospectus said: "Costa Rica is the ideal country with a very favorable government attitude toward foreign property holders and buyers. It is, undoubtedly, the most stable, peaceful and law-abiding of all of the countries in Latin America and has often been called the Switzerland of Latin America, though it does not even have a standing army. . . . If you are interested in Costa Rican property, we urge that you arrange to contact our broker/agent directly—let him know what you want and be ready to go down and have a look for yourself."

I was very excited. It was what I'd always wanted, a tropical Switzerland with jumbo shrimp and the Pacific Ocean at my front door. I could learn how to smoke fish. Better still, I could live off the business!

I was excited, and anxious. Other people would know about these opportunities. There was no time to lose. I telephoned the man in Florida. He gave me the number of his broker/agent in Costa Rica, a gentleman by the name of Loren Pogue. Mr. Pogue, when I called him, spoke with the accents of the rural South. He assured me that everything I'd read about property bargains in Costa Rica was true. "Why, they're just lyin' on the ground, waitin' for someone to come pick 'em up." And not only that, Mr. Pogue told me with a warm and delightful chuckle, I could put my money in the bank in Costa Rica and earn 28 percent interest on it! Astounding! At my bank in Chicago, I'm lucky to make six percent.

Costa Rica, clearly, was a kind of paradise. I was tempted to buy something over the phone. My dear wife was against this. She said I would be out of my mind, if I had a mind to go out of. For a woman who has sailed the Atlantic, she is not as adventurous as she should be.

Mr. Pogue had promised to send further details of his listings in Golfito but warned that the mails were often held up and that I shouldn't postpone my trip to wait for their arrival. Nonetheless, I put it off for a couple of weeks and then, when nothing came, flew from Chicago to San José, Costa Rica, via Miami.

In San José, I checked in at the downtown hotel where Mr. Pogue had said I should use his name and ask for the corporate rate. My Spanish is, unfortunately, restricted to the words *huevos* and *peligro* and I was unable to make much headway with the clerk, who at first registered me as *Señor* Pogue and then summoned an English-speaking security man who questioned me sharply about the name on my credit card.

With this misunderstanding cleared

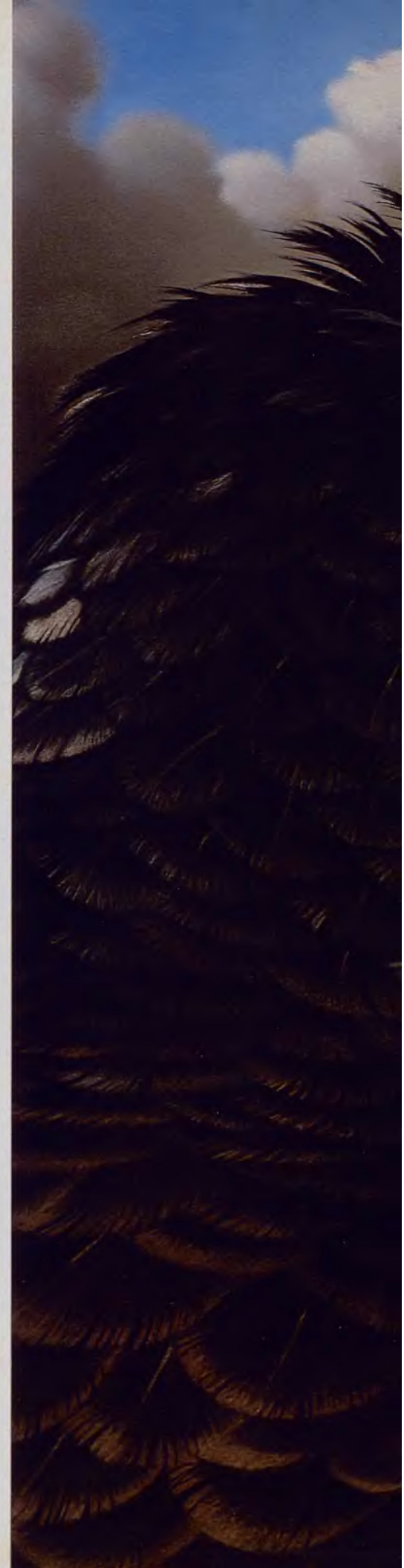


ILLUSTRATION BY BRALDT BRALDS

up, the immediate problem was to book a seat to Golfito for the next and only daily flight the following morning. The hotel people made it clear that there was no chance. Seats were booked for months in advance, they said. There was a good-natured argument about departure times: The plane didn't leave at seven, it left at six. Sometimes it left at five. Whenever it left, though, it was always full. Mr. Pogue had told me that the plane always left at seven A.M. Not so, said the man at the desk. Furthermore, it was impossible to confirm anything until the morning because everything was closed now. Also, the departure was from a small airport, not the main San José airport. It took either half an hour to drive to the small airport or five minutes, depending on a word that I couldn't understand and that the security man, with all his knowledge of English, was unable to translate. It sounded like *mondifongo*. I couldn't get to the airport unless the *mondifongo* worked in my favor. I felt tired and hungry. I went to my room, called room service, ordered some *huevos* and called Loren Pogue.

Mr. Pogue didn't answer his telephone. A woman who spoke a form of English said that he had gone to a place that sounded like Chunga Chunga. He would be back another time when he comes back again later, maybe. I called the front desk and put in a wake-up call for six A.M.

There were notices on the wall: THE VISIT OF THE OPPOSIT SEX IN THE ROMS ARE NOT ALOUD and FOR SECURITY PURPOSE DO NOT USE NO IRON IN THE ROMS, both signed, THANK YOUG, THE MANGEMENT.

I lay in bed, reading *The Tico Times*, a weekly publication that describes itself as "Central America's Leading English-Language Newspaper." On the front page was a story headlined "KILLER BEE ATTACK: IGNORANCE PLUS INATTENTION LED TO HORROR." A personal report written by Dery Dyer, it began: "I should have paid more attention to [the warnings in] *The Tico Times*. If I had, our three beloved parrots might still be alive. Lory, Minnie and Louie were stung to death July 13 in their outdoor aviary by a swarm of enraged Africanized killer bees that had been living in the ceiling of our house in the hills of Escazu, west of San José."

My first thought was, Thank God it wasn't Golfito.

Bees worry me, even ordinary ones. I'd heard of African killer bees but had forgotten about them. I associated them with the *Weekly World News*, a tabloid that once ran a story called "SCIENTISTS DISCOVER LOST JUNGLE TRIBE OF AL JOLSON LOOK-ALIKES."

Killer bees. Parrot assassins! Creatures that would murder a parrot, let alone three parrots called Lory, Minnie and Louie, are beyond human mercy. I read on. The attack sounded as if it had come from a horror film.

"There was no time to do anything but react. I was in our house; Diego and Sandra, the son and daughter of our housekeeper, Ana, were in Ana's house, some 100 feet away. Tearing madly through clouds of frenzied bees, the three of us managed to get four of the five yelping dogs and the three screaming parrots inside, plunging with them into the showers to wash the clinging, stinging insects off the animals and ourselves. The bees didn't buzz so much as *whine*—a horrifying, sad-angry sound I hope I never hear again. . . . The water drowned the attackers, but it was too late for the poor parrots. Two of them died in the shower; the third hung on for another half hour before succumbing. The floors of the showers in both houses were black with dead bees."

Mrs. Dyer reported that the bees had held both houses under siege on all sides for several hours, "humming threateningly." She herself had been stung 97 times, not including the stings on her head. Family members were sick for weeks afterward. Her dermatologist warned her that she should consider herself so sensitive to bee venom that she could die from a single sting.

In an accompanying report, I learned that the African bees had arrived in Costa Rica in 1982 and had attacked nearly 500 people, causing seven deaths and killing countless animals. They had almost completely displaced the native strain of bees and, because of inbreeding, were indistinguishable from the familiar honeybee. The annual Costa Rican honey harvest had been reduced from 2000 tons in pre-invasion days to 540 tons. According to *The Tico Times*, the bees are scheduled to arrive in Texas this spring.

I lay on my narrow bed and wondered whether I should go downstairs and buy some cigarettes. I had stopped smoking last year, but now I felt the urge again. It seemed that everyone in the adjoining rooms was awake. On one side, there was hysterical screaming and applause, possibly a TV game show; on the other, the savage roaring of a station that had gone off the air. Perhaps the people in that room were unconscious or dead.

The eggs arrived just after I'd fallen asleep. They had been cooked in a swamp of deep congealed fat and were surprisingly cold. It wasn't until later the next day that I realized I had tipped the waiter the equivalent of $12.

It was difficult to sleep. I had asked for a quiet room. This one had an air conditioner in the bedroom window and another in the bathroom window. Both rooms overlooked an air shaft lined with identical rows of windows and air conditioners. Even with both of my units switched off, the room throbbed and roared throughout the night.

In the morning, the front-desk clerk called the airport to ask about the Golfito plane. It had already taken off. The clerk was apologetic. "Usually, it leaves at seven, but today, it went at six," he said.

I called Mr. Pogue. To my relief, he answered the phone. I told him I had missed the plane but that it didn't matter, since the airline said all the flights were full for the next month, anyway. Mr. Pogue didn't say anything at first. Then he said, "Bastards, those bastards." Swiftly apologizing for this lapse, he said, "They always tell people the flights are full. They told me the same thing last week, but my plane had eight empty seats on it."

It was now Thursday morning. I needed to be back in Chicago by Monday morning. If I wanted to get to Golfito, I would have to rent a car and drive there. "How far is it and how long will it take?" I asked Mr. Pogue.

"Ooh, you're lookin' at about, say, maybe four, five, six hours on the road," he said. I gathered that he himself hadn't actually driven from San José to Golfito, but he'd heard the road surface was pretty good all the way. Regular paving kind of thing, couple of potholes here and there, but, hey, this ain't the L.A. freeway, chuckle, chuckle. I was looking forward to our meeting.

I wanted to drive just one way, San José to Golfito. By coincidence, a friend was delivering a fishing boat from Florida to California, and we'd arranged to rendezvous at Golfito that very day. My plan was to leave the car at the rental firm's Golfito office and take the boat to Puntarenas, farther north on the Costa Rican coast. From there, I would make my own way back to San José for the return flight to Chicago.

The agent at the rental counter said it was impossible to leave the car at Golfito. There was no office there. He said something to an associate. He laughed so hard, I thought he was going to have an attack.

"You are driving to Golfito?" asked the agent. He looked impressed.

"The road is good, yes?" I said.

"Sometimes it's very good. Sometimes it's not very bad. It is interesting. You pass the volcano. You must take the insurance; it is a rule."

"How far is Golfito?"

Both men discussed this question but were unable to agree. They had never been there. They produced a map, the map I would use for the journey. They seemed surprised when I pointed to Golfito, as if they'd expected it to be somewhere else. The map had no scale. My friends at the rental counter guessed that Golfito was somewhere between 300 kilometers and 500 kilometers from San

(continued on page 156)

DECADE OF THE DRIVER

PLAYBOY'S CARS FOR 1990

five top automotive journalists join race-car driver kevin cogan to pick this year's hottest wheels

modern living

By KEN GROSS and DAVID STEVENS

IF YOU LOVE CARS, hold on to your helmets. The Nineties are about to explode with the greatest array of exciting models we've seen in years. It's going to be a far cry from the stumbling late Sixties, when crude first attempts at adding safety and pollution-control devices begat ponderous cars burdened with bulky bumpers and gutless engines strangled by primitive antipollution devices. For a while, it looked as though we were doomed to drive what *Playboy*'s late and great auto writer Ken W. Purdy described as turgid, jelly-bodied clunkers.

But as the Eighties progressed, car companies developed more effective safety measures. With the help of improved fuels, auto makers found ways to make engines run cleanly without sacrificing power. European *marques* set a fast pace; the Americans and the Japanese quickly followed. Handling and electronics improved and, best of all, from an enthusiast's standpoint, horsepower galloped back into fashion. Driving became fun again.

For buyers shopping for new wheels today, there's an almost overwhelming set of choices: nearly 50 makes and more than 300 models. To make matters even more confusing, many car brands repeat themselves with alternative name plates in different showrooms. Not surprisingly, due to their extremely low prices, the largest-selling "cars" in America today are pickup trucks; and off-road vehicles are enjoying new-found popularity.

While the biggest auto makers (and a few of the smaller, more innovative ones) are locked in a global struggle for survival, we, the customers, are continuing to be the winners. Competition inevitably forces bad players out while raising the quality of every survivor's products. Despite squabbles over emission standards, gas-guzzler awards and the seat-belt-*vs.*-the-air-bag wrangle, *Playboy* believes this decade will be the best in automotive history. And to get you off and rolling, we've invited five top automotive journalists, along with race-car driver and Playboy Products spokesperson Kevin Cogan (see below), to give opinions on the 1990 models they like in a variety of categories, from Hottest Sports GTs Under $20,000 to the Most Boring Cars. Gentlemen, start your opinions.

•

Car for Your Girlfriend to Buy: The Miata is too obvious a choice here. That's because all our panelists who voted for the Miata secretly wanted one. Said David Stevens, "Get a Miata for your girlfriend and get a location beeper, too, or you'll never see her again." John Lamm, Kevin Cogan and Len Frank agreed. Lamm: "Show me a woman with a Miata and I'll show you a woman who knows how to smile." Cogan: "Especially if she lives on the West Coast, where this has become a very 'in' car." Frank: "In some parts of Los Angeles, it used to be illegal for anyone other than somebody's girlfriend to *(text concluded on page 159)*

LAMM

YATES

FRANK

COGAN

GROSS

STEVENS

John Lamm: A respected automotive journalist with years of experience on staff at *Road & Track* and *Motor Trend* magazines, Lamm is currently *Road & Track*'s editor at large and has ample time to write about and photograph some of the world's choicest wheels. (His choice camerawork on Ferrari's new model 348 in January's *R&T* is an excellent example of his work.) Last year, automotive business took him overseas six times.

Brock Yates: While at work on the biography of Enzo Ferrari, due out this year, Yates—a frequent contributor to *Playboy*—still finds time to write his columns in *The Washington Post Magazine* and *Car and Driver* and to publish a newsletter, the *Cannonball Express*. He's also owner of the Cannonball Run Pub in Wyoming, New York. His annual One Lap of America road rally is also gearing up for 1990, marking its sixth year.

Len Frank: Former editor at large for *Motor Trend*, now host of the nationally syndicated radio program *The Car Show* and self-proclaimed cult celebrity, Frank has been writing about automobiles for more than ten years. His work has appeared in *Automobile* and *Sports Car International*. If it has wheels, Frank has driven it, ridden in it, written about it, owned it or sold it. He also has served as a consultant to several car manufacturers.

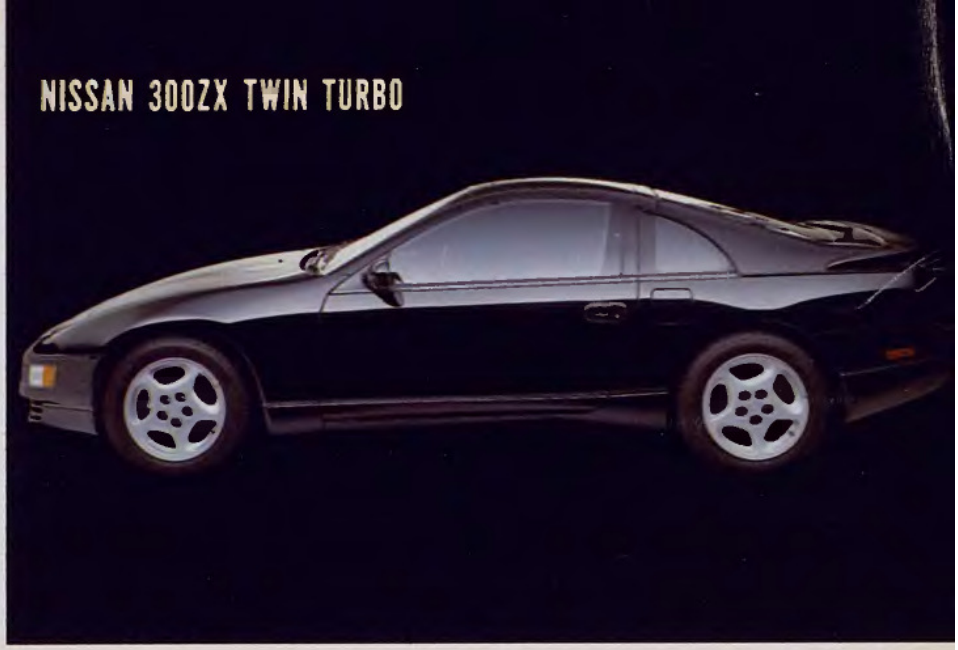
Kevin Cogan: Cogan, a veteran of more than 100 Indycar races, has been a spokesperson for Playboy Products for more than four years. Milestones in his talented driving career include a second-place Indianapolis 500 finish (he has a total of four Indy top-ten finishes), a third-place finish in the 1988 Toyota Grand Prix of Long Beach and a tenth-place finish in last year's Autoworks 200 at Phoenix. In 1988, his earnings topped $2,000,000.

Ken Gross: Author of *Foreign Intrigue* (*Playboy*, September 1988), Gross writes a monthly column for *Automotive Industries* magazine and contributes his extensive motorcar expertise to *Road & Track*'s special publications. His work frequently appears in *Automobile* magazine and *Automobile Quarterly*, and his books on Ferrari and BMW are volumes sought after by automobile buffs, collectors and even those new to the industry.

David Stevens: A *Playboy* Editor for the past 24 years, as well as a world traveler whose wanderings have taken him from the sandy streets of Timbuktu and the deepest jungles of Ecuador to the misty moors of Scotland, Stevens is our Senior Editor in charge of the material stuff men like, and that includes covering all the latest trends in food and drink, fashion, new products and, of course, the world's finest and fastest automobiles.

Most Improved Old Models: Although Toyota's brand-new MR-2 is slugged a 1991 model, we've lumped it in with our choice of 1990 wheels. Stevens, who drove it in California, was especially taken with the car, saying that it "offers beautiful new styling at an affordable price." Cagan thought it was "very agile, with a lot of zip." The Porsche 911 Carrera 4 and 2 were other improved old models. Lamm on the Carrera 4: "Brings the old bugger right up to date. Even the power steering feels right." Frank: "It may look like a 911, but it has new suspension, new structure, a new drive system and a heavily revised engine." Gross, who drove the Carrera 2 from Frankfurt to Nice: "Besides the ease and fun of shifting the Tiptronic automatic, the newest Porsche reda features neutral handling, sensitive power steering and great ABS brakes."

Hottest Sports GTs Over $20,000: Nissan's new twin-turboed Z car, according to Stevens, is a machine that "turns heads faster than Cindy Crawford in Saran Wrap." "They've revived the old 240Z concept," said Gross, "and created a fast, innovative, stylish sports coupe at an affordable price." Frank: "No sports car since the '84 'Vette has had the eye appeal of the 300ZX. With the turbos, it goes a step further. Not for introverts." Lamm: "It's so quiet you don't believe how fast you're going." Cogan: "Performance with a great new design." Other nifty over-$20,000 GTs include the Toyota Celica All-Trac, of which Yates said, "If the Germans or the Italians made this little miracle, they'd charge you one hundred grand and you'd be selling your first-born to get one." Of the Thunderbird SC, he opined, "A very civilized effort—but bland styling."



Most-Fun-to-Drive Cars: The nimble and ultra-affordable Mazda MX-5 Miata is our panelists' choice for one of the New Cars We Like for Under $20,000. Frank commented that "anyone who doesn't like driving it doesn't like driving," but he also swore allegiance to the Honda CRX Si and the Suzuki Swift GT. Yates thought the MX-5 demands something from the driver, "which is what sporty driving is all about," but called the Porsche 911 Carrera 4 "a driver's delight." Lamm also chose the Miata but pointed out that the Corvette ZR-1 is especially desirable "if half the fun is meeting ladies." Along the same line, Gross thought that driving the Miata was "about the most fun you could have in a car with your clothes on." Stevens agreed; but while Cogan liked the Miata a lot, he thought that if money were no object, he'd go for a Ferrari 328 GTS.

New Cars We Like Over $20,000: Our panel was almost unanimous in its admiration for the new Lexus LS 400. Yates: "The 400 may be the first perfect automobile. It will make the Japan bashers positively suicidal." Lamm concurred, pointing out that "it's not as nice a handling car as the Infiniti Q45, but a better package overall." Gross agreed that the Infiniti was a bit quicker and offered niftier ergonomics but thought that Toyota's new flagship "handles crisply, steers wonderfully and offers a smoother engine." Cogan and Stevens concurred: "You can buy a Miata with what you save over the competition." Frank, the one dissenter, was loyal to the Mercedes-Benz 500SL. "There's no confusing elegance with opulence or luxury with excess here, and damned little pandering to the transitory tastes of the yahoos who attend clinics and focus groups."

Niftiest Spare-No-Expense Cars: If you're rolling in bucks, the new Mercedes-Benz 500SL was our panel's first choice. Gross said, "This roadster fairly bristles with innovation—including a unique pop-up roll bar. It's expensive, but how much is your life worth?" Lamm agreed, calling it "the best value far money in this class, a lovely motorcar." Frank said that he might wait for the 12-cylinder version but found the 500SL to have "wonderful road manners and the best seats I've ever experienced and more road performance than anyone would ever need." And Stevens thought the 500SL was a "bold new breed of Benz." Other choices: Lamborghini's LM002 ("Cross the Iran-Iraq border in style. Makes the Range Rover look like a preschooler's trike"—Yates) and the Ferrari Testarossa ("This one says it all if you want to have it all"—Cogan).

Most Likely Future Classics: Our panel thought the best car to buy and tuck away was the $59,000 Carvette ZR-1, provided, said Yates, "Chevrolet doesn't go nuts and overproduce the thing." Frank agreed, predicting that the ZR-1 "will most likely follow the old pattern—massively collectible at first, then collapse, then slowly climb back up. Unless, that is, the production gets canceled." Stevens called it the "King Kong Bundy of cardom—a real monster"—and Lamm thought it was the only car on the market now "with the combination of rarity and intrinsic value to make it worth saving." Gross, who owns a Ferrari, leaned toward the Ferrari Testarossa ("These cars are already selling for fifty percent over the list. Dealers are charging—and getting—two hundred thousand plus"), and Cogan couldn't decide between a Miato and a Ferrari F40.

All-Wheel-Drive Wheels We Like: The turbocharged all-wheel-drive versions of the Talon and its near-clone sister, the Mitsubishi Eclipse, took the nod, with Yates pointing out that "if they can make this little miracle [the Talon] for such low bucks [about $16,700], they ought to be able to put a man on Mars without exceeding their MasterCard limit." Gross was equally positive: "One hundred ninety-five horses driving all four wheels make the Talon/Eclipse a delight, on all road surfaces. Gone is the arm-wrenching torque steer, replaced by a can-do attitude that makes hero drivers out of tyros." Stevens also liked the Talon/Eclipse but said he'd think about trading up to a Porsche 911 Carrera 4 "if he won the lottery." Frank, Lamm and Cogan also picked the 911 Carrera 4. Honorable mentions went to the Audi Coupe Quattro and the Mitsubishi Galant GSX.

VOLKSWAGEN CORRADO

Hottest Sports GTs Under $20,000: The peppy little Volkswagen Corrado pulled awoy from the pack in this category, with most of our panel thinking, as Lamm did, that "what makes this car so attractive is the fact that it's not Japanese. With that comes a difference . . . not so soft, so quiet, so well rounded, but more of a stand-up-and-take-chorge attitude." Yates pointed out that the Corrado was "not the quickest, but it's German and it looks weird; that counts for something." Stevens liked the Corrado in "look-at-me yellow" and thought the automatic rising spoiler was "kind of like mooning someone as you accelerate by him." Frank praised the car's G-Lader supercharger ond handling "that's as good as front-wheel-drive cars with high horsepower are likely to get." Other votes went to the Talon/Eclipse and the Toyota MR-2.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

A SNEAK PREVIEW OF 1991 AND BEYOND

sooner than you think, here's how you'll be easing on down the road

CHEVROLET CAMARO

The Japanese have emerged as the premiere innovators, just as they have conquered the marketplace with their motorcycles, watches, cameras and audio/video equipment. Honda, the undisputed winner on the Formula I racing circuit, will lead the way in 1991 with its flashy Acura NS-X—a Ferrari type of mid-engined coupe that can top 150 miles per hour but costs less than $60,000. Once-conservative Toyota has let a 185-mph cat out of the bag, silencing critics of copycat Japanese styling in the process. It's the 4500GT: a 40-valve, 4.5-liter, aerodynamic Toyota prototype. Arriving from Lexus: the extended-wheel-base L5500 limousine, featuring a powerful five-liter engine that still beats the gas-guzzler tax. Lexus is also considering bringing out an ES300 sedan in mid-1991 to do battle with the Mercedes-Benz 300E. That's just the beginning. As the Tokyo Motor Show, with its high complement of concept cars, closed out the decade, Mazda dazzled showgoers with its 300-hp Cosmo three-rotor Wankel-engined GT, which boasts a CRT display featuring integral navigation, climate and audio controls. Along with a 3000GT prototype (see box), Mitsubishi previewed the Diamante, a BMW-look-alike luxury sedan that offers full-time four-wheel drive and four-wheel steering. Back in the States, American manufacturers also have some pretty slick tricks up their sleeves for 1991 and beyond. Coming in the mid-Nineties from Chevrolet, we've been told, will be an impressive 200-mph Corvette with a virtually all-glass roof. Under its hood will be a megahorsepower 48-valve, four-cam V8. Semi-active suspension and computerized steering are just two of the next Corvette's promised refinements. Chevy's futuristic mid-Nineties Camaro boasts a sharklike profile made from lightweight composite panels tacked to a steel frame. Tomorrow's Camaro and its traveling companion, the Pontiac Banshee, will feature independent multilink suspension, six-speed manual gearboxes and ground-pounding V8 engines. From Buick comes word of a sexy Lucerne convertible with such electronic innovations as one-touch entry, separate climate and entertainment controls for each seat, a Navicar computer-navigation system and electronically activated automatic transmission. "The Lucerne is our expression of the Buick feeling," Charles M. Jordan, General Motors Design vice-president, said. "It is substantial, distinctive, powerful, mature and, at the same time, dashing and graceful, with a lot of flair. We call it 'muscular grace.'" Using the U.S. mainland as a base, the Japanese will export more cars across the Atlantic, battling the Europeans on their very own motorways. The Continentals won't give up easily. Mercedes blasted back into racing again by winning last year's coveted Le Mans 24-hour classic. As if its new 500SL roadster's 322-hp V8 weren't enough, there'll be a 48-valve, six-liter, 400-hp V12 powering the 600SL and future S-class sedans. Innovations include 4Matic, Mercedes' unique all-wheel-drive system, plus clever adaptive suspension. BMW just unveiled its own luxury coupe. New 850i's will feature a five-liter V12 engine, a six-speed manual gearbox, four-wheel steering, traction control, active suspension and a highly sophisticated climate-control system. Don't even ask the price! The redesigned 3-series, slated for late 1992, will be longer, lower and wider, with engines ranging from feisty fours all the way up to a 155-mph pocket rocket with a 230-hp power plant. Audi is promising an exciting cabriolet that carries open-air traction to new heights, thanks to a choice of front-wheel or four-wheel drive. With fresh infusions of cash from new owner Ford, Jaguar plans to shoehorn its powerful V12 into the recently upgraded XJ sedan, building a mid-sized competitor for BMW's *(concluded on page 150)*

MERCURY CAPRI

TOYOTA 4500GT

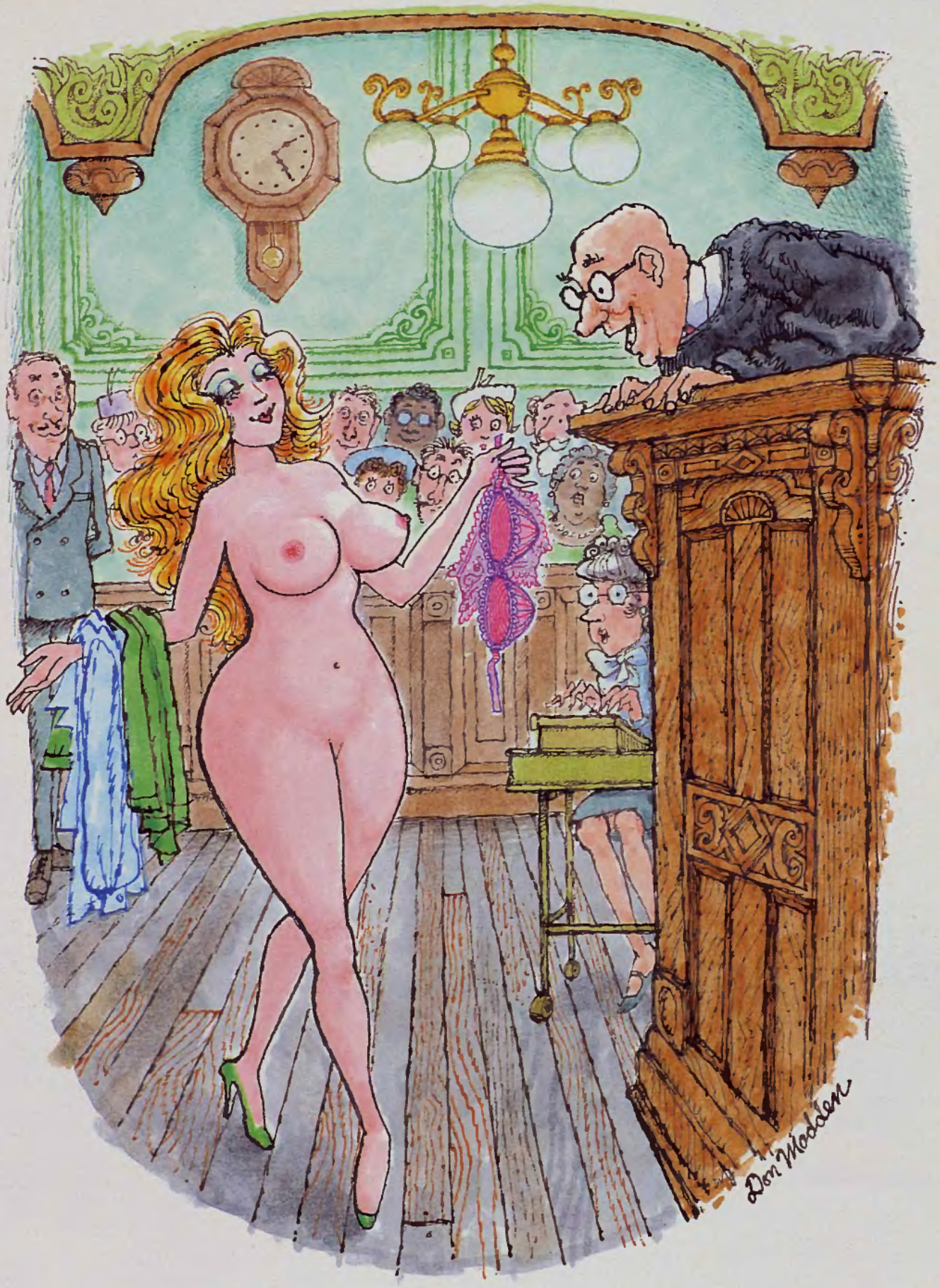
BUICK LUCERNE

BMW 850i

WHISPERS OF THE STEALTH

For 1991 (on sale this coming fall), Dodge is betting heavily on its flashy Stealth sports coupe. Partner Mitsubishi's even sportier version will be called the 3000GT. Said to rival the 300ZX, this jointly developed "baby Ferrari's" tentative specs feature a 300-hp, twin-turbo, 24-valve V6 engine, ABS brakes, four-wheel steering, electronically controlled suspension and all-wheel drive. Chrysler and Mitsubishi's coproduced Eclipse, Laser and Talon have been runaway successes, so their 1991 collaboration—with the Stealth and the 3000GT—promises even more good things. The Americans provide imaginative styling as well as distribution assistance. Quicker engineering timetables, efficient manufacturing and terrific quality control are Japan's contributions. Coming (we hope) is the V10 Viper roadster that's a powder keg of a two-seater.

DODGE STEALTH



"In view of defense exhibit A, I dismiss the public-indecency charge on the ground of overriding great uplifting value."

By JAMES MORGAN

JERRY JONES DOES DALLAS

how an oil tycoon from arkansas bought a football team in texas and hit a gusherful of problems

Did you hear that Jerry Jones is trying to buy the Southland Corporation? He's going to change the name of 7-Eleven to 0–11.

—DALLAS JOKE

IT HAS BEEN maybe two minutes since the Washington Redskins finished creaming the Dallas Cowboys, and in the losers' locker room, owner Jerry Jones has gone straight to the lavatory to spit. While Jerry's leaning over the sink, coach Jimmy Johnson is standing alone in the center of the room, standing flat-footed, with his arms limp by his sides. He looks stunned, like a prize fighter who has gotten to his feet just after the bell.

No players have reached the lockers yet, just Jerry and Jimmy. These two go back a long way together, back far enough not to have to talk in moments like this. In the early Sixties, they were college roommates and teammates at Arkansas under legendary coach Frank Broyles; and in 1964, they were cocaptains of the Razorbacks team that went 11–0 and beat Nebraska in the Cotton Bowl for the national title. They were winners then, and they've both been winners since. Jerry made a fortune in the oil-and-gas business, and Jimmy made himself a hot property by improving the fortunes of every team he coached. When Jerry bought the Cowboys in February 1989, he promised his new home town a winner. His first act in that regard was to fire Tom Landry, Dallas' coach for 29 years, and declare Jimmy his main man.

So the feeling these two old pals are sharing on this otherwise beautiful day in Dallas is one they haven't experienced often, though they're getting a lot more familiar with it than they'd like. After going 3–1 in the pre-season, the Cowboys are 0–3 now that it counts. To make matters worse, today was homecoming—the first regular-season home game. Good thing Jerry and Jimmy are both diehard positive thinkers, because in the minds of most Dallas fans, the Jerry–Jimmy act is wearing thin. First, there's suddenly all this tacky hoopla, this hoo-hawing and showboating that Jerry does in the name of promotion—such as having Elizabeth Taylor perform today's coin toss. Then there's Jimmy fresh up from the college ranks, with his moon face and his shellacked helmet hair, pacing the very same side lines that Landry did. Finally, there's the Arkansas thing. Texans loathe Arkansans, considering them bumpkins even beyond the imagination of an Al Capp. Arkansans point to Texans' penchant for gaudy cowboy boots and say, "Consider the source." This animosity started, as near as anyone can remember, over football: The Arkansas Razorbacks are the only non-Texas team in the Southwest Conference. Over the years, Texas fans have come to abhor the sight of one of their stadiums half-filled with screaming people wearing red hats in the shape of wild pigs.

So when two hog-hat wearers march across the state line and take control of one of Texas' most cherished traditions, it's no wonder the Dallas fans squeal. And the words they're squealing now, loud and clear, are, *This is the big leagues, hotshots. You're not in Arkansas anymore, Toto.*

And indeed they're not. They're deep in the bowels of Texas Stadium, which Jerry now owns, and they're trying to exorcise this demon that has been eating their lunch week after week. Jerry's spitting, as if you could hock up a hunk of defeat and get it out of *(continued on page 138)*

PAINTING BY HERBERT DAVIDSON

PLAYBOY'S WORLD TOUR '90

straight from the pages of our foreign editions,
26 international beauties

IF YOU WERE planning the definitive trip to take in the world's most beautiful sites, your itinerary would require stops in at least 12 distant places: Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Germany, Greece, Hong Kong, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, Spain and Turkey. How did we come up with this list? Easy. We have an eye for beauty. And, of course, these locations also happen to be ports of call for *Playboy*'s legion of foreign editions. We've made arrangements to bring 26 international beauties home to you. So stow your worries in an overhead compartment, fasten your seat belt, sit back and get ready for a stunning world tour. We won't even lose your bags.

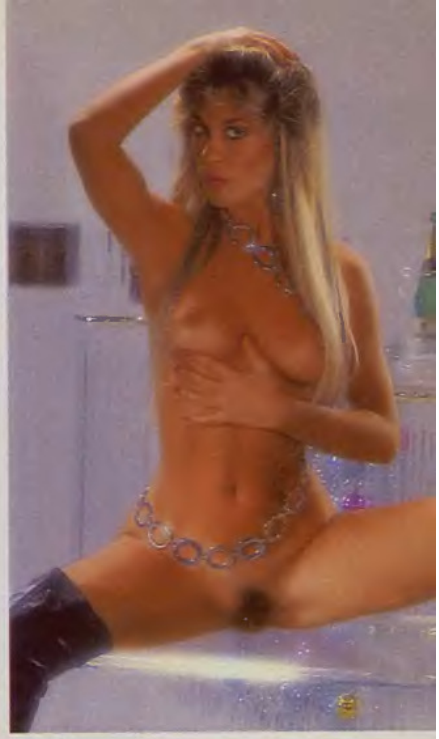
It didn't take long for 19-year-old Vanusa Spindler (opposite) to discover life in the fast lane after graduating from high school last year. The June 1989 Brazilian cover girl was named Miss Grand Prix for the Formula 1 Grand Prix in Rio. Sabine Dragomirescu-Ciotiko (above), a 5'1" cosmetology student in Berlin, is the April 1989 Playmate in our German edition. Here she poses the answer to the question Why were so many East German men so eager to high-foil it over the wall?

If the proposed Europeon Community trade agreement mokes it eosier for the Itolion *Playboy* to import British beauties such os Susonno Groy (obove left), we think most Italion men will be willing to vote *si*. Susonno wos discovered while woiting for the subwoy in Rome. Good thing the troin wosn't on time. Germon *Playboy* pictoriol subject Therese Jagersberger (above right) knows how to pilot a helicopter. Her flight plan recently propelled her into o storring role in the mode-for-Austrian-TV movie *Die Verlockung* (*The Temptation*). Patty Zomer (below right) groced the poges of our Netherlonds edition. Formerly o singer with o group colled the Dolly Dots, she now teoches others how to croon ond swoon. Business school student Trocy Leung (below left) appeared in our Hong Kong edition. Trocy hos her sights set on o coreer as an executive secretary. Everyone into the office pool.

Giuliana Laiodice Taylor (above left) warked as a dancer at the Crazy Horse in Paris before appearing in the Italian *Playboy* last May. Her ambitian is to appear in a Fellini film, preferably with her ideal man, Marcello Mastroianni. Discerning readers will surely remember breath-taking Brazilian Luma de Oliveira (above right) from our July 1988 issue. This Latin lavely illuminated herself by winning the title of Miss Playboy International. Her *compatriota* Ana Lima (below left) is a 19-year-old fashion madel from Rio who enjoys walking the beach at Ipanema. And when she passes, each boy she passes goes ga-ga. Grecian beauty Melpo Kosti (below right) earned a spot in the hearts of Greek readers when she posed in the September 1989 issue. A fan of Phil Collins and Barbra Streisand, Melpo reveals a rather Spartan career ambition: "I want to succeed in my jab," she says.

Statuesque Alexandra Lisec (right), the March 1989 German Playmate, wants to live to be 100 and stay healthy. It looks to us as if she has the healthy part down, and since one of her hobbies is sleeping, the rest may come naturally. She has no tolerance for laziness, deceit, boring people or boring restaurants, and her ideal man is aloof on the outside and sweet on the inside. As for why she decided to pose for *Playboy*, Alexandra says, if you have a nice body, why not show it off? This *Fräulein* has a logical streak, *ja*?

Playboy readers in Japan say *hai!* to 19-year-old Akiyo Maruyama (above). It's not surprising that she was named one of three Playmate Japan Grand Prix winners last year. According to our counterparts in the Far East, Akiyo "is not shy of her beauty. Talking with her, conversation flows like a breeze, free and smooth. She is very slim, her limbs look so fragile, but through the lens, her body shows power. She has a sensitivity that is so refreshing to the hearts of men." Could we have said it any better?



Sultry young actress Leylo Durgun (above left) showered her charms on *Playboy*'s Turkish readers last September. After surviving her first dramatic role in the video turkey shoot *Psychopath*, she posed as a temptress in *Dark Emotions*, a "picture novel" published in the magazine supplement of the newspaper *Sabah*. Argentina's Karen Reitchardt (above center) and Marta Carocciolo (above right) have a lot in common besides beauty and an affinity for ropes and chains. Both were born in Buenos Aires and have appeared on Argentine TV. Marta spread holiday cheer on the December 1988 centerfold; Karen provided readers with some welcome fringe benefits in July 1989. Johanna "Joby" Oetiker (down under) unbridled her inhibitions in the Australian *Playboy* in August 1988. The 5'3½" blonde will read anything by Tom Robbins or John Irving. She thinks ego trippers are a crack, hates heavy metal but loves the Violent Femmes and her favorite performers include Jim Morrison and Cher. Wait—isn't one of them dead?

Snacktime must have been quite the educational experience when German *Playboy* model Isabella Haller (above) taught kindergarten in her home town of Vienna. Besides appearing in music videos and TV commercials, Isabella won the titles of Miss Vienna and Fashion Queen of Austria in 1984. Hot off the pages of our Brazilian edition comes Cida Costa (top left), a drama student in São Paulo. Her career got off to a roaring start when she won the Lion d'Or award at the Cannes Advertising Festival. Alejandra Rath (left), from Argentina, has done TV commercials all over South America.

Gitta Sack (abave), an optician from Überlingen, provided a double eyeful for German readers, appearing as a Playmate in April 1988, then returning last year as Playmate of the Year. Vera Pinto (top right), an aerobics instructor in Rotterdam, revealed the bottom line on deep knee bends in our Netherlands edition last April. Vera, we're told, finds a man in tight jeans very exciting and her fantasy is ta relieve him of the jeans. Greek Playmate Danaë Pothitau (right) was born on Crete. Her secret wish is to live on one of the more remate of the Aegean Islands—olone, that is. No cretins allowed.

Brazilian-born Laura Conti (above) is a former trapeze artist who flew to Barcelana three years ago and landed film roles—and a Spanish *Playboy* spread—with the greatest of ease. Stunning Guadalupe Zavala (left) recently moved from Mexico City, where she appeared on numerous TV programs, to Chicago (*¡brava!*), where she works as a singer. She plans to study law and opera and hopes to recard an album of papular Mexican songs. Hungarian beauties Judith Gabor (right) and Judit Barcoczy (apposite) both appeared in the Itolian *Playboy* last year (before our Hungarian edition was inaugurated). Judith, wha is still waiting for her ideal day to came, may be a distont relative of Zsa Zsa; Judit's wish is to spend ane night with Michele Placido. We'll let both of them knaw.

JERRY JONES *(continued from page 126)*

"'The deejay vowed celibacy until the Cowboys win,' Jerry tells his secretary. 'We'll do what we can.'"

your system. And Jimmy, he's still standing there teetering.

•

The photograph sitting on a credenza behind Jerry Jones's desk in Dallas shows a smiling Jerry standing next to a man who's wearing a cowboy hat and a rugged grin, the kind Western movie stars used to affect. This is the most prominent photograph in Jerry's office.

Jerry doesn't remember who the man in the photograph is.

That's as succinct a symbol as you'll find for how weird his life has gotten over the past seven months, months filled with faces in the crowd—so many of them, in fact, that they've become a blur. Until he bought the Dallas Cowboys, Jerry was a quietly successful oil-and-gas entrepreneur from Little Rock. Since then, he has visited the White House to meet George Bush. He has bantered with Sam Donaldson on national TV. He has played host to Liz Taylor in his sky box. He has opened his home to Robin Leach for a segment of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*.

But the really strange thing is, *he seems to love the spotlight so!* This is what baffles the people who knew the old Jerry Jones as a close-to-the-vest guy with a passion for privacy. In the old days, his name rarely appeared in the newspaper. Those in the know in Little Rock knew him, but that was as *cognoscenti* everywhere know those in their midst with money.

Which is why the people in Little Rock were as surprised as everybody else when they woke up one morning and saw Jerry's face staring back at them from their morning paper, along with a story reporting that he paid $140,000,000 for the privilege of owning the Dallas Cowboys football team. But the folks who thought they knew Jerry Jones were most surprised when they caught his radical new act—his banging the podium when he talked; his bluster about wanting to keep track of "jocks and socks"; his frequent thanks to "the big coach in the sky." In Little Rock's restaurants and bars, the phrase mid-life crisis was uttered.

Now, out at the Cowboys' campuslike headquarters at Valley Ranch—a complex Jerry calls "the Pentagon of sportdom"—the new owner and general manager is just back at his office from an eight-A.M. radio call-in show, and he's tingling with energy. It is the Friday before the Redskins game and all things are still possible.

"The deejay vowed celibacy until the Cowboys win," he tells Marylyn, one of his two secretaries. "I told him that was a lot of pressure, but we'll do what we can." He recaps the show in detail as Marylyn brings him a cup of decaf.

When Jerry talks, his hands move. At the age of 47, he still wears the Arkansas Razorbacks national-championship ring that he was awarded after the Cotton Bowl in 1965. He favors the flash of cuff links, and he writes with a Mont Blanc roller ball. His hands may reposition his pocket handkerchief or flatten his tie, and, later, when he's out on the practice field in front of a film crew, they will frequently pat his sandy hair in a valiant duel with the September wind. These are the hands of a vain man, and probably a self-conscious one. How can he tolerate others' thinking he's a screwball unless he's following a higher calling?

A college friend of his named Jim Grizzle recalls that Jerry's dad, J. W. "Pat" Jones, was the first man he ever saw wearing a pinkie ring.

"Pat was his daddy, Pat was his buddy, Pat was his everything," says Grizzle.

When Jerry was growing up, Pat was in the grocery business. After World War Two, he and his wife, Arminta, moved back to Little Rock from Los Angeles (where Jerry was born) so Pat could open a fruit stand. He soon parlayed that into his first supermarket, and then a second and a third. He then started some drive-in markets, called Pat's Kwik Chek Superettes, an early competitor of 7-Eleven. This runaway success didn't happen by accident. "That guy can talk and never breathe," says Grizzle.

Young Jerry worked in his dad's store bagging groceries and delivering circulars door to door, and to this day, he claims the grocery business is a part of who he is. His father even sent Jerry, as a child of 12 or 13, to motivational seminars for store employees. "I learned to always be positive," says Jerry, twisting his championship ring. "And I learned that being positive isn't something that just happens. It's something you decide."

After 15 years in the grocery game, Pat discovered insurance and started Modern Security Life Insurance Company. By the time Jerry arrived at college on a football scholarship, he was working for the company, toting a briefcase in the summers while his cohorts were working construction or as lifeguards.

They missed the lesson Pat Jones taught his son: If you're a real salesman, you don't wait for money to come to you.

•

A lady takes her three children to the Cowboys game and they get lost. Later, someone from the stadium calls her and says, "Ma'am, could you come get your kids? They're beating the Cowboys 14–3."

—DALLAS JOKE

His salesman's blood is boiling on this pregame Friday as Jerry performs for a film crew from Los Angeles. The crew asks for a tour of Valley Ranch, and the boss is happy to oblige. He proves to be a charming master of the photo opportunity, leading his happy herd through what seems like miles of corridors of glass and wood. It would be a great place to work if you were winning games.

At one point, Jerry spies a wholesome-looking family browsing in the gift shop next to the advance-ticket counter. With camera rolling, he kneels down and interviews a little boy of about four, asking what his name is and where he's from. The boy's dad volunteers that they're from Connecticut and that they've come all the way to Dallas to see the Cowboys whip the Redskins. With that, Jerry goes back behind the counter, finds a small Cowboys sweat shirt and cap and takes it out to the beaming boy. While Jerry helps the new fan put on the hat for the camera, the boy's mother whispers to her husband, "Who *is* he?" The husband whispers, "The owner"; but by then, Jerry is off, like the Lone Ranger, to find another situation in need of photography.

Later, after saying goodbye to the film crew, Jerry stops by for a word with the coach. Jimmy says he really believes everybody's up for the Redskins, though it bothers him that some of the vets seem to take the two previous losses a little too philosophically.

Jerry pats Jimmy on the back and heads off toward his corner of the complex, but as he passes the coaches' kitchen, he runs into assistant coach Dick Nolan making coffee. Pretty soon, he has an audience—assistant coaches Dave Wannstedt and Dave Campo have gathered round—and Jerry tells them he just had a talk with commissioner Rozelle: "I said, 'Mr. Commissioner, I'm new at this and I don't want to do anything wrong, but I was wondering, does anybody ever mess around with the sacred rite of the coin toss?' And the commissioner said, 'No, that's sacrosanct.'

"And I said, 'Well, what if I get Liz Taylor to do the toss this weekend?' And the commissioner, he says, 'Goddamn! That's a *helluva* deal!'" Everybody's laughing now, and Jerry laughs and waves and high-fives and wishes them all good fortune against the Redskins. With Jerry Jones, the sales job begins at home.

Such bantering with the minions is one

(continued on page146)

This is a smoke stain from one cigarette. If you think it looks disgusting here, imagine how it looks on your teeth.

A single cigarette. That's all it takes. It's a problem you'd be stuck with if you were using a regular, or even a tartar control toothpaste.

But with Topol smoker's toothpaste, not only can you fight plaque and tartar. You can also brush away the smoking stains.

Which makes Topol a habit every smoker should have.

Nothing Removes Smoking Stains Better Than Topol.

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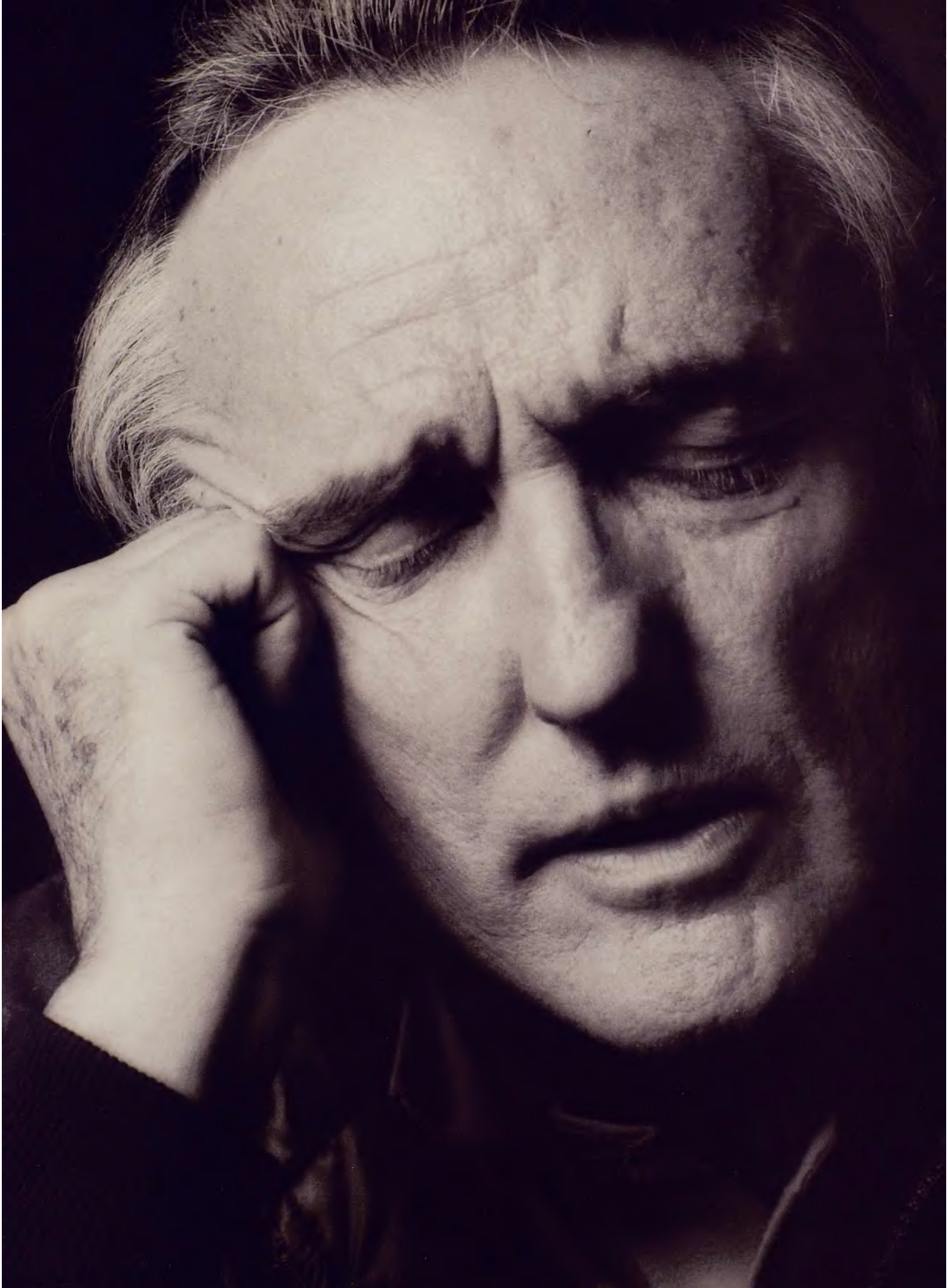


20 QUESTIONS

DENNIS HOPPER

After a 30-year career that has featured more dead ends, deaths and resurrections than a "Road Runner" cartoon, actor-director Dennis Hopper inhaled his way into our collective nightmares and revived our respect as "Blue Velvet's" psychosexual deviant, Frank Booth. That same year, 1986, he earned an Oscar nomination for his role in "Hoosiers." Next, thanks to Sean Penn, he helmed "Colors," his first major Hollywood directing job since "Easy Rider." And again, controversy followed—this time over the movie's theme of gang violence. Hopper weathered the publicity—as well as the stories about his recovery from substance abuse—and went back to work. Last year alone, he acted in and directed "Backtrack," with Jodie Foster; acted in "Chattahoochee," a film about a mental institution; and co-starred in "Flashback" with Kiefer Sutherland. Contributing Editor David Rensin visited Hopper at his home in Venice, California, just after he'd returned from directing Don Johnson and Virginia Madsen in "The Hot Spot." Hopper calls the film a kind of "Last Tango in Texas." Says Rensin, "When I arrived, Hopper was separating his just-unpacked clothes into plastic laundry baskets. He was also helping some workmen hang three new art pieces in his downstairs gallery/screening room. Later, while talking at his banquet-sized dining table, Hopper spoke softly, evenly, often lapsing into a thoughtful whisper. Throughout, he breathed normally."

1.

PLAYBOY: Frank Booth: Would counseling have helped? If he'd been rehabilitated, what kind of job might he have held?

HOPPER: Counseling? [*Smiles*] I see Frank Booth very differently from other people. To me, *Blue Velvet* is a love story, and Frank will go to any lengths to keep his lady. That's all. Cuts off the old man's ear. Kidnaps the kid. Just a love story. Most people find that strange. But they didn't *play* Frank Booth. You gotta have Frank's point of view. [*Pauses*] It's hard to figure what a straight Frank would have done. Probably run a clothing store. Sell leathers.

captain america resurrects lost poems and past loves and reveals what goes best with a harley

2.

PLAYBOY: Got any advice for actors?

HOPPER: What you get on the screen is the only thing that's important. If you let other things get in the way of your work, then you're not doing your work, and I don't care how good you are. [Many actors] carry a lot of baggage, because of their insecurities, that has nothing to do with the work. Some people find this very interesting, see it as mystique. You've got to strip it away. I was never like that. I was interested only in the work, no matter how stoned or how drunk I was. The work was all that I was living for.

3.

PLAYBOY: You usually play someone close to the edge, characters whose problems are internal, not external. Would it be a challenge to portray a normal person?

HOPPER: I would love to play a normal person. But I'm just not offered those parts. I haven't played a normal person since Jordan in *Giant*. I'd *like* to do a professional guy, a lawyer or an architect. But it seems like Newman, Redford—there's a list of guys to go through before you get to me. On the other hand, you never see the big emotions from those guys. Gary Cooper never went for that. The story carried *him*. Oddly enough, when Stanislavsky came to this country, he shocked all the actors by saying that Gary Cooper was what he'd been trying to teach everybody in the Moscow Art Theater. And that he was doing simple reality and that was really what it was all about.

4.

PLAYBOY: Does the Method still work? Or is the age of genius and your peers—Brando, Dean, Clift—gone?

HOPPER: Those guys were going *against* the Hollywood system. Today, that same system is mostly Method. Method just means you have a way of working. Today's system is built for actors. Now, very often, actors are asked to block their own scenes. A director wants to see what they're gonna do before he sets his camera. When I started out and when Brando, Clift and Dean were acting, a director told you how to say your line, where to make your gesture, where to pick up a cup. That kind of directing is long gone.

5.

PLAYBOY: What popular myth about actors would you like to correct?

HOPPER: If an actor is at all successful early on, then people expect him to always be financially well off. But job security is limited. It's such a fickle business. I don't know what the percentages are now, but when I was starting out, ninety-eight percent of your stars became stars for three years and were dropped. Edmund Purdom, Tab Hunter, Richard Beymer—the kid who starred in *West Side Story* with Natalie Wood. Every part that came along for three years, Beymer got. And this happened to guy after guy after guy. It was like Hollywood just read them like the morning newspaper and threw them away. It's a tragedy. And yet for years after their three-year period, everybody assumes that they have money, assumes that they're working, you know? They still get the best table in the restaurant, but do they have the money to pay the check? It's pathetic. I've had my own ups and downs and have lived on the illusion. I've had friends want to borrow money and even they don't understand when I say, "Hey, but I'm broke. I don't have any money." They say, "Are you kidding me? You gotta have money."

6.

PLAYBOY: What happened to your autobiography? You were reportedly offered a six-hundred-thousand-dollar advance.

HOPPER: It was more. [*Smiles*] I talked myself into a deal and then turned it down. I thought it would take too much of my time, and I would rather direct movies and act. Even with a ghostwriter, I couldn't do it in six months. And I'd have to be very hands-on about it. Also, to do a real book, I'd have to tell an awful lot of stuff that I don't know if I really want to get into. My life is more complicated than it seems.

7.

PLAYBOY: As someone who has teetered on the edge, tell us: Does America really love a man who earns a second chance?

HOPPER: It's too weird. This has happened to me so many times that I don't know what it really means. I remember being nineteen years old and going to the premiere of *Giant* in New York City. The night before, I'd starred with Natalie Wood in a *Kaiser Aluminum Hour* show on TV. And the studio, because Natalie and I are both under contract to Warner Bros., wants me to take Natalie to the premiere of *Giant*. I don't want to do it. I want to take this young woman by the name of Joanne Woodward. So the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORMAN SEEFF

papers won't interview me [at the premiere] because they don't know who Joanne Woodward is. They say, "Are you a secretary, sweetheart?" And the next year, she wins the Academy Award for best actress for *The Three Faces of Eve*. At that moment, I didn't have to go any further to understand what it was really all about. By then, James Dean had died; next I was blacklisted. I studied with Strasberg, got married, was looked on as a maniac and an idiot and a fool and a drunkard. And suddenly, I make *Easy Rider*, man, and the whole world opens up to me. And then I make *The Last Movie*, win the Venice Film Festival, come back and am told the film won't be distributed. Finally, I go into recovery, come out and I'm straight. And it *just happens* to fit into everybody's schedule that it's the time to sober up now. That's just luck. I just keep bumping into luck. But you can talk about being sober only so long. You're sober. So your life goes on and things change, and that's it. You change with the times and are not just a sobered-up drunk.

8.

PLAYBOY: Should public figures go public with their alcohol- and substance-abuse recoveries?

HOPPER: I don't think it's a great idea for these people to be telling everybody that they had a drug problem but they don't have it anymore because they've gone three months sober. The idea of being in an anonymous twelve-step program is to stay anonymous. You're not supposed to talk about it, because it's not good for the other people—if you slip. And a lot of these people are slipping. They're in and out of the Betty Ford Center like it's some kind of check-out stand at the supermarket. I don't go around talking about the *organizations* I belong to, because it's against the format. I also have friends who are major people in the industry who have never stopped *anything*. I see them go on and on. I find that very interesting, that *I* get sober and suddenly it's such a major thing. It gets all out of balance.

9.

PLAYBOY: What would it take for you to backslide?

HOPPER: [*Laughs*] The only thing that could push me toward a joint or a drink is my hand reaching for it. There's no great emotional moment when I'm going to say, "Oh, God, they fucked with me so bad today that I'm gonna drink now, or I'm gonna take drugs." Bullshit. I might get to feeling so *good* that I'll want a drink and a joint, but that's not going to happen, either.

10.

PLAYBOY: If Billy and Captain America took off across the country today, what would they find? Did that generation, as it has been suggested, blow its birthright? Did the revolution fail?

HOPPER: I guess they'd probably drink V8 juice in a Yuppie cemetery. What would they find out there, man? Has it changed very much? The hippies are gone. The communes are gone. They could find the Jack Nicholson character still in jail somewhere, drunk. I'm sure the rednecks haven't really changed too much. If things *have* changed, it's just that they've dressed up in different clothes and different guises.

Thomas Jefferson said that every twenty years there should be a revolution if you want to keep a republic. But that doesn't mean an armed revolution. It's healthy that one generation questions another and changes are made. People going back to being conservative was a healthy move in its own way. And the liberals will come back and change it again. Balance is healthy, and that's really what democracy in a republic is all about.

11.

PLAYBOY: What goes best with a Harley?

HOPPER: What do you think? [*Heavy laugh*] Pussy, man! Pussy.

12.

PLAYBOY: In 1970, you made *The Last Movie*, a controversial film that won the Venice Film Festival. It was hardly distributed in the United States and has since endured endless analysis. Perhaps, with the passage of time, we're better prepared to understand it. Care to give it a shot?

HOPPER: I wanted to use film like the abstract expressionists were using paint. They were cultivating the illusion of painting a tree, a landscape, a house—but they were using paint as paint, using paint itself as a form. So in *The Last Movie*, I keep cutting to things like ripped film, a scene missing, a clapper board going *bonk*. Just when the story starts sucking you in and you start believing, suddenly I rip you back out and stick my tongue out at you, say, "Go fuck yourself" and say, "Look, hey. You're just watching a movie! Ha, ha, ha!"—which does not amuse a lot of

"Tonight, the Shop at Home Network is going to try something a little different."

audiences. I wanted to make audiences think about what is illusion and what is the responsibility of illusion. In the film, I have a real church and a movie-set church; there's real violence and then there's make-believe violence. I wrote *The Last Movie* with Stewart Stern—who wrote *Rebel Without a Cause* and *The Ugly American*—before I did *Easy Rider*. I wanted to do it as my first film and I didn't. So I went right into it afterward, because I'd gone around the universities with *Easy Rider* and everybody said, "We want to see new kinds of film, new kinds of film, new kinds of film." So I said, "Oh, boy, have I got one for you." But they didn't really want to see new kinds of film. They wanted to go back to the heavy opiate, the romantic energy of the Forties—the kind of movies that Spielberg does brilliantly. What's ironic is that if you now look at *The Last Movie*, considering MTV and current video-editing techniques, it's no longer far out and hard to understand. It's not your everyday film, sure, but a lot of the things I did in *The Last Movie* are now used in other films.

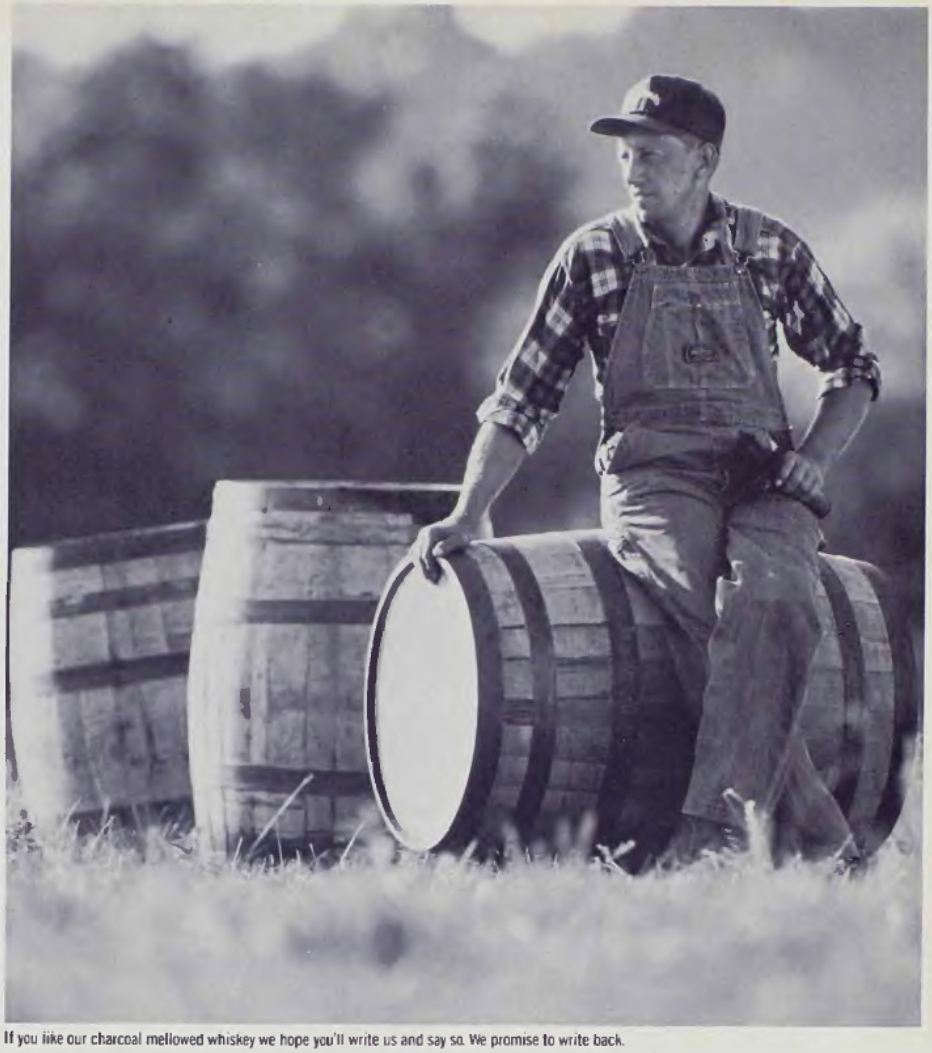
13.

PLAYBOY: When you were in Peru making that film and you were sober, did you ever see anything unusual, such as, well, UFOs?
HOPPER: [*Hearty laugh*] I saw a lot of things that were unusual. I'll tell you one experience. A young woman and a male friend of mine, Victor, and I were in this pickup truck, driving down a mountain going back to our base at Cuzco, which was at about eleven thousand feet, from the set location at Chinchero, which was at about fifteen thousand feet. It was dusk and there was a heavy cloud layer maybe twelve feet above our heads. Victor said, "Can we stop and take a piss?" So he went out in front of the truck, down the road, and I got out on my side. I was standing there, pissing, and suddenly, this whirling sound came out of the clouds. I mean, a *major* sound. Then sparks started shooting out of the clouds. I mean, literally shooting out and hitting my jacket and my feet. And the girl in the truck started screaming. Victor was speechless and didn't say anything for a long time. Anyway, we both saw it, we *all* saw it. Unexplainable. Went on for fifteen or twenty minutes. We just were frozen. Then it stopped, but the clouds were still there. We went quietly on to Cuzco.

There is no question in my mind that it was an unidentified flying object—though I never saw anything but the sparks, I mean *rains* of sparks. Victor has a theory, which I don't buy. He decided years later that it was a bunch of bats and electricity from the bats caused the shower of sparks. I don't go for that one. But then, maybe he knows something I don't know.

14.

PLAYBOY: Will sensory derangement and avant-garde decadence ever make a comeback? Can drugs be hip again?
HOPPER: I didn't know that drugs had really



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left. I keep hearing about high school students using cocaine and smoking grass, and if young people are doing it, unfortunately, it's hip to them. Some things don't change just because I got straight. There's just been some glossing over because a lot of us are getting sober. Meanwhile, lots of people still do drugs and still function. I'm amazed that I functioned at all, considering all that I did. But now I know that reality is as bizarre as anything you can put in your head. Learning to cope with reality is a bigger high than *getting* high.

15.

PLAYBOY: Has having a ballerina as a wife motivated you to stay in good shape?

HOPPER: [*Laughs*] Well, it makes me *think* about it more. I do a lot of mental exercising. I should be exercising, but I've been really busy. I do pretty well when I prepare for a movie. I go to a gym, get a trainer, do all that. When I'm directing, I don't do that. I don't have time to. Directing is a twenty-hour day, so I have no time to even imagine exercising. But I will act again next, and I will go back into the gym and I will work out and drop weight.

16.

PLAYBOY: Years ago, you lost thousands of poems in the great Bel Air fire. Care to share a lost gem?

HOPPER: I remember only one. It's a strange poem. "I go outside in my garden to pee / Green leaves side me that sweat and rain / My piss runs to weed beside a dust vacant lot that grows baseball players."

17.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything that any of your three former wives—Brooke Hayward, Michelle Phillips and Daria Halprin—got in a divorce settlement that you regret not having, and it still pisses you off?

HOPPER: Well, I can't say it pisses me off, but it would have been nice if I had gotten at least half of the paintings that Brooke Hayward left with, since she didn't have any paintings when we got married. Over the eight-year period that we were married, I spent something like thirty-eight thousand dollars and accumulated a collection that would probably be worth ten to twelve million today—things I would never be able to afford to buy now, no matter how much money I made in the movie business. I'll see something I once owned in the Pompidou, or in the Museum of Modern Art, or the Metropolitan Museum. I had major Warhols. I had Warhol's first soup-can painting; I had the first paintings by Roy Lichtenstein and Claes Oldenburg and Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg and Frank Stella and Ed Ruscha. I had Ruscha's huge Standard-station painting, which is fifteen feet long. I had major, major stuff. Brooke sold them all right afterward. All I asked for in the divorce was—not the house, not the cars—I just wanted half of the paintings. And I couldn't get any of them.

"You're opposed to protectionism, you believe in giving glasnost a chance and I like your stand on 'Roe vs. Wade.' I see no barrier to a love affair if your blood pressure checks out."

18.

PLAYBOY: What else did you always want that you still haven't gotten?

HOPPER: A real Santa Claus! I was very angry when I found out there wasn't one. It's hard for me to comprehend why we trick children into thinking there's a real Santa Claus. Is it to set them up for the fact that everything is bullshit later? Christmas sucks! It's my down time. I can't get with Christmas very much. It's difficult for me to accept gifts, because I never give them.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's the Russian suicide chair, what's it like to sit in and why the hell did you do it?

HOPPER: You sit inside a circle of twenty sticks of dynamite. The explosion creates a vacuum, like the eye of a hurricane. Dynamite won't blow in on itself. But if three in a row don't go off, you'll be sucked out and killed. Also, you can't raise your head above a certain level or it will be blown off. I asked a stunt daredevil named Ollie Anderson to set up my experience. I got into the middle and hoped like hell it would work. I had to hold my ears. I felt a little disoriented afterward, but besides that, I felt fine. I was alive. I did it because I was at the end of a run. I was doing a Happening at Rice University, a show of my photographs and paintings. I set up a whole video situation so the audience couldn't actually see me. After the presentation, I told them that if they wanted to see me in person, they had to be bused to the Big H Speedway outside town, where, in the Russian suicide chair, I was going to blow myself up after the auto race. I was also really mad. I thought there were people trying to make a hit on me because of various things that I'd been involved in; that this would be the perfect time for them to do it; that they could stop chasing me around and actually get rid of me. It would take care of everything very nicely. But . . . if I got through it, then obviously, they were going to let me go.

Once, I'd wanted to start *Easy Rider* with the suicide chair. Captain America would get in a tissue-paper coffin designed like the American flag. Billy would push the plunger and the explosion would suck off the American-flag tissue paper. Then Peter [Fonda] would stand up and wave to the audience. The whole effect would establish us as trick riders in a carnival. *Then* we'd make the coke deal in Mexico and go to Mardi Gras. Later, I decided, Hey, fuck it, I'm going to do it myself. So I did. I thought it was a good idea. I still think it is. Art on the edge. Put your life on the line.

20.

PLAYBOY: Is it better to burn out or fade away?

HOPPER: I like the direct cut.

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JERRY JONES *(continued from page 138)*

"'You just don't go into a town with Tom Landry and Tex Schramm and cut their nuts off in public.'"

of the many changes Jerry has brought to the Cowboys. He says that Hank "Tex" Schramm, the Cowboys' former general manager, advised him not to get close to the people who worked for him, especially the players. Schramm reportedly followed that rule assiduously. "My understanding," says Jerry, "is that Tom Landry was in Tex's home one time in twenty-nine years. And Tex was *never* in Tom's home." A compatriot of Schramm's and Landry's protests that that's an overstatement but admits that Tex wasn't exactly a *shmooser.* Jerry leans back on his office sofa and shakes his head, and the look on his face is pure amazement. "One man can change a company," he says. "You get two people working in the same direction and you can move mountains."

He's obviously speaking of his partnership with Jimmy Johnson, which naturally leads to the subject of Tom Landry. Even now, that's a volatile topic in Dallas. "You just don't go into a town with the kinds of institutions like Tom Landry and Tex Schramm and cut their nuts off in public and stuff 'em down their throats." That eloquent summation of the problem was spoken by a Dallas professional man, and it seems to capture the mood of the city. Never mind that practically all of Dallas was ready to see Landry go; they didn't like to see an Arkansan fire him, and they didn't like the fact that the news leaked out before Jones met with Landry personally. The episode turned Landry into a martyr.

It started on February 25, 1989, when *The Dallas Morning News* ran a front-page picture of Jerry Jones and Jimmy Johnson having dinner together. The photograph was incriminating for a couple of reasons: First, they were together *in Dallas*; second, they were sitting smug as you please in a booth at Mia's, *Tom Landry's favorite restaurant!* It's as though these two interlopers had dared to walk on poor Tom's grave.

The picture forced everybody's hand, and soon Jones and Schramm were flying down to Austin to confront Landry with the news that he had been officially retired.

They met in the clubhouse of a golf course in Austin, Landry's weekend home. The room where Landry's career ended was glassed on one wall, and Landry kept his back to it. He had one of his sons with him. A crowd gathered outside and peered through the glass at Jerry while he talked. "Coach Landry said I didn't need to fly out here to say this to him, though it was 'probably good publicity,'" recalls Jerry. Over Landry's shoulder, the eyes of his friends burned tiny holes through the hit man from Arkansas.

Now, seven months after that meeting, Jerry admits he was surprised that Landry didn't receive the news of his dismissal more graciously. "He had been speaking of retirement and had been under pressure from the media," he says. "So to me, what better opportunity to make that move? I've read where he resented the fact that Jimmy was involved in the negotiating process and he was not. Anybody knows—anybody *should* know—that it's not appropriate for the people who're leaving to be involved in any way with the planning for the future. The ones going forward work their strategy out, and the ones who aren't don't go on."

The afternoon sun outside his office is beginning to cast long shadows, and Jerry is on about his sixth caffeine-free Diet Coke. He is leaning forward now, watching his words carefully, but he's starting to smile. It's not a malicious smile but the smile of a man confident enough to believe in his own logic. This must be what one colleague meant when he said that Jerry Jones could say the hardest things to you with a smile on his face.

"Coach Landry," he says, "is a man known for his belief that what's going to happen is going to happen. He's a man who has asked hundreds of men to turn in their playbooks, telling them it's over. He's a man who believes in the principle that everything can happen for the best—in other words, take this and build from it rather than lose from it. He has literally preached that.

"So for it to be less than that for him surprised me and disappointed me."

•

A guy discovers that his car has been broken into, and he thinks, Goddamn, I hope they didn't take my Cowboys' season tickets. When he checks the car, he finds that the thief has left an extra set of tickets.

—DALLAS JOKE

Jerry Jones emerges from the dark innards of Texas Stadium and stops at a vantage point two sections above the end zone. It is Saturday morning, team-photo day. Down on the field, his players and coaches have already gathered for the big event.

Jerry's nostrils flare as he surveys the scene and breathes in the crisp fall air. "God, this is great!" he says. He looks like George C. Scott in *Patton.*

At this hour of the day, the playing field is still all in shadows, but there is a ring of sunlight on one side of the stands that comes from the hole in the roof of the stadium, an oval opening that Texans say was put there "so God can watch His favorite team play football."

If God were watching this morning,

"Did you ever have a day when you just couldn't stand to get dressed?"

He'd soon see Jerry and Jimmy standing together on the 30-yard line, shooting the breeze about last night's pep rally. He'd see a man dressed as Santa Claus wandering among the athletes (the team will use a version of this photo as a Christmas card). He'd see Herschel Walker horsing around with a pair of sunglasses before the picture is taken. And He'd see Jerry meeting with J. R. Cavagnaro, the man who runs the stadium, for an update on preparations for tomorrow's game. As Jerry and J.R. head for the elevator that will take them up to the sky boxes, they pass right through the ring of sunlight that has edged onto the field.

Some people might consider a hole in the roof of Texas Stadium a bad omen, but that's not the way Jerry views things. He made his fortune looking for dry holes.

"I was traveling for the insurance company in Oklahoma," he says, "and everybody kept talking to me about the oil-and-gas business. I saw all this wealth, but what I didn't realize was that those people had made their money a long time ago, that they didn't reflect the current state of the oil-and-gas business." He got into it in 1970, at a time when big companies were laying off their exploration departments and geologists were looking for jobs selling shoes.

Soon Jerry heard about one unfortunate ex–company man who had developed a unique geological theory about finding oil and gas. "His fundamental idea," Jerry says, "was to drill between what were dry holes that had defined an old river channel called the Red Fork Channel Sands. He had painstakingly looked at hundreds of wells and had mapped out where these old channel sands had gone. He'd find a productive well in what would seem to be a pool of gas, and then they'd drill another well right next to it and it'd be dry. His theory was that that well was right on the edge of a channel. So what you'd want to do was go in and find two dry holes to show the *edges* of the channel." Using this plan, Jerry got in the business and drilled 14 successful wells in a row. Between 1971 and 1980, he concentrated on Oklahoma, drilling some 2000 wells, of which maybe 700 were good. And when a well is good, it can be very, very good; Mike McCoy, Jerry's partner in JMC Exploration, says that a really great well can bring in $50,000,000 over a 30-year period.

But every new well is a new risk, with lots of money down on the front end and no guarantees. Sort of like buying a losing football team.

J.R. and Jerry pop into one of the sky boxes just to look around. From this corridor—which could be a hallway in a motel somewhere in North Dakota—you'd never imagine that there could be opulent rooms just on the other side of these nondescript doors. There are two levels of sky boxes in Texas Stadium; on the bottom level are the older ones, built with the stadium between 1969 and 1971. On the top level are the really fancy ones, the Crown Suites, built six years ago.

Jerry checks out this particular sky box, which isn't very opulent. But that's not his concern on this morning before the Washington game. Instead, he's debating with himself about an idea to replace the back wall of the sky box with glass, so that people could stand in the corridor and still see the ball game. And the reason he wants them to stand in the corridor is so they can drink.

The city of Irving, home of Texas Stadium, doesn't allow alcohol to be sold in the stands. In one of those flukes of the liquor laws, fans can take beer *into* the stands, but the stadium can't sell it to them. In Irving, only restaurants and clubs can sell alcohol, and at Texas Stadium, the sky boxes and surrounding areas are considered clubs. So now Jerry's mulling over a plan to establish lounges at various points in the corridors behind the sky boxes; his idea is that the general public could come up, enjoy a pop, then return to their seats. Standing out there in the corridor, he mimes the actions of his targeted customer, who pays his money, sips his drink and still stays in touch with the game through TVs mounted from the ceiling. Jerry smiles the smile of the satisfied Dallas fan—not to mention the satisfied *owner*.

Next stop is Jerry's own sky box, a room his wife, Gene, recently refurbished. The suite seats 34, but it's the kind of place that if you draw only official capacity, you know the party's a bust. Most of Jerry and Gene's guests will watch the game standing up, cocktail-party style. Those who want to sit, however, can take their pick from among the 12 sunken blue-leather theater chairs facing the field, or the two blue-and-gray sofas, or the two ottomans covered in wine-colored ostrichskin, or the half dozen or so gray-and-taupe lounge chairs. The place has six TV monitors and a stereo system. And, of course, kitchen, bathroom and coat closet.

J.R. has a game to get ready for, so he leaves Jerry to fend for himself. Jerry pours a Diet Coke and takes it over to the window. The front of the sky box is all glass, with panes that rise at the press of a button. If you're playing in hot pre-season weather, you keep the windows shut and turn up the air conditioning. But on a day like today—and presumably tomorrow—the windows should be flung open so that the full pomp and circumstance of live N.F.L. football can hit you square in the face. Even today, with no fans in the stands and very few players on the field, you can feel *something*.

Jerry says that that something is the aura of the Dallas Cowboys, and he'd be happy to sell you some.

There's a dichotomy among N.F.L. owners today. In general, the men who paid big dollars—$65,000,000 or more—to join that exclusive club are more aggressive than the owners who bought decades ago, when you could have a franchise for less

"Hey, old buddy, you don't have to play those cards if you don't like them."

than $1,000,000. The old owners don't want to risk eroding their nest eggs, while the new owners have everything to lose by sitting still. Consequently, the new guys see their business as entertainment, not football.

Jerry Jones is in the entertainment business. Both personally and financially, he understands the power of image and celebrity and hero worship. Years ago, he told his father he wanted to own a sports franchise, wanted to be "a sports promoter." He may not yet be as smooth at selling his new product as he wants to be, but he knows what he has to sell. He saw it on the face of that boy he gave the sweat shirt to, and on the face of the boy's father. Jerry has been taking meetings with superpromoter Mark McCormack. He's also talking about selling Valley Ranch and moving the team headquarters to Texas Stadium so the Pooh-Bahs who buy Crown Suites can go over in the middle of the day and hold business meetings watching Cowboys workouts.

But Jerry knows that in order to sell the Dallas aura, he and Jimmy have to stop this losing streak and start winning again. He knows, too, that Herschel Walker is his fastest shot at becoming a have instead of a have-not in the football business. The way you rebuild football teams is to make trades and get more than your share of high draft picks, and Herschel is the key to that. Herschel can't run without a team, but in trade, he can bring the Cowboys the beginnings of a football team. It's a hard bullet to bite, but Herschel helps the Cowboys best by running for somebody else.

"There's nothing on the financial end of this thing that would read like something you ought to do in *The Wall Street Journal*," says Jerry, "and that's why you didn't have people butting heads to buy the team. You have to believe that you can make changes, that the future is going to be different. You have to believe that if you exercise sound business practices and you're willing to *market*—well, I believe that's what it's going to be about."

•

Dallas Cowboys Football Schedule for 1989:

September 12 ..... Irving Junior High School
September 19 ..... Cub Scout Pack 101
September 26 ..... Texas Blind Academy

—DALLAS JOKE, faxed to offices all over Texas

Game day, and the big question in Jerry's sky box is whether or not Liz Taylor is fat.

It's hard to tell from this distance. Down on the field, Liz and Jerry are motoring out to the 50-yard line in a covered golf cart. "Look! Jerry's talking a blue streak," says one of the ladies in the sky box. "You can see his hands moving."

Then another lady gets down to it. "Well, is she skinny or is she fat?" About this time, the golf cart stops and Liz alights—wearing a loose cape. "Doesn't look good for skinny," someone in the sky box says.

Fifteen minutes later, all suspicions are confirmed. The door opens and a gallant Jerry Jones, formerly of Little Rock, Arkansas, ushers in Elizabeth Taylor, formerly thin. "But," as many people say later, "she *is* beautiful."

Liz is seated in the chair of honor, front and center, and that's when Gene Jones takes over. Gene (short for Eugenia) Chambers Jones is a former Miss Arkansas/U.S.A. from Danville who met Jerry their freshman year at the University of Arkansas. Within a few months, neither was dating anyone else. They were married in January of their junior year.

"It's an honor and a pleasure to meet you, Miss Taylor," Gene is saying, but Liz responds so quietly that hardly anyone else in the room can hear her. No matter. The diamond on Liz's finger has probably stunned most of the room senseless, anyway, even here in glittery Dallas.

Gene sits down next to Liz and they talk quietly while the room regains its composure. Having passed Liz off to Gene, Jerry grabs a Diet Coke and begins to watch the game, which already isn't going so well. Only the first quarter and the Cowboys are down 7–0.

Here in Dallas in the shadow of the Nineties, it's harder than ever to separate showbiz from football. But the Cowboys just hauled a fumble 77 yards for a touchdown, tying the score 7–7. Now, *that*'s entertainment.

•

Half time is almost over and Jerry Jones is starting to sprint.

Down on the field, the players are jogging back out, but in a corridor on the second floor of Texas Stadium, Jerry and two of his executives are heading toward the next Crown Suite. Jerry is in the lead, running with an easy gait, his cuff-linked hands pumping and his sports coat still buttoned tight. "Jerry!" says George Hayes, who doesn't seem to have much trouble keeping pace. "You won't have to do this always!"

Jerry glances over his shoulder but doesn't break stride. "George, hell!" he says. "This is important!"

The corridor makes a sharp right turn and they stop short. "This it?" Jerry asks, running a hand through his hair. George pulls a list from his coat pocket and studies it. "This is it," he says, and knocks on the door as a smiling Jerry walks in talking. "Keep your fingers crossed!" he booms, and the surprised—and delighted—suite occupants rise to rub shoulders with visiting royalty. Even if his army is down 17–7.

Suite sales are a top priority of this new Cowboys management. When Jerry bought the team, only six of 113 Crown Suites had been sold. To change that, Jerry brought in Hayes, a pal from Little Rock. By the time of the Washington game, 28 additional suites had been sold. Suite sales topped $22,000,000 in 1989.

Besides the view and the right to enjoy a cocktail with their football, what suite owners now get for their money is a lot of stroking. On game day, Cowboys scouts drop by each suite and give the owner a game plan; at half time, Jerry himself will often stop and chat. After the game, suite owners are allowed to go to the media room to watch the postgame grilling of Jimmy Johnson up close and personal. It's all part of Jerry's plan to market the *juice* of big-league sports, big-league media, big-league personalities.

Later, back in his own suite, Jerry finds that the room has settled down some from the hyper first half. For one thing, Washington is now threatening a major drubbing. For another, Liz is gone. Midway through the second quarter, she made her exit, saying she was going to watch the game on the TV in the hotel. For much of the second quarter, she had holed up in Jerry's bathroom while one of her people, a woman in jeans and a long coat, considered a request for photographs. "Who're the photographers?" the woman in the long coat asked Gene Jones. "What papers are they from?" Gene said she didn't know but would find out. She also said that if Miss Taylor didn't want to be photographed, that would be fine, too. The perfect hostess.

Eventually, Liz emerged from the bathroom and had her picture taken, even posing for a portrait with Jerry and Gene and two of their three kids. Another souvenir for the credenza. Then she waved to everyone and made her violet eyes smile a farewell smile—almost a little-girl smile—and suddenly, the room, devoid of real star power, felt large and a little hollow.

•

The Dallas Cowboys are thinking of changing their name to the Dallas Tampons. They're good for only one period, and they don't have a second string.

—DALLAS JOKE

Fourth quarter and the Redskins are up 20–7. Time for Jerry to go in.

His face is taut, determined, a game face. He pauses a second at the top of the steps, then prances lightly through the fans toward the field. On either side of the aisle, heads begin to turn and fingers begin to point, but he doesn't acknowledge them, doesn't seem to hear the boos. His eyes remain fixed on the horizon.

He leaps over the little gate separating the fans from the players, and now he's at ground zero, in the thick of it, on the field of battle, in the spotlight.

In the craw of the Dallas fans.

Since he became owner, Jerry has made it a practice to stand on the side lines during at least part of every game. He says he's showing support for the team; most of the city seems to think he's just showing.

And, in fact, there *is* a certain artifice to

his being down there. He doesn't mingle with the players or the coaches but instead stands several feet away in front of the media section. He claps, he paces, he poses. He checks his cuff links. He mouths the word Sonovabitch! under his breath. He cradles one elbow in his hand, his other fist under his chin.

Jerry will tell you that ego isn't important to him, that it's the Dallas fans who really own the Cowboys. But it takes an ego to follow a dream, and a dream is a tricky taskmaster. With a dream, you have to watch your back. Jerry says he's well aware that when successful men start writing their autobiographies, that's when their empires start to crumble. He'll also tell you it has been only five years since he stopped having nightmares about missing the team bus and not getting to play.

Of course, he doesn't have to take the bus anymore. He has his own Learjet.

Washington has just scored again—the second time since Jerry has been on the side lines—and now it's Redskins 30, Cowboys 7. He claps conspicuously as his team comes off the field. He's one of few Dallas fans applauding, which may be the point. But does he know yet what even some Cowboys fans say about the people in Dallas—that they're whiners "too cool to get involved"? That they'd rather drink martinis and criticize than root for the home team?

Jerry's dad is worried about him, and so is his wife. They think he's working too hard, not getting enough rest, putting too much of himself on the line too fast. His business partner, Mike McCoy, says he doesn't offer Jerry advice about the Cowboys unless he's asked. "When all his life a man has wanted a certain automobile and finally gets to buy it, you don't kick the tires and say, 'But what about the warranty?'"

But what *about* the warranty? Can positive thinking and a passion for selling *create* a channel near a dry hole? Can two old Razorbacks running together build a winner before the aura fades? Are Jerry's pockets deep enough?

Talk with enough people about Jerry Jones and you'll hear time and again about his resolve. Pat Jones recalls the summer after Jerry was told he was too small for football; he ate and worked out for months, and in the fall, he played. His college friend Jim Grizzle says that if Jerry feels that someone has the upper hand against him, he'll stay up all night figuring a way to win. Mike McCoy says that people expecting Jerry not to be able to do something will make him work even harder. "He enjoys the excitement of having pressure on him all the time," says McCoy.

As for his financial exposure, Jerry tells a story about his first year out of college, when he paid $125,000 in loan interest on a salary of $25,000. It so unnerved him that his hands would shake when he picked up a glass. "I learned my limits early," he says. "And I don't see the acquisition of the Cowboys as a risk that affects me or my family's well-being."

When the offense takes its position, Steve Walsh is in at quarterback for the final moments, relieving Troy Aikman. It's Jimmy Johnson's admission of defeat. Just the day before, Jerry was talking about how, because he once *played* the game, he understands better than most owners what the players are going through. "I want Jimmy and the players and the coaches to know," he said, "that I hope they don't think our record is doing anything in any way—in *any* way—but increasing my resolve." Now Jerry aims his applause toward Jimmy, who is already looking dazed.

The seconds tick. On the Dallas side, scores of seats are already empty. Sitting on the bench, a few players are starting to assume that bowed-head position that looks so poignant in the newspaper on the day after. Tom Landry's fans should love that. Like Jimmy says, some people adapt too well to losing.

The gun sounds and it's over. Suddenly, the field is awash with people, and as Jimmy Johnson cuts against the grain toward the locker room, Jerry bobs and weaves and spins his way through the crowd to catch up with his old teammate. They don't say a word to each other, but Jerry reaches out with his right hand and grasps Jimmy's left forearm, and he squeezes hard as they walk into the dark tunnel together.

"He's just asking for a drug test."

1991 AND BEYOND

(continued from page 124)

5-series, and promises to speed up the presentation of the long-awaited F-type sports car. And England's Lotus will soon be importing a pricey Miata competitor, the $30,000 fiberglass-composite Elan roadster. Its pocket-sized front-wheel-drive, 16-valve engine and five-speed transaxle are courtesy of Isuzu. Porsche's striking prototype, the Panamericana, offers fresh styling. Meanwhile, the greatly improved Carrera 2 and the wonderfully stable Carrera 4 carry the flag. Porsche's new Tiptronic is surely the best sporty automatic transmission ever. Look for copies as soon as competitors figure it out.

Ferrari will retain its sports-car crown with the 348ts, a 300-hp, 170-mph speedster that's shorter, wider and considerably faster than the 328 it replaces. New ideas include a transverse gearbox. Heavily disguised V12 convertibles have been photographed testing on the *autostradas*. Clues for the shape of things to come at Ferrari are evident in Pininfarina's dramatic Testarossa-engined Mythos, which will appear in the mid-Nineties, very likely with a $200,000 price tag. Finally, flash-and-dash fanatics can look forward to the Lamborghini Countach's slippery successor—the aptly named 200-mph Diablo. The next decade's competition will surely produce the most exciting line-up of cars the world has ever seen. Start saving up.

Winston Churchill

(continued from page 95)

us, anyway) hate the very idea that our body makes these demands. E. M. Forster, a nearly bloodless writer if ever there was one, found it curious that man should go "day after day putting an assortment of objects into a hole in his face without becoming surprised or bored."

Forster didn't come up with any good alternatives, and nobody else has, either. The next best thing, it seems, is to make all appetites repulsive, fearful and dangerous. The Puritans among us once said that man should not live to eat but should eat to live. The new puritans seem to say that man should eat to live because so far, nobody has come up with anything better. But—they go on—as long as man must eat, every bite should be an exercise in dread and loathing. With every forkful, he should remember that he will get fat, his arteries will become clogged, his heart will become overworked and . . . *he will die.*

Just as Forster found no alternative to eating, the modern anti-appetite crowd hasn't really found any good alternative to dying. But the assumption is that, with modern science working like hell, it is only a matter of time. However, until that great day when we can dispense once and for all with this messy dying business, the best thing is to take those steps that will surely prolong life.

Some of these measures take the form of exercise and some take the form of diet.

Now, I do not doubt that clean living will lengthen the odds of your living longer. I believed it when the high school gym and health teacher said it—the same teacher who said masturbating would make you nearsighted and too slow for the basketball team. But even if some judicious moderation—in eating, drinking, masturbating and other pleasurable activities—may make you a better insurance risk, it is good to keep the words of A. J. Liebling in mind. "Life," said the man who loved boxing and food and Louisiana politics, "is nine to five against."

Or, as they say in the street, nobody gets out of life alive.

Consider James Fixx, who preached the benefits—physical, emotional and even moral—of running. He wrote *The Complete Book of Running*, the title of which would lead you to believe it said about all there was to say—about that subject, anyway.

Fixx had more to say, however, and wrote a sequel that he did *not* call *The Incomplete Book of Running.*

One of the messages Fixx preached from every pulpit was that running was sure protection against a heart attack.

He died of a heart attack that he suffered while he was out running. He was in his early 50s. A young man, according to

the actuarial tables.

Fixx did not die because he ran. Only an antirunning fanatic would say that. But neither did he live because he ran. The fact is, he died in spite of all the running that he did. He was going to die sooner or later. One merely hopes that he actually enjoyed the running, that it gave the life that he did have some extra quality that would have been missing if he had spent that time sitting around reading or watching television. One suspects that the running did provide Fixx with something extra in his too-short life. It certainly made him rich, and that is more than most of us ever realize from running.

Adelle Davis was the author of many books, the most celebrated and popular of which was *Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit.* In that book and others, as well as through ceaseless personal appearances, Davis promoted the cause of vitamins and organic food. She crusaded against fast food, processed food and all manner of additives and supplements. They led to an early grave, she said, especially from cancer.

Then the crab got her.

It was the fast food and processed food that she had eaten before she discovered the truth, she told audiences. I remember watching her on the old *Cavett* show when she made this argument. Here she was dying, I thought, and still clinging to the faith, spending some of the little time she had left to defend the message. There was something heroic about it.

But she died, just the same. One hopes that she enjoyed the taste of organic carrots and spinach and that she never really suffered from Big Mac attacks or a craving for Hershey bars. And one suspects that she did not.

Moderation has been considered a virtue and a path to the good life since the time of the Greeks. The Greeks, of course, had a place in their crowded and chaotic theology for Bacchus and Dionysus. And as Edith Hamilton, the great popularizer of Greek thought, has pointed out, Socrates himself enjoyed staying up all night, drinking wine and arguing philosophy with the boys.

Jane Brody would certainly not have approved and would have found a way to say so—inelegantly.

Brody is the voice of the new moderation. Her pulpit is *The New York Times*, where she preaches once a week in a column called "Personal Health." It is probably the most widely and seriously read column in the *Times* these days (no one takes Tom Wicker or William Safire as seriously as Jane Brody) and is, in its way, as depressing a sign of the times as "About Men."

The appearance of Jane Brody in the nation's paper of record is the final validation of all the high school health teachers who warned you about the perils of soft drinks and candy. She has raised the stakes to the point that a kind of fearful prissiness is entrenched in the *Zeitgeist* and right-thinking people would die before ordering a T-bone, rare, and another martini, please, waiter.

Not long ago, I was trapped in the hot, flat Piedmont region of North Carolina during the worst heat wave in memory. I went out for the papers, which I intended to enjoy along with at least one ice-cold beer and maybe two. Hell, I'd been a good boy. Got up and ran five miles that morning to jump-start my heart.

There, not far from the sports page, was Jane Brody, shaking her finger and telling me, "You'd better not. It's bad for you."

Brody's column had been syndicated out into the provinces and the paper I was reading gave this one the title "KEEP COOL WITH DRINKS THAT QUENCH." It was the second of two parts.

A two-part article, I thought, *telling you to drink something when you are thirsty?*

After a couple of paragraphs of harmless introductory chatter, Brody got down to the style that suits her best. A sort of *tsk-tsk* kind of schoolmarmism calculated to make you feel uneasy, if not guilty, for actually enjoying anything.

"Many popular drinks," she warned, "do not satisfy the body's need for liquid refreshment. Beverages like fruit juices and sugar-sweetened drinks may wet your whistle [note the vernacular touch that Brody uses to come off as just one of the boys], but they contain enough sugar (natural or otherwise) to increase the body's need for water, not diminish it."

Well, OK, I thought. *I didn't exactly have a tall peach nectar in mind, anyway.*

Brody warned against dairy products in the next paragraph and I didn't worry about that, either. I've never liked buttermilk.

But then, she came to me. I could almost hear her saying, in a dry, sexless voice, "*Now you in the back of the class. . . .*"

"And beverages that contain caffeine or alcohol are diuretics, causing the body to lose more water than they supply, and cannot be counted on to satisfy the recommended daily intake of six to eight glasses of water."

So there.

And how was I to know my body was getting all the water it needed? I'd always thought being thirsty was a sure sign you were dry. But Brody had a better system.

"An easy way to tell if your body is well hydrated is to check the color of your urine. If you have not eaten foods like liver, carrots or beets [a damned good bet in my case] that add color, urine should be pale yellow; the darker the color, the more concentrated the urine and the more liquid you need to replenish water and reduce the stress on your kidneys."

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signals for cancer, my blood pressure, pulse rate, cholesterol level, blood-sugar level, calcium intake, exposure to the sun and a multitude of other things I had to worry about, I had to start getting nervous about the color of my piss.

Brody went on from urine color to calories, the risk of getting cancer from drinking tea and the ambivalence of caffeine. After reading nearly a third of the page of newsprint, I still didn't know what I was *supposed* to drink when I was thirsty on a blazing-hot summer day. But I felt sure that it would be water. Brody would, I thought, sing praises to the purity of water and remind us that we are all four fifths—or whatever—water and that we need constantly to replenish and blah, blah, blah.

Turned out I was only half right. Brody wants us all to drink water, but she doesn't want us to relax. Her concluding paragraph went like this:

"But even at its worst, water is still likely to be the best drink to quench thirst. But don't rely on thirst to prompt you to drink or tell you when to stop. It's safe to assume that when the weather is warm, you need more liquid, and a little extra cannot hurt."

In Brody's world, one must be eternally vigilant, for the body is always looking to betray you, somehow.

Me—I threw the Raleigh *News and Observer* away, sat out under a shade tree, drank a cold beer and wondered if Socrates had ever worried about the color of his urine.

Brody has distilled her columns into two fat, best-selling books. In the prologue to one of them, she writes, "My guiding principle is moderation. Except for an absolute ban on smoking, I am not a fanatic about anything."

Scarcely anyone in this world is going to admit to being a fanatic, and certainly no one who works for *The New York Times*, where they burn incense to moderation in all its forms.

If Brody is a moderate, then she is a new kind of moderate, one who believes immoderately in the benefits of moderation.

She is capable of a touching, simple-minded faith in her own message. "Your body is a machine," she writes earnestly. "It will run as well as its fuel allows."

Well, the body is a lot more complicated, mysterious and treacherous than any machine. Consider Brian Piccolo or anyone else who has had the body suddenly betray him in some profound way. Children don't develop leukemia because they forgot to change their crankcase oil. Life—even considered as mere biology—is not that simple.

But leaving aside the sincere triteness of her metaphors, it is interesting to consider the rationale behind Brody's campaign to get us all to eat and drink and behave more moderately. The reason she falls back on, time and again, is that we can all live longer if we'll just do the sensible thing.

In one case, she cites a report by one of those Senate committees—this one chaired by George McGovern—that concluded proper eating habits would result in "an 80 percent drop in the number of obese Americans, a 25 percent decline in deaths from heart disease, a 50 percent drop in deaths from diabetes and a one percent annual increase in longevity."

Brody accepts this committee finding as gospel, though committees like that one tend to come and go and reach conclusions that are frequently more politically sensitive than scientifically sound. Still, to be fair, throughout her researches, Brody cites doctors and scientists and all sorts of experts in support of her arguments.

So who am I to quibble?

Well, I am someone with a moderate regard for the medical profession. Medical men *are* capable of error. In this century, doctors with the most impressive credentials lobotomized patients or endorsed the practice. In the 19th Century, they wrote elaborate papers to support the thesis that masturbation caused softening of the spine. They also performed autopsies on known masturbators to find the physical proof they needed to support their theories. And, of course, they found it.

The point is that even doctors can be influenced by the social climate. In Victorian times, it was necessary to find medical evidence that masturbation was bad for you. In the age of denial, it is necessary to prove the same thing about red meat.

Brody, herself, admits as much when the topic is cholesterol.

"Some researchers and physicians disagree with the emphasis others have placed on fats and cholesterol as contributors to diseases of the heart and blood vessels. They cite various studies of Americans that failed to show a link between diet and blood levels of cholesterol. . . .

"Unfortunately, while analysis of the relative amounts of . . . cholesterol in a person's blood can give some important clues, it's currently impossible to say with certainty who is and who is not 'immune' to heart disease. . . . Given this uncertainty, the advocates of dietary change say, the most sensible approach is for everyone to cut back on the potentially harmful foodstuffs. In every aspect of life, the pleasures of a few must be sacrificed for the safety of many. Why not, they ask, when it comes to overconsumption of fats and cholesterol?"

My answer is that we have too goddamned many commissars around already without having some to tell you what you may and may not eat—for your own good, of course.

At another point in one of her books, Brody argues that since a low-cholesterol diet can't do you any harm, and a high-cholesterol diet may, isn't it prudent to go with the former? A sort of low-rent version

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of Pascal's famous wager. The stakes, in this case, are not eternity but a few extra moments in this vale of tears.

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Brody's approach to death is to postpone it by any means available or possible. Which leads one to wonder, What is the point of life that it is so important to conserve it and extend it?

For Brody, life is *The New York Times* and her books. In the acknowledgments of one of them, she thanks her family for enduring the eight months of six-day weeks and 14-hour days that went into the making of the book. She also mentions (in the proud way people have of mentioning such things these days) that she normally works an 11-hour day. Her priorities are plain.

Some of us might be forgiven for thinking that her life sounds just a little, er, *grim*. Kind of joyless. You almost want to say to her, "Lighten up a little, Jane. *The New York Times* will come out tomorrow, if the sun comes up. The fact is, you are probably less important to the *Times* and its readers than the Bloomingdale's ads."

For some of us, 11-hour days, working for the man, do not the good life make. We think you need a little red meat, dark ale, laughter, fellowship and other dangerous things . . . in moderation, of course.

Long life is probably best considered a happy accident and not an objective to be pursued by any means, like some kind of fanatic. If giving up meat, say, means a chance at a couple of extra years, then just think what giving up driving automobiles would do to your actuarial profile. You could never again go near the water, to make sure you didn't drown. Never get up on a ladder. Stay out of the sun. Give up sex. You could turn yourself into one of those hysterics who stay out of tall grass because there may be a snake in there. You could, in short, live your life according to your fears.

Jane Brody's Guide to Personal Health is full of suggestions on how to avoid drowning and being electrocuted and falling victim to other such accidents that are plainly bad for your health. So when you start working on living longer, you can't stop with nutrition.

And, to be fair, it isn't *merely* long life that Brody and the lesser priests of the new faith are promising. There are secondary benefits to a life of immoderate moderation. It isn't simply a matter of not dying in the near future. When you come down a notch or two from the puritanical *Times*, these benefits become more important. The religion of denial when preached by, say, *Vogue* promises immediate payoffs, not the least of which is being right in the thick of things. (The funniest titles in all of publishing appear in *Vogue*. The magazine's article on the new denial was called "Quitting Is the New High.")

According to this line of thinking, if you eat right and drink less and do your Jane Fondas, you will be happier, sexier, busier, richer and in general lead a lot fuller life.

This message is preached from every pulpit in the land. Health equals better performance and increased happiness. It has become one of those unchallenged assumptions. Nobody argues with it.

But I've wondered, ever since I talked with a thin, sulky New York woman one night and listened to her say, with absolute finality, that "no one can be fat and also be happy," if maybe this dogmatic belief in fitness and denial as the path to happiness wasn't just one more delusion.

The woman herself made a good case. She was on her third divorce and second shrink—or vice versa. She lived in a $1,000,000 apartment and spent more on clothes in a month than a city cop takes home in a year. She called her friends at night to cry about how much trouble she was having "getting it together." She'd done her head with drugs when she lived in California. Now she was paying attention to her body because "it's the only thing you bring into this world with you."

I tried arguing with her. Certainly, *some* fat people were happy, I said.

Nope. None of them.

How about Falstaff? I suggested, just to keep things literary.

No way. All that compulsive eating and drinking was just a way of hiding. Like the obsessive womanizing of Casanova.

Was she saying that being thin was equivalent to being happy?

Yes, she said, exactly.

Well, what about those adolescent girls who starved themselves to death?

That, she replied with some indignation, was a disease.

Since that discussion, I've wished that I had thought of some comebacks that didn't occur to me then. (Too much red meat, probably.)

I should have asked her, just for openers, to consider the realm of statesmanship. Jimmy Carter was a thin man who liked to jog and play tennis and fish and do all sorts of healthy, outdoor things. If he drank or smoked cigarettes, it was one of those rare state secrets that were never leaked. Being from Georgia, he probably ate things that would cause Jane Brody to fall over in a faint. Ham and corn bread and things like that. But as world leaders go, Carter was probably head of the class when graded against the standards of the new denial.

Well, did it improve his performance? Was he a *happier* President for being lean and having a low pulse rate?

Winston Churchill, on the other hand, drank a fifth of brandy and smoked a box of cigars a day. He also wrote brilliantly, made the finest public speeches in the history of the English language, led his people capably through their most solemn ordeal when he was more than 60 years old and generally behaved like the most remarkable figure of the century. Furthermore, although he had his bouts with depression (he called them his "black dog"), he bore up under the burdens of state with great wit and good cheer and seemed positively to relish the pressures. Carter bitched and moaned and wanted us all to feel as though we weren't worthy of his effort. He behaved pretty much the way you would expect the followers of the new denial to behave: pettily.

(It really is unfair that after everything you do, all the miles you run and the meat you don't eat and the gin you don't drink, you are still going to have to die just like people who are overweight. It is enough to sour you on the whole business.)

There are other examples and they don't prove much except that extravagant claims can usually be discredited. (Adolf Hitler was a vegetarian, and *there* was one miserable son of a bitch.) You can point to the Duchess of Windsor—an American gold digger who succeeded in landing a bumbling monarch—who once said, "You can never be too rich or too thin," and then spent the rest of her life proving that you can be both. But . . . no matter.

If one wants to run ten miles a day and subsist on a diet of raw vegetables and bulgur wheat, then fine—have at it. Exercise makes some people feel good, and so does eating, according to some theory—generally temporary—about what is the best fuel for the body. It is harmless when carried on in private; boring when made into a cause. It lacks the appeal of real stoicism, of eating so little and pushing oneself so hard as to experience something transcendent. It is not denial pushed to the point of pain—the kind of sweet, liberating pain you feel when you have gone beyond the limit and your spirit rules your body. Apostles of the new denial don't understand or approve of that kind of pain. The kind that boxers, for instance, understand. The new denial doesn't go much further than a light lunch and a Jane Fonda workout. It is woefully moderate.

All of these things occurred to me not long ago, as I sat at my desk feeling slightly guilty. I had just come home after a week of diving in the Florida Keys. The diving had been good, even better than I'd expected. On my second day, the owner of a dive shop took me down below 100 feet to a scuttled coastal freighter that lay on the sandy bottom, the bales of marijuana in its hold slowly, inevitably breaking up, just as the big plans of the would-be smugglers had no doubt disintegrated when they sank this ship.

The water was clear, the visibility was excellent. We saw a five-foot green moray, a sting ray as wide as a desk and a jewfish that would have filled the bed of an average pickup. All that life was clustered around the dead ship in a tight web of predation.

The beer tasted better when I was back aboard the dive boat, my mouth and throat dry from breathing compressed air.

The rum tasted better that night.

I ate Cuban food, Conch food and, one night, a big steak well marbled and rare, just the way I like it. Potato on the side, extra sour cream. Roquefort on the salad.

Brandy with your coffee, sir?

Yes, indeed.

I stayed out late and got up early. I took a day off from diving to go bonefishing, and since the sun was shining and I already had a tan, I didn't wear a shirt or any sun block. It felt fine. Give me those rays.

I got stung by a jellyfish and burned by some fire coral. I pushed the limit of my bottom time a little. I ate too much and drank too much and got too much sun. By the time I made it back home, I had the feeling I'd been bad.

Woefully immoderate.

Then I was sitting at my desk, thinking that maybe it was time to—well, to cut back. To start living sensibly. I couldn't go on like this. All the experts said so.

Who was I to defy *The New York Times*?

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I pushed some papers around on my desk and decided that since I was at the beach and it was Saturday and after 12 o'clock (weekend beach rules), I could drink a beer. I went upstairs and got it.

A big black bruising thunderstorm was building out over the water. The kind that appears in the last hot days of summer and will spend an entire morning accumulating the energy that it discharges in one violent afternoon hour. The air was absolutely still; the water, flat calm. There was a smell of ozone and something else in the air.

I carried my beer back downstairs. I took a guilty little sip and rationalized. There were carbohydrates in beer and *they* were OK, from what I'd heard.

I was pulling the office door shut when I saw a blue flash and felt the air pushed out of my lungs. There was a loud pop, like the sound of a bullet passing over my head. I made a noise of some sort, from the pain and the force of the concussion. I fell to my knees, and that is the last I remember before coming to, a minute or so later, with my ears ringing and my nostrils full of the smell of battery acid and the fingers on the hand that had been holding the doorknob tingling and numb.

Well, *damn*. I had just been hit by lightning.

The bolt had hit the chimney. Blown it apart. The charge had run down the chimney, looking for ground, and jumped to me, since the doorknob I was holding was in contact with some brass weather stripping. But no matter how. I had been struck and I was still alive, which pretty much sums up the human condition.

I called a doctor, since it seemed like I should.

He asked me how I felt.

I told him my bones ached, but otherwise, I felt fine.

"Any burns?" He was an old Navy flight surgeon. My kind of doctor.

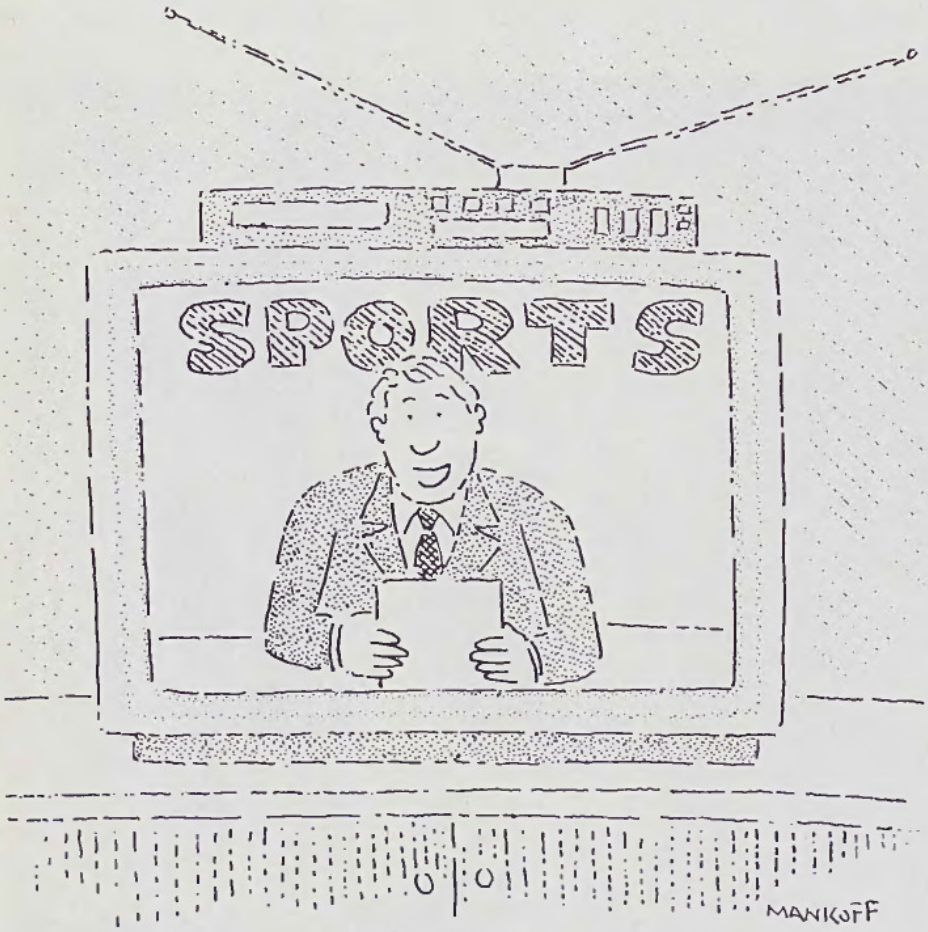
"Nope."

"Well, lucky you."

"Anything I should do?"

"Can't think of anything."

Neither could I. Except that this called for a celebration. It isn't every day you survive being struck by lightning. So I decided a big dinner was in order. Brown whiskey and red meat. You don't live forever. No matter what you eat.



"And in boxing, rumors are that Mike Tyson may soon be fighting George Foreman for all the money in the world."

BIG DEAL

(continued from page 118)

José. One hundred eighty-five or 310 miles. A breeze.

The car was a Toyota Corolla with less than 1000 kilometers on the clock. I was a happy man. A new car, an unknown country, a road with a volcano. A road that led to my new tropical paradise on the Pacific.

It was now approaching the morning rush hour. At the curb, I asked the rental agent how to get out of San José. He pointed along the busy road that led past the front of the hotel and said, "Keep going that way. When you get lost, ask for Panama."

I got lost in the city three or four times and on the last occasion was parked on a side street, consulting the map, when an unusually small man opened the passenger's door and sat down next to me. "You are lost," he said in English and handed me a business card. His briefcase was covered with airline stickers.

We shook hands awkwardly in the confines of the car, and he introduced himself as *Señor* Sánchez. His card said he was *jefe de seguridad* for something called Grupo Álvarez. "Chief of security," he explained. "Before that, I was in the police, and I am an ex-mayor. Where are you going?" He was very polite.

I told him.

"We will lead you out of San José," he said. There was a car parked in front of us that must have pulled in after I'd stopped. It had a Bush campaign sticker in the rear window. My new friend tapped my horn and another man got out of the parked car. I was introduced to him. His business card had just his name and telephone number. We drove off with the Bush car leading the way.

I thought this was a good opportunity to find out more about Costa Rica. My companion was eager to talk. He had been trained in police security in the United States, he said. He had been trained to kill Communists. Once there had been Communists in Costa Rica. In 1948, he said, there had been a civil wart. It was very terrible for a while. The Communists had wanted to do bad things, like take away the liberty and the speech rights.

Fortunately, they had killed most of the Communists, but sadly, today things were just as bad, because, even though the Communists had gone, nobody had any money. The company he worked for, *Señor* Sánchez said with a sigh, was totally broken.

It made him sad to say this, but the United States—which he loved very much because he had many friends there from his security-training days—was no help to Costa Rica. The United States, he said, made lots of speeches and many promises but in the end did nothing. Personally, he wouldn't be surprised if there were another civil war in Costa Rica before very long.

The car we were following stopped with

a honk of its horn. *Señor* Sánchez shook my hand again. "We are here," he said. "You follow that road. It will take you to the mountains. It will take you to Golfito. Ask for Panama."

Two hours later, I was driving above a layer of cloud. Rounding a mountain curve, I saw two glossy black vultures eating the remains of a monkey at the side of the road. The volcano was hidden, but through a gap in the clouds, I could see a wide brown river far below.

The road had been extraordinary. By now, I realized I was driving the Pan-American Highway. For some reason, I had always associated this grandly named enterprise with that thrusting America of world fairs and expositions. But soon after leaving San José, it had deteriorated into a chain of potholes. Sometimes there were live animals on the road; sometimes there were dead ones. There was a lot of mud. There were big lizards. One of my two words of Spanish, *peligro*, meaning danger, was useful to know but not comforting. It appeared on signs every few hundred feet, always immediately at the exact location of whatever the particular *peligro* happened to be, so that by the time you saw the sign, you were already on top of the *peligro*.

Sometimes the road was washed out from above or it was eroded from below. There were many rocks and far too many boulders. One big boulder had the word PELIGRO painted across it. Some of the surface was broken where it had been hammered by boulders that had bounced off the road and into the abyss on the other side.

Some of the road's paving had been removed. It had been taken away and not replaced. Perhaps someone had stolen it. And some of the road was plain old rocky dirt that had never known paving.

I drove through rain, fog and clouds with all the lights on. On my left, though I couldn't see it, was the Mountain of Death. I crossed a bridge over the Río Disciplina.

At first, I let myself be intimidated by drivers of gas tankers and buses, maniacs who deserved to be restrained and soundly thrashed, who drove at me or overtook me too closely in a blare of noise and smoke and rubble. As I got accustomed to the road and the nimble Toyota, however, I began to overtake everything I saw. I was out in front on the Pan-Am Highway. This wasn't just driving, this was Living.

The one annoying thing was the lack of gas stations. The car-rental agent had said there were "many, many gas stations." I didn't find one until after I came out of the mountains. At a truck stop, I topped up the tank and ordered *huevos*. Suddenly, I remembered more food words—*con jamón*—and changed the order to *huevos con jamón*. And *uno café*, decaffeinated, if possible. Sensing a linguist, the man rattled off something about *huevos* and *jamón* and I agreed.

The place was full of truck and bus drivers. Many of them seemed unnaturally small. I myself am a short man, but they were small men. Perfectly formed little men, all very dirty. But I was happy. Under the skin, we were all men of the Pan-American Highway. I was one of the lads. Chaps against the road, that was us. What stories we might have told if we had spoken a language we all understood.

My ham and eggs arrived. They had been diced, chopped and shredded and submerged in a pool of hot fat. "*Delicioso*," I said to the counterman and ate the lot.

It took nearly eight hours to get to Golfito. The mountains eventually gave way to hills, the hills began to flatten out and toward the end, the sun came through and lit up the brilliant green of trees and grassy fields on both sides of the road. The road opened up. There were very few PELIGRO signs. You could see the potholes from a distance. I saw the sun on the ocean, behind palm trees. The water looked like a sheet of metal. After the strain of driving through the mountains and the fog and the rain, the effect was magical. I was singing at the top of my voice. "My Baby Does the Hanky-Panky," an old driving favorite. I thought, Golfito and Loren Pogue, here I come.

The closer I got, the darker it got. By the time I reached Golfito—a row of drab wooden buildings lining a greasy waterfront—it was raining again. It looked as though it always rained in Golfito. At the end of the road, there was a Texaco station. Outside it were a dog with gigantic teats and a shirtless bald-headed man covered with tattoos. Of the two, the dog looked as though it would be more capable of speech. Nearby, abandoned on a short stretch of track, was an enormous steam locomotive, with tender. I got out and took a picture. The bald-headed man with the tattoos approached.

"Where are you from?" he said in perfect English. Not only in English but with a London accent.

"South London," I said, naming my birthplace.

"Fuck my boots!" he said. "I'm from Balham."

I was born in Balham.

I told him I was looking for Loren Pogue. He'd heard of him, didn't know him but knew where he could be found, in a hotel just along the street. We drove there. Geoff, my fellow Londoner, told me that he'd jumped ship in Gibraltar 15 years ago, got drunk with some Fijians and ended up in Golfito five years later. "Thought I might as well stay here and be unemployed instead of going home and being unemployed. It's cheaper," he said. I felt that there was a logic to this, but I was unable to grasp it.

There was no sign of Loren Pogue at the hotel. Geoff spoke to a woman at the desk. "She says he'll be here later, maybe four o'clock. He's gone somewhere."

This was a little irritating. Mr. Pogue

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knew I was coming. We'd been talking about it for almost a month. I'd flown all the way from Chicago, driven through the mountains for eight hours, eaten far too many *huevos*, and now he wasn't here.

"Do you want some fish and chips?" Geoff said. "There's a great place up the road. Cheap and cheerful. We'll find my mate Zack. Zack knows this geezer you're looking for—he's lived here for years."

Sure enough, Zack knew Pogue. Zack was an American, a giant of an old man who had almost finished his lunch when we arrived. The fish and chips were excellent. As I ate, I told Zack about my plan to buy land in Golfito.

"Well, that could be a good idea and it could be a real bad idea," he said. "Would you live on this land from the git-go or would you kind of buy it and come back later?"

I wasn't concerned about that. My only thought was to buy it and worry about the details afterward. "Does it make a difference?" I asked.

"If you don't live on it all the time, it could happen that them squatters will move on your land and that's it, my friend, that's all she wrote."

"Squatters?"

"They call 'em *campesinos*. Peasants. By Costa Rican law, land owned by outsiders, if it ain't lived on at all times and these *campesinos* come along and move onto it, it's theirs. The government gives it to 'em. Happens all the time. I used to own a lot of land around here, but I got out. Sold up. Now I just rent it, and I'm a happy man because of it. Ain't got a care in the world. You want to come and live here, you want to rent for a year before you buy; that's what you want to do. You do what you like, my friend, but that's my advice. Rent first, buy later."

Geoff didn't have anything to say. I had expected him to start working on the rum at lunch, but when I asked for a beer, he ordered a Coke. I wondered if he and his pal Zack were working some kind of scam. Land for rent. That must be it. They were rivals of Loren Pogue. Zack probably paid Geoff a commission for steering suckers his way, that was it. I would have to be cunning.

"What do you know about Loren Pogue?" I asked Zack.

The old man chewed a forkful of food and shook his head. "Not a lot," he said. "But when a man's buyin' land in a place he don't know from a man he's never seen, well, then." I waited, but there was no more. I began to feel as though I'd wandered onto the set of a Biblical Western.

"He could be a good man. I've heard people say he's a good man, and I've heard others say different. Don't prove a thing, does it, now?"

Geoff said, "I've 'eard a lot, but I ain't sayin' nuffin'."

•

I still haven't met Loren Pogue. He didn't return to the hotel, or if he did, I didn't find him when I went back again. My friend Perkins arrived in Golfito with the fishing boat he was delivering to California, and I spent the night on it, anchored across the bay from the dreary little town. We could have gone ashore—Perkins wanted to buy land, too—but the idea had lost its appeal. *Señor* Sánchez, the tiny Commie killer, may have had some bearing on it. And the squatters and killer bees. The dead parrots, the dog with the big teats at the Texaco station. Christ, I don't know what it was. I could see a lifetime of fish-and-chip lunches with Geoff. We'd talk about Balham. I would get tattoos and go mad. The wife would be off like a shot. And that drive through the mountains. How long before you got picked off by one of the *peligros*, moving or stationary?

I had wondered why the land was cheap and now I knew. It was dead simple: Nobody wanted to live there, that's why. Perhaps the great majority of people in Costa Rica would move to Chicago tomorrow if they could, the poor bastards. I know this is an arrogant and insulting thing to say—God knows, any big city is in many ways an earthly version of hell—but the worst part is that it's probably the truth, horrible as it may be.

Perkins had to get the boat moving early the next day. It was hurricane season and he didn't want to hang around. I would have gone with him if it hadn't been for the car. But it had to be driven back to San José; the rental people had taken a blank off my credit card. Rain was still drizzling down when I drove out of Golfito. The place looked as though it had been licked all over by some kind of big, dirty animal. I said my farewells to Zack, who was on the street. There was no sign of Geoff.

Back in San José, after an uneventful but stimulating drive—closer to six hours on the return trip—I checked in again at the hotel and booked a flight home. There was nothing until Sunday. That was fine with me. It was now Friday. I could keep the car a couple of more days, explore San José and the surrounding countryside. I'd paid for the trip; I might as well make the most of it.

I was surprised to find another edition of *The Tico Times* on sale at the hotel. The one I'd bought two days earlier must have been left over from the previous week. This one, dated September 8, 1989, had a story on page 14 with the headline "U.S. LANDOWNERS PLEAD GUILTY TO DRUG CHARGES." Loren Pogue was mentioned in the second paragraph. It was a confusing story, because there was no suggestion that he was involved in smuggling drugs. What Pogue had done, however, was to be convicted of assault and sentenced to two years' probation for wounding squatters in a gun fight.

According to the *Times*, the squatters had started building on foreign-owned land. The land in question was part of an estate that once belonged to Robert Vesco, the famous swindler. He sold it to an American who is now in a Mexican prison awaiting extradition to the U.S. on drug-trafficking charges. Loren Pogue, *The Tico Times* said, is "the onetime administrator" of this property.

The story continued, "Costa Rican law permits squatters to gain title to unused land to give *campesinos* a chance to own property and to prevent speculation."

The *Times* said that Mr. Pogue was confident that he would be acquitted on appeal. He suggested that his conviction would be bad for Costa Rica.

"When you get a problem like this and the government takes their side, it scares away the investors," he said.

That Loren. Is he a card, or what?

"He ordered a round of Perrier for the house and, I don't know . . . I just snapped."

DECADE OF THE DRIVER

(continued from page 119)

drive VW Cabriolets. If the Miata weren't so much fun to drive, it would be in the same danger. It's just so cute." Ken Gross and Brock Yates picked Nissan's stylish and slick 240SX. Said Yates, "A great value, good fun and just a bit practical." Gross added, "It's quick, delicate, it won't upset your insurance company and it's an all-weather charmer that handles surprisingly well. Now, if it only had a little more power. . . ."

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Finest-Handling Cars: "This is a tough call," said Lamm. "For general conditions, I'd take the Nissan 300ZX for its combination of steering, brakes and handling. If it even looks like rain, the Porsche 911 Carrera 4 wins. But if you have kids and a budget, how can you beat the Honda Prelude Si four-wheel steering?" Gross agreed on the 300ZX, saying, "The Z's multilink rear suspension and Super HICAS four-wheel steering lend a great feeling of confidence in high-speed maneuvers." Yates declared a tie among the Carrera 4, the Talon TSi AWD and the Celica All-Trac: "Four-wheel drive is a definite winner in real-world performance driving." Stevens gave the nod to the Carrera: "Handling doesn't get better than this, but the Talon AWD is a close second for a lot less money." Cogan also liked the Carrera and Frank *loved* the ZR-1: "Handling has to do with how fast a car will get around a corner. Corvettes rule."

•

Niftiest New Features: Never mind how complicated it is or how much it costs, the Mercedes-Benz 300/500SL's one-button automatic softtop is truly remarkable. Frank: "Just watching the top fold and unfold is enough to send the Bolshoi back to the practice bar." Stevens commented that he "popped the top on Rodeo Drive and even a guy in a Testarossa pulled over to gape. And if you somehow manage to upend the car, a spring-loaded roll bar rises in a split second for protection." Yates gave a nod to the Lexus LS 400 Air Suspension: "More perfection in the perfect car." Frank liked the Cadillac Allanté traction control and Gross voted for Porsche's new Tiptronic automatic transmission. "The clutch pedal is gone. To upshift, you push forward on the gear lever; to downshift, pull the lever back an inch. The computer does the rest." Lamm's vote went to the Infiniti Q45 Super HICAS steering: "It's not as much fun as the other four-wheel-steering systems, because it doesn't turn as sharply, but as part of the suspension, with all it adds in terms of stability, it's very nice."

•

Most Boring Cars: The Yugo took some heavy flak in this category. Stevens: "My ex-wife was Yugoslavian. And I haven't forgiven that country yet." Lamm: "Haven't these people gone out of business? Cogan kindly called the Hyundai "the Beetle of the future." Frank voted for "*any* cars powered by the G.M. 'Iron Duke' 2.5, the Ford 2.3 push rod and the 2.2/2.5-liter Chrysler engines." Yates thought the Cadillac Eldorado was "a great way to get to the nursing home." And Gross agreed, calling it "the Elvis Presley memorial mobile with a Sealy Posturepedic ride, rubber steering and spongy brakes all wrapped up in velour."

That's it for *Playboy Cars 1990*. The open road awaits. And don't forget, guys, to honk as you go by.

"Right, I know they're supposed to drown, but has anyone ever thought about what we do if a boatload of horny sailors actually makes it over here?"

J. Bull (continued from page 96)

"Services are available that enable you to receive financial quotations on a busy street or by a pool."

machine ($1595) can fit inside a deep briefcase. It can be used with any standard telephone system or cellular phone via the acoustic coupler provided.

The PortaFax 96 ($1495) is a portable alternative when you have urgent information to transmit. This nine-pound unit offers all the standard features, plus optional international telephone adapters. And you can even plug it into a 12-volt car or boat receptacle using an optional converter. A sturdy protective case is included.

Fujitsu Imaging Systems of America has just added the dexExpress, a cellular mobile telephone facsimile, to its product line. In a nutshell, the dexExpress allows users to send and receive documents anywhere within the range of a mobile telephone. The entire unit, including the case, weighs about 19 pounds and can run on A.C. or D.C. current. The price is $2295.

ANSWERING MACHINES AND SERVICES

Aside from its annoying habit of playing back messages such as "A trip to the Bahamas can be yours if you act now. . . " the answering machine is still the most popular way to keep in touch when you're away from home. The latest models can tell you the time and the date each message arrived, allow you to monitor the sounds in your house while you're gone, enable you to use a touch-tone phone for message retrieval and even forward your messages to another phone number. But what if you could have the convenience of an answering machine without the worry associated with mechanical failure or a full tape? Well, many local telephone companies are beginning to offer electronic answering services as a custom calling feature.

Called voice mail by some, these electronic answering services enable you to pick up a phone, punch in a specific code and record your outgoing message from any location. Likewise, you can retrieve your messages from anywhere via the use of a touch-tone phone and find out the time and the date each message was left. You say, "Well, sure, but my answering machine can do that." True, but can your answering machine take messages while your phone line is busy? Most can't—but voice mail can. Charges for this service will vary depending upon your location, but you can expect them to run less than ten dollars per phone line per month.

PAGER PROPAGATION

The beeper, or pager, has become an increasingly popular way to, as AT&T puts it, "reach out and touch someone." Many models emit a soft beep and others vibrate to physically remind you that a message is waiting. Most pagers sport a one-line LCD that shows a caller's phone number in numerical digits, and many of these units also provide a number memory so you don't forget phone numbers on the way to a pay phone.

New-generation pagers are now available with alphanumeric capability. These devices can display messages of as many as 2000 characters on a scrolling screen. So it's possible for someone to call a central phone number, give an operator a message and have it show up on your pager as MIKE JONES—312-555-1234 or JOHN SMITH—CALL ME—URGENT.

Another option in the paging game is the voice pager. Similar to the telephone company's voice-mail system, this pager beeps to tell you that a call has been received. You may then listen to the recorded message by calling a phone number and entering a code. Yet another and perhaps more functional voice-pager system has the ability to transmit a caller's recorded message directly to you via a pager with a built-in speaker.

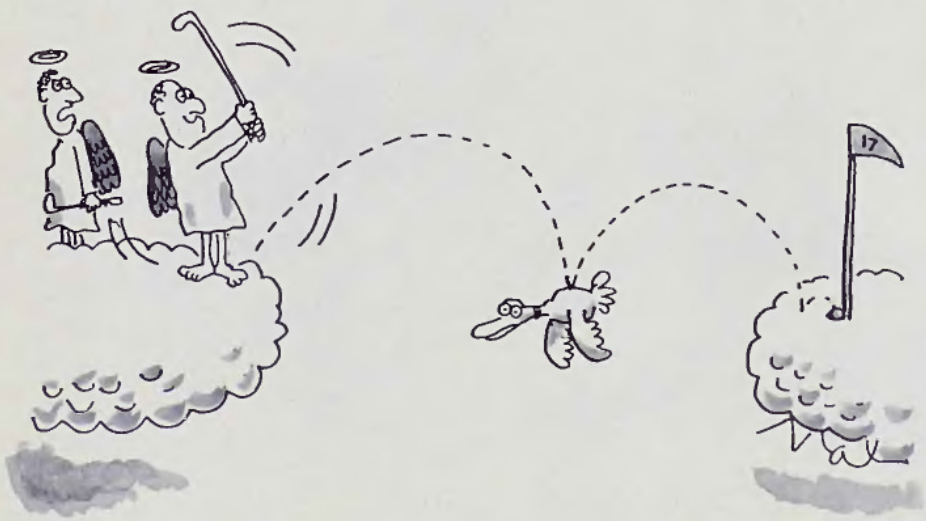
While the standard pager does an excellent job of keeping you in touch on a local basis, its range is often limited to a 30-to-50-mile radius. If your business takes you out of town, SkyTel's system provides access to any one of 110 service areas across the country, including Alaska and Hawaii. A caller wishing to reach you dials a toll-free number, enters your personal pager number and then his own telephone number. A computer relays the signal to a communications satellite, which in turn simultaneously broadcasts the signal to each downlink in the system. The signal is then routed to local paging transmitters and ends up in the form of a telephone number on your pager's LCD—within 30 seconds of the time the caller hangs up. SkyPager service is $69 per month, including the pager. For an extra $20 per month, you can also use SkyTalk service, which adds voice-mail capability.

A nationwide paging system called CUE utilizes satellite technology and local FM transmission. The CUE system covers more than 200 metropolitan areas in the continental United States, as well as Puerto Rico. This service is $55 per month and includes voice-mail capability. However, an additional 40 cents per minute is charged for each incoming voice message.

FINANCE TO GO

In the world of high finance, brokers and anyone else heavily into the market need to know how their investments are doing at a moment's notice. In the past, this type of monitoring was extremely costly and required a special hard-wired terminal. Not anymore. Today, services are available that enable you to receive financial quotations whether you're walking on a busy Manhattan street or sitting by the pool at The Regent Beverly Wilshire.

The Lotus QuoTrek system provides quotes sent directly from the exchange floors to the Lotus Network Control Center. The information is processed instantly and broadcast via satellite to your portable receiver through local FM transmitters. The receiver is slightly smaller than a checkbook and features a multiline, alphanumeric, LCD screen, on which quotations are displayed from your own personal portfolio of as many as 72 issues. More than 30,000 stock, option and future



"Now, that's what I call a lucky bounce!"

prices are available, as is information provided by the Dow Jones News Alert service. QuoTrek service is available in 22 metropolitan areas. The receiver sells for $399, plus the necessary monthly financial subscriptions.

Although the QuoTrek receiver is useful in its ability to obtain the latest financial data, it cannot alert you to important changes in the market if you don't turn it on. The Stock Alert system can. A Stock Alert client does not receive a continuous stream of data, as with a ticker board, but instead receives real-time information about price or volume movement of financial instruments that he has instructed the system to look for. Alerts may include price changes, percent changes and cumulative-volume changes. When your preselected parameters for an item are reached, the computer sends the data to your personal pager. This new service is available in 13 major metropolitan areas and is compatible with any standard numeric pager. Stock Alert is priced at $27.50 per month.

SPORTS PAGING

If you feel more at home in a baseball stadium than on an exchange floor, take a look at the Sports Page—a pocket-sized device that receives information from three sports-ticker services via satellite on its backlit, alphanumeric two-line screen. Reports are updated every five minutes for college/pro basketball and football, baseball, hockey, boxing, horse racing, Las Vegas betting odds, current and future sports schedules, injury information and even weather. A beep indicates when updated data is being sent and the pager features a memory of as many as 80 games that you can call up instantly. Sports Page service is available in 23 metropolitan areas for about $60 per month. Additionally, the $350 pager can serve double-duty as a local alphanumeric pager.

NEWS ANYWHERE

If Tom Brokaw, Peter Jennings and Dan Rather leave you flat, the Uniden NewsPager is worth a look. News stories and information from international data bases such as U.P.I. are instantly distributed by satellite to major-metropolitan-area downlink facilities. These facilities then send the information to your personal NewsPager via the VHF, UHF and 900 MHz airwaves. News, sports scores, weather and financial information are displayed on the palm-sized pager's 80-character LCD screen. You can flag certain sporting events and the NewsPager will alert you to a change in the score. The device provides the ability to communicate with a personal computer through its serial interface for the storage of your own personal data such as names, addresses, telephone numbers and schedules. Like the Sports Page, the NewsPager also functions as a local alphanumeric pager. The suggested retail price of the NewsPager is about $420. Rates for news, sports or financial services range from five dollars to $75 per month.

CALLS FROM ALOFT

"The captain has informed us that due to unusually heavy airport traffic, our scheduled arrival into the Dallas area will be delayed by fifty-five minutes." These words are enough to make even the most patient business passenger wince. But there's good news. With an Airfone, you can call ahead to inform your client that you'll be late.

Keeping in touch from 31,000 feet above the continental United States is easy; just insert a major credit card into the Airfone base station, carry the portable handset back to your seat, dial and talk. GTE Airfone service has been reduced in price and is now only two dollars per call and two dollars per minute to locations in the U.S. and Canada and four dollars per call and per minute to international cities.

THE LAPTOP LINK

Although devices that provide instant access to stock quotes, sports scores, news, electronic mail and facsimile transmission put the world at your finger tips, used together they will turn your briefcase into the attaché from hell. One viable alternative is to plug into one of the commercial computer-information networks such as CompuServe, which offer these services and much more.

For people on the go, a laptop computer with a modem is a convenient way to gain access to information networks. However, if you are interested in the ultimate in computing portability, a new breed of supersmall "palmtop" computers is the answer.

Companies such as Atari, with its one-pound Portfolio ($399), and Poqet, with its powerful one-pound PC ($1995), have broken the size barrier in personal computing. These small performers can fit inside an interoffice envelope, come with built-in application programs and feature electronic memory cards in place of disk drives. They will also run for as long as 100 hours on two or three AA batteries and have the ability to communicate with any other computer via an external modem.

If you want the ability to telecommunicate from anywhere using your laptop PC, take a look at the Mobile Data Terminal from PowerTek Industries ($2595). This seven-to-nine-pound package is designed for use with Toshiba, Zenith and GRiD laptop PCs and consists of a cellular modem, a three-watt cellular transceiver and a battery pack housed inside a self-contained carrying case that's big enough to hold the laptop as well.

Thanks to satellite technology, people in years to come may be taking international calls on wrist-band phones. Wouldn't General Custer have liked that?

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"I LOVE YOU"

(continued from page 100)

"For men, 'Feelings' is a song sung by Julio Iglesias. Women like the pornography of emotions."

When was the last time that Rock said "I love you" to Mrs. Rock?

"The last time was three days ago, when I had to give her a phone message that her business deal had fallen through. When she came home, I said, 'There's good news and there's bad. The good news is that I love you; the bad news is that your offer was refused.' But you can't squander the words or they lose their effect."

Women, to Rock, are verbal sluts who throw words around too easily.

"The words are such a formula that they don't mean anything. Abracadabra—I love you. A poem takes effort. Men write love poems, lyric poems. Lyric poems are short, the literary equivalent of slam, bam, thank you, ma'am. But women write long novels—supposedly about love but really about economic and social issues. Men actually want the words to mean something. That's why I say the great oxymoronic book title is not *War and Peace* but *Women in Love*."

"Then why do you think women want to hear the words?"

"Women aren't sure of themselves with men. They assume their mates are lusting after other women. Women treat men like Pavlov treated his dogs. A man is supposed to say 'I love you' on cue. But men don't want to talk about their feelings. Men are unconscious about them. A man talking about feelings is like women talking about ideas. Women are always ready for more feelings, for more emotions. Maybe it's hormonal. For men, *Feelings* is a song sung by Julio Iglesias. Women like the pornography of emotions—to excite the feelings with romance."

Does Rock, like many other men, think that feelings and expressions of feelings are sissy?

"It's not sissy, but it's difficult except for certain wimpy men who've given up their balls and say 'I love you' as often as women say it. Then there's the fad of men saying 'Hey, I love you' to other men. Like when Isiah Thomas kisses Magic Johnson on the basketball court."

I asked Rock where he stands on the cliché that men don't want to declare love because they fear the Big C—commitment.

"Saying 'I love you' doesn't mean I'm committed to you," he said. "It doesn't mean I want to live with you the rest of my life. It doesn't mean I'll sign a prenuptial agreement. 'I love you' is in the present tense. It doesn't mean I *will* love you or I'll love you forever."

"Well, then, what is the shelf life of 'I love you'?" I asked him. "When I was younger, I wanted to hear it because, to me, it meant I had a date for Saturday night. I was taken care of."

"Yeah, but for a woman, one 'I love you' isn't enough. They want it to go on and on. Women want multiple 'I love yous.'"

Later, when I dropped Rock off, he leaned over the seat and said, "Hey, Alice, I love you."

"Rock," I said, playing Sammy to his Frank, "you're beautiful people. Oh, yeah. Your wife asked me to find out if you love her."

"I'm going in the house right now and tell her I love her," he said.

"Even if you don't mean it?"

"It's not that I don't mean it," he said earnestly. "I don't know what it means."

So to Rock and Spike and the Bachelors and Elvis, the words remain a mystery, a very sacred thing. Men will lie about a lot of things—sending checks in the mail, having to work late, pulling out in time—but not about this.

Now, I can't speak for all women, but I do know this: The words remain important for me and for many other women precisely because they are mysterious.

There is no mystery in "I want to fuck you." No ambiguity in "Let's live together this year." But "I love you" is a text more debatable than the Torah. Mystery makes the words almost sacred. And mystery, except in religion, is what is missing from the days of our lives.

For late 20th Century Americans, finding love has become a kind of religion—a quest for the Holy Grail of a relationship. There are singles groups meeting nightly like cults of love seekers. There are personal ads everywhere like candles lit in church. Even on Passover, we end up asking, "Why are the words I love you different from all other words?"

When someone utters the mantra "I love you," it's a sign he has lost control. He is not trying to understand. He is too far gone to ask all those questions about the *meaning* of love—rational, financial, intellectual questions. And until someone writes the best seller *Intimacy Through Intimidation*, no power on earth but a mysterious inner need can move someone to say those words.

Men.

Can't live without 'em; can't hold a gun to their heads and force 'em to say "I love you."

"And if you have been following our advice every week, you should just about be wiped out by now."

ROCKING RACISM

(continued from page 84)

renegotiations.

Force your way past the color line and immense fame and riches await. Russell Simmons' Def Jam label had much pop success with hip-hoppers such as LL Cool J and Public Enemy, at least partly because its distribution agreement with CBS Records ran through the pop department, not special markets. Living Colour took more than a year to break *Vivid*, its Epic debut album, because the hard-rock quartet has four black members. According to record-industry stereotypes, hard rock is white music, even though everyone acknowledges that it stems directly from Chicago blues and that Jimi Hendrix is one of its icons. Had Jagger not agreed to invest in producing two tracks, Living Colour might never have had a shot at a major-label release. Its multiplatinum success, and the reception it earned as an opening act on the Stones' tour, may trickle down to the other black hard rockers who have coalesced around the Living Colour–inspired Black Rock Coalition in Hollywood and New York. But don't count on it.

Once past the record-label color line, an act such as Living Colour next has to find a way of breaking through another Jim Crow system, this one in radio. The play lists at album-oriented radio (AOR) stations appear to be so racially restrictive that the format has been referred to as apartheid-oriented radio. On the other hand, black-oriented stations often don't play records by black artists such as Living Colour, Ziggy Marley and Tracy Chapman, because of their lack of a dance beat or conventional love ballads that are the staples of those stations. According to Stephney, *Vivid* was deliberately not promoted to black stations. On the other hand, for all Public Enemy's lyrical black nationalism, its sales were achieved with a majority of white interest. Stephney says that even at the height of its success, not more than 40 of the 100 stations reportedly playing *It Takes a Nation of Millions* were black-oriented. Most of them weren't pop or AOR, though, but college stations that wouldn't touch a Vandross ballad or a Janet Jackson dance track with a 2000-meter antenna. In this context, Public Enemy's militance plays to the same sensationalized tabloid mentality as Guns n' Roses'.

Radio programing supposedly follows market tastes, but race lines tend to hold against all aural logic. Terence Trent D'Arby's first CBS single, *If You Let Me Stay*, flopped because the label tried to promote the record at AOR stations—which made sense because AOR is highly Anglophile and Darby's album was the best-selling debut album in the U.K. in 1987. But D'Arby's black skin—and perhaps an attitude that seemed a mite uppity—settled the issue for the majority of America's FM rockers. D'Arby's second single, *Wishing Well*, gave him his U.S. breakthrough. And with that single, the label's strategy shifted from AOR to urban contemporary—the euphemism for black-aimed broadcasting.

Since radio and TV programers generate profits by narrow-casting—that is, reaching only those segments of the audience that make for coherent advertising buys—they attempt to eliminate factors that will cause their core constituency to tune out. By this standard, there was no way to promote the D'Arby single—or any other—to both AOR and urban contemporary at the same time. AOR programers, for one thing, would never have risked challenging their (largely white male) audience's prejudices by playing the same stuff as the local dance station.

"How extreme can you get about these guys?" asks Bill Stephney. "The amazing thing is that new music has come along, the true *inheritors* of rock and roll"—he's talking about hip-hoppers such as Run-DMC and the L.A.-based quasi gangsters N.W.A.—"and these guys won't touch it because of the color of their skin." He recalls, in disgust, working at WLIR on Long Island that played Robert Palmer's *You Are in My System*, while ignoring *System*'s original version, putting Blondie's *Rapture* on the air but not being permitted to touch any black rap. WLIR was widely regarded as one of the most adventurous rock stations in the United States.

The most notorious example of such built-in research prejudice occurred at MTV. The music-video channel's first programing chief was Bob Pittman, a white Mississippi native with liberal politics, who earlier gained fame as a research-oriented radio programer. Pittman responded to research that indicated that the white teenage audience he envisioned for MTV wouldn't tolerate the on-screen presence of black artists. He believed in his research to the point of refusing to air Michael Jackson's video for *Billie Jean* until threatened with a CBS Records boycott. The impact of its eventual screening helped substantially increase MTV's Nielsen rating.

Yet it seems clear that Pittman kept the color line in place for black artists of lesser stature than Jackson and Prince. By the time he left in 1986, ratings had fallen back below 1.0. Responding to the overtures of some of his younger, hipper producers, MTV's new programing chief, Lee Masters, also a veteran radio programer, agreed to try a half-hour rap program on Saturday mornings. "I wasn't convinced it was gonna be big," Masters said. "In fact, I told the guys not to be worried if the ratings were lower than usual." Instead, the ratings soared right back up—and held as *MTV Raps*, featuring all black artists, went from a half hour to an hour, from weekly to daily. Today, *MTV Raps* is widely regarded as the best music show on the air.

To Masters, this is not a story about a racist programer versus an enlightened one. It's about accentuating the

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positive. "The prejudice isn't the result of racist thinking; it's the product of the programers' aversion to negatives. The prejudice against hard rock is the same, because a lot of people don't like that either. So it's a noise issue."

Radio programers have all too readily succumbed and one result is Axl Rose, who seems unaware that the music he loves—and the music he makes—has totally black roots. A quarter of a century ago, in a Top 40 climate where Otis Redding, Barry McGuire, the Rolling Stones, the Temptations and Simon and Garfunkel all had access to the same audience, connections likely and unlikely impressed themselves on listeners hourly. In today's world of narrow-casting, the links among musical styles are deliberately hidden. The AOR stations that played the Beastie Boys are too terrified of tune-out to consider playing the black rappers who inspired *(You Gotta) Fight for Your Right (to Party)*.

Popular music reflects the real state of America more clearly than any other cultural idiom because, despite everything, it offers diversity. Nowhere else could a white-trash punk such as Rose find such a broad forum. Nowhere else could an angry black nationalist such as Professor Griff find a mass listenership. That is pop music's glory; it is also what makes it dangerous. And you can't trust what seems to be. It would be dishonest to question the sincerity of Lee Atwater's love for the blues. It would be insane to forget that his empathy with the music never deterred him from using Willie Horton in a fashion that makes both Rose and Griff look like the race-baiting amateurs they are.

Amateur or not, there is a lesson in what becomes of a race baiter. For Atwater, the effect was sweet—his man was swept into office. In the music industry, the consequences to those who tear the veil off American apartheid differ starkly by race.

One in a Million caused Guns n' Roses some minor inconveniences—mainly a spate of press criticism and the public ignominy of being dumped from a benefit for the Gay Men's Health Crisis, an AIDS support group in New York. But *G n' R Lies*, a quickie cash-in project, still sat on the Top Pop Albums *Billboard* chart week after week, even after Rose's *Rolling Stone* interview appeared in early August.

After *The Village Voice* picked it up, Griff's interview generated far more problems for Public Enemy. Press criticism led to threats of a boycott of all P.E. products. A month later, P.E. leader Chuck D called a press conference and announced that Griff had been expelled from the group. Later the same week, he announced that Public Enemy had disbanded, though before the summer was out, the band had reassembled, with Griff relegated to a role in the shadow cabinet. One reason the members got back together was that elements within the black community disapproved of Chuck D's bowing to white pressure.

In California last October, all of this fell most heavily upon the shoulders of Living Colour. It can be no simple thing for the world's foremost black hard-rock group to be sponsored by Mick Jagger (who once sang, "Black girls just want to get fucked all night") or to serve as cannon fodder for audiences that come to see Englishmen interpret music that's almost exclusively black in its origins. Rose taxed Reid and his bandmates beyond endurance, and probably would have done so even if they weren't the standard-bearers of the Black Rock Coalition. On the other hand, Living Colour is among the most prominent opponents of rock-music censorship. What response could it make to Axl Rose?

The night after Rose delivered his Klan-like tirade, Living Colour again took the L.A. Memorial Coliseum stage and played its show. Corey Glover wore a STOP RACISM T-shirt, but the band said nothing until it played its first and biggest hit, *Cult of Personality*. That song is prefaced by a tape of Malcolm X intoning, "And during the few moments that we have left, we want to talk right down to earth, in a language that everybody here can easily understand."

This time, Reid stopped the music and stepped up to the microphone. "Some things were said on this stage last night that I have a problem with," he said calmly. "If you don't have a problem with gay people, don't call them faggots. If you don't have a problem with black people, don't call them niggers.

"I never met a nigger in my life." The crowd cheered wildly, and the band charged into the song so hard it seemed to hope to exorcise racism from rock through the sheer potency of its attack.

Of course, it doesn't quite work that way. The Stones' show had two more nights to run. The opening-act dressing rooms shared the same hallway. Somehow, nobody from Guns n' Roses ever managed to visit Living Colour. Keith Richards did stop by, however, to let the band know he thought it had done a great thing.

Sadly, that's as close to a conclusion as this article can come.

"Charles, I'm beginning to enjoy the foreplay more than the sex."

(Advertisement)

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Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Beverly Hills is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a brand new Mercedes and a brand new Cadillac. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing — shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from — Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or may be even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all — peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success!
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
. . . The politics of high finance made easy.

The Toucan:
You'll love . . . *The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information . . . only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used in order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say — your plan is *great!* In just 8 weeks, I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year." A. F., Providence, R.I.

'$9,800 In 24 Hours!'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"
J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan — in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money, as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."
Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did — but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."
S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories . . . never believed I would be one of them . . . using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000 . . . made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared, but simple, easy, fast . . . John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"
C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."
R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember — I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course, you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this — so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

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There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an *extra $20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

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SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars."
Mark Davis

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EXES

(continued from page 88)

"Max looked at the Polaroids. They were all close-ups. There was not one picture of the woman's face."

"In mutilation murders, which are very common, as you know, whites kill whites and blacks kill blacks. And most killers by far are male and under the age of forty. So . . . you're probably looking for a highly organized white male homosexual in his thirties who knows his victims well and lives nearby."

Max nodded, impressed. "All this comes from profiling, right?" he said. "The FBI's Behavioral Science Unit."

"Right," said Natale. "But the idea behind profiling started a long time before that. You remember the Mad Bomber?"

"Sort of," said Max.

"In the Fifties, a guy they called the Mad Bomber had been terrorizing New York City for years. Sixteen years, I think it was. A Greenwich Village psychiatrist named James Brussel studied photos of the bomb scenes and letters the Bomber had written. Then he told the cops to look for a heavy, foreign-born, Roman Catholic, eastern-European man between forty and fifty years of age who lived in a city in Connecticut with a maiden sister or aunt, that when he was apprehended, he'd be wearing a double-breasted suit and—get this—that the jacket would be buttoned."

"So what happened?"

"The Mad Bomber was apprehended in Waterbury, Connecticut," said Natale. "His name was George Metesky. There was only one detail in his profile Brussel got wrong—Metesky was living with *two* maiden sisters, not one. And, yeah, at the time of his arrest, Metesky was wearing a double-breasted suit. Buttoned."

Max chuckled appreciatively and shook his head.

"Anything else you can tell about my killer?"

"Yeah," said Natale. "One."

"What's that?" said Max.

"He ain't gonna stop at just two," said Natale.

•

"Holy shit," said Natale, opening the door, looking Max over and seeing the suitcase in his hand. "You really did it. You left Babette."

"That's right," said Max. "I did."

"I can't believe you actually did it."

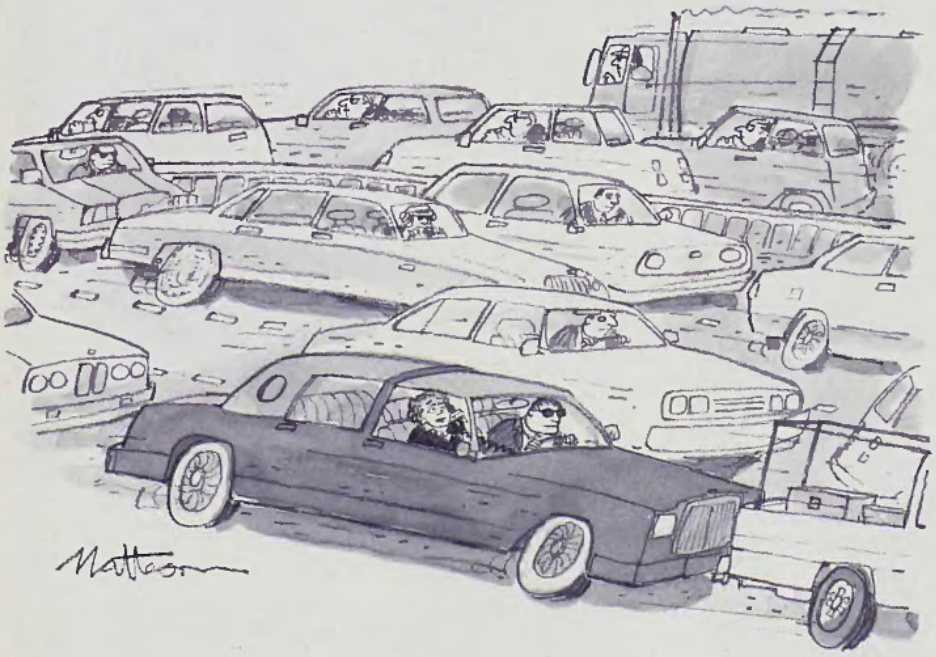
"Well, believe it," said Max, "because you've got a new roommate."

"Son of a bitch," said Natale. "What finally did it? What was the last straw?"

"A mocha éclair," said Max.

"A mocha éclair," said Natale admiringly. "Perfect. A mocha éclair is a valid issue over which to end a marriage. C'mon in. Make yourself at home."

Home was a small one-bedroom apartment in the West Village. Natale had been separated from his wife for almost a year, but his apartment looked as if he had just moved in. There were no pictures on the walls, no curtains on the windows, no homey touches. Unopened cartons of books stood everywhere.



"Is it something he can handle and change lanes, or should he call you back?"

Natale thought it best to lay down some rules: He and Max would go 50-50 on groceries and liquor. If Max stayed past a week, they would split the rent and utilities. Natale would sleep on the water bed in the tiny bedroom, but Max could reserve it on 24 hours' notice for sleep-over dates. The rest of the time, Max would occupy the convertible sofa with the worn armrests in the smallish living room.

"So," said Natale, studying his new roommate eagerly, "ya think this is really split city, or ya think you might get back together?"

"How the fuck should *I* know?" said Max. "I've been here only ten minutes!"

"You're right," said Natale. "Max, *bubele*, you've done the right thing. You are not gonna regret it; mark my words. There is so much pussy out there waiting for you, in six months you won't even *want* it anymore."

"I don't want it *now*," said Max.

Natale looked at Max, alarmed.

"Tony, I didn't leave my wife and child because I wanted pussy; I left because my marriage was intolerable."

"Of course, of course," said Natale. "But wait till you see what's out there. Have I told you about Cheryl?"

"Cheryl?" said Max. "Who's Cheryl?"

"Who's Cheryl?" said Natale and cackled wickedly.

He went to an ancient desk, opened the top drawer, withdrew a thick stack of Polaroids and thrust them at Max.

"This is Cheryl," said Natale.

Max looked at the Polaroids. They were all taken with a flash and they were all close-ups. Some featured a woman's small but nicely shaped breasts, with and without a lacy black brassiere. Some featured a woman's nicely shaped buttocks, with and without black bikini panties. Some featured perhaps the same woman's pelvic area, with and without the selfsame panties. Some featured internal views of a vagina that could have interested only a gynecologist. There was not one picture of the woman's face.

"These are all Cheryl?" said Max.

Natale nodded proudly.

"These are all tit, tush and pussy shots," said Max. "Why aren't there any pictures of her face?"

Natale frowned, walked over, took the pictures out of Max's hand and looked them over with great interest.

"You're right," he said. "There aren't any pictures of her face."

"Why is that?" asked Max.

Natale sighed.

"I dunno. I guess I must be unconsciously depersonalizing her to distance myself from her and any chance of deeper involvement."

Max nodded, as if he understood.

"Why distance yourself?" he said after a while.

"Because I know how seriously to take her," said Natale.

"How seriously?" said Max.

"Not at all," said Natale. "She's a nice girl and a great fuck, but she's. . . ."

"Yeah . . . ?" said Max.

"Kind of trashy," said Natale.

•

"I tell you about this new girl I met?" said Natale, cautiously wedging two more dirty dishes into a sink already stacked above the rim with dishes that were teetering precariously.

"Cheryl, you mean?" said Max.

"No, no, Cheryl was the one I showed you Polaroids of," said Natale. "This one's Cathy. I met her last week at the salad bar at the Korean's around the corner."

"I don't think you've mentioned Cathy to me," said Max patiently.

"Anyway, I gave her my number at the Korean's and she's been calling me practically every day. She's taking me to the opera tonight. *La Bohème*."

"No shit," said Max. "I didn't know you liked opera, Tony. I see there's a whole side of you I know nothing about."

"You kidding me?" said Natale. "I *hate* the opera. But afterward, I plan to bring her back here and fuck her eyes out."

"Ah."

"So, if you wouldn't mind, kid," said Natale, "I'd appreciate it if you could arrange to be elsewhere between, say, ten-thirty and, I dunno, two o'clock."

Max sighed. "Sure, Tony."

"Thanks, Max. I appreciate it, I really do."

"Hey, it's your apartment. I'm the guest."

"No, it's your place, too, kid; I mean that," said Natale, continuing half to himself. "I figure after I fuck Cathy, I'll kind of sound her out about the possibility of having a threesome."

"With who?" said Max, frowning, trying to gauge the parameters of Natale's hospitality.

"With Cheryl," said Natale.

"Oh."

Max was both relieved and disappointed. "Tell me something, Tony."

"Yeah?"

"What if you go to the opera with Cathy, you come back here, you go to bed with her and you discover you really *like* her? What happens *then*?"

Natale shook his head emphatically.

"Never happen," said Natale. "Either she'll want to make some kind of commitment to a relationship that I'm not ready to make or else she'll want me to spend money on her that I don't have. I just want to get into her pants and then into a threesome with Cheryl."

"You know something?" said Max. "This is women's worst fantasy of how we talk about them."

•

About the time Max figured *La Bohème* would be getting out, he left Natale's apartment and began a leisurely stroll around the neighborhood.

He wasn't quite sure how he wanted to kill the three and a half hours and resented having to do it. Being asked to leave while Natale entertained ladies in bed was something Max didn't have time for in his life. If the separation continued, he was really going to need to get a place of his own, as much as he couldn't afford to be renting two apartments. Maybe he could handle a sublet.

Max realized there was time now to see a movie, which he hadn't had in months. Hell, he had time to see *two* movies, but he didn't really feel in the mood for movies tonight.

He walked along Sixth Avenue and turned east on Eighth Street, making his way past the largest assemblage of shoe stores in the free world, through throngs of people who by day sold insurance and airline tickets in New Jersey and by night put on black leather and chains and pretended they were heavily into kinky sex.

Max was depressed. The investigation of the Smiley and Petlin cases was going nowhere. If the killer were an attractive blonde, that would cut the number of suspects in the tristate area down to maybe 50,000. The only way they were ever going to find her was by an act of God. Murder, as homicide cops often said, was the easiest crime to get away with.

His separation was a source of constant anxiety. How he was handling it with his parents was to avoid telling them about it. If it progressed to divorce, he supposed he was going to have to say something sooner or later. He did not relish explaining it to them.

He missed his son. He missed holding the boy on his lap and reading to him and inhaling the fragrance of his newly shampooed hair. When Sam wasn't being a complete pain in the ass, he was unbearably wonderful. Max was always trying to sneak hugs, kisses and feels with him in the same way he'd done with girls when he was in high school.

When he got home late from work, he would often wake Sam up to take him to urinate, not so much to prevent bed wetting—Sam had never wet his bed since being toilet trained—but because it was a chance to cuddle with the sleepy child while carrying him to and from the bathroom. At such times, Max propped up his dozing son at the toilet, aimed his wee-wee hard-on down toward the toilet bowl and contemplated the no-longer-far-off time when the boy would be using his erections for more than pissing.

He was all too aware of how critical a period this was in the molding of Sam's personality. Although Max and Babette were struggling with their own present, it was their son's past they were now forming, the foggy period Sam would look back on decades from now in order to discover the sources of his unhappiness as an adult. Max wondered just how badly his leaving home would damage Sam.

He wondered what it would do to *him*. He wondered how he'd survive if the separation became permanent. He wondered how long it would take for Babette to

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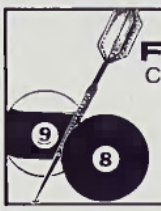

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acquire a lover and how he'd feel about it. He wondered how he'd feel if Babette's lover moved into the apartment. *Their* apartment. *His* apartment, for Christ's sake; it was his before he'd even *met* Babette. He wondered how he'd feel about another man's marrying Babette and trying to play father to Sam.

This thought made Max's forehead tighten, his chest constrict. The image of his son with another father was infinitely more painful than that of his wife with another husband. If another man tried to cuckold him with his son, Max would tear the fucker to pieces for his presumption, literally drag him out of the apartment and kick the living shit out of him.

Maybe Babette wouldn't remarry. Maybe she wouldn't even rush to find another lover. Because, despite the way she'd been acting toward him, underneath all the hurt and anger, he suspected she still loved him. Underneath all the hurt and anger, he loved her as well.

He thought about how they'd met. Another serial killer, a weirdo who called himself The Hyena, had been stalking and killing young women. Babette had gone downtown to One Police Plaza—an unexpectedly contemporary and tastefully designed building with a landscaped sculpture garden—with information about the killings, information that she claimed to have gotten psychically. She walked past Max in the courtyard of One Police Plaza, their eyes met and—*whammo!*—the thunderbolt struck them both. He'd never been so immediately or so strongly attracted to anyone in his life.

Then he'd made the unpardonable blunder of observing that she was staring at him. She'd fled, hurling herself into a taxi. He saw the cab start up and knew he couldn't let her ride right out of his life. He threw himself across the hood of the cab. The vehicle screeched to a stop, the driver burst out of it, ready to clobber him, so Max shoved his shield in the guy's nose and told him if he didn't shut the fuck up, he'd fucking book him for harassing an officer of the fucking law, which shut the guy up and made Babette giggle and get out of the cab. If ever there were such a thing as love at first sight, that had certainly been it.

So where had love gone? How had the passion and tenderness they'd both felt in that first year descended to the banal and ugly scenes that now made up their marriage? How had a king-sized bed, prized for the opportunities it afforded for sexual acrobatics, degenerated into a convenient place to hide and not risk accidentally touching while sleeping?

Perhaps it was just that the fresh white excitement of romance and lust had shriveled under the scorching banalities of running a household and raising a child. Or maybe Natale was right. Maybe love *was* merely the self-delusion we manufacture to justify the trouble we take to have sex.

Max went into a bar on Sixth Avenue and had several beers. When he finally got back to Natale's apartment, it was after two, and Natale was alone and looking pensive.

"So how was *La Bohème*?" said Max.

"Tuhriffic."

"And how was Cathy?"

"Tuhriffic. She just left."

"So you got into her pants."

Natale nodded without enthusiasm.

"Was it fun?"

Natale nodded. "It was fun," he said. "Predictable fun. No surprises, Max. I already knew everything she was going to say, before, during and after fucking. I'm too old for surprises. I already knew how she was going to smell, to feel, to sound, to taste. In the unlikely event I get to like her, I know how it'll go bad, too—the hurts, the guilts, the resentments, the accusations. I know the dialog, Max; I know every fucking word—I've heard it that often. I swear to God, I walk down the street and see a cute girl, I don't just have a sex fantasy about her like other guys, I have a fucking *Reader's Digest* condensed version of our entire affair, complete with breakup, before we've reached the end of the block. It's a special curse that comes with experience."

"Well, at least it saves a lot of time and money," said Max, hoping to lighten his friend's mood.

"Yeah," said Natale, unlightened.

"So did you sound her out about threesomes?" said Max, the dutiful high school buddy pumping for details.

"Yeah," said Natale. "She didn't go for it."

"Awww," said Max.

"She *did* allow me to handcuff her to the bed before we had sex, though. That was no surprise, either, by the way."

"Why'd you cuff her to the bed?"

Natale shrugged. "I dunno. I got two pairs of cuffs is why, I guess. You know something? I ask every girl I bring back here if she wants me to cuff her to the bed." Natale turned to look at Max. "So far, not one has said no, Max. Not *one*."

"Really?" said Max, impressed.

"Really," said Natale. "I don't understand that. I mean, we're talking first-date situations here. I'm a guy they don't know. I could be anybody. I could be a *sadist*, OK? I could be a fucking *killer*. Not one of them has said no, Max."

"Strange," said Max.

"I mean," said Natale, "is that due to their desire to surrender responsibility for the act of sex or to an unconscious desire to be violated? You tell me that."

"I don't know," said Max.

"Neither do I, Max," said Natale. "Neither do I."

•

"Tonight," said Natale, "is Cheryl's birthday."

"That's why you're wearing the suit?" said Max.

"Yeah," said Natale. "You know, I realized in all the time I've been seeing her, I never once took her anywhere decent. So, as a surprise, tonight I'm taking her to a real fancy Italian restaurant, Toscana."

"That's nice."

"Yeah. She's getting all dressed up. She's really excited."

"That sounds really nice. You know something, Tony, underneath, you may not be such a bad guy, after all."

"Thanks, Max," said Natale. "By the way, you think it might be possible for you to kind of disappear from about ten-thirty to, say, one o'clock?"

Max shook his head and heaved a mighty sigh. "No problem," he said.

•

Max returned at half past one, figuring he'd give the birthday girl an extra half hour in the cuffs. Natale was sitting on the convertible sofa in his suit, his tie undone, looking drunk and dazed.

"Uh-oh," said Max. "What happened? Dinner a disaster?"

Natale shook his head. "No, as a matter of fact, dinner was great," he said. "Cheryl was knocked out by Toscana. I've never seen her happier."

"Then why are you looking like that?"

Natale shook his head almost imperceptibly. "I don't know," he said, "maybe there's something wrong with me. We were drinking champagne and having so much fun, I suddenly got this perverse idea. I told her to take off her panties under the table and hand them to me. . . ."

"Yeah," said Max, trying to visualize it.

"She did, of course. Just reached up under her dress and slid them down and handed them to me. Which got both of us very turned on."

"I'll bet," said Max.

"But after a while, I started feeling bad about it, you know? I felt like I'd degraded her and I wondered why I'd done it. I figured it was because we'd begun to get kind of intimate in the past couple of weeks and it was too threatening to me, you know? I needed to do something to cheapen what I'd started to feel for her."

"Yeah. . . ."

"So I had another glass of champagne. But the more I drank, the guiltier I felt. I couldn't stand the feeling, so I rationalized that she *deserved* being degraded because she was trash."

"Yeah. . . ."

"Problem is, when my patients do that, I call it retroactive deserving and I don't let them get away with it. I can't let myself get away with it, either."

"OK. . . ."

"So to make up for degrading her . . . I asked her to marry me."

Max's eyes widened. "You're kidding."

"Oh, no, I'm quite serious. She accepted, of course. We toasted our engagement with more champagne. I called over the owner and told him I had just proposed. He sent over another bottle on the house. Cheryl is more deliriously happy than any human

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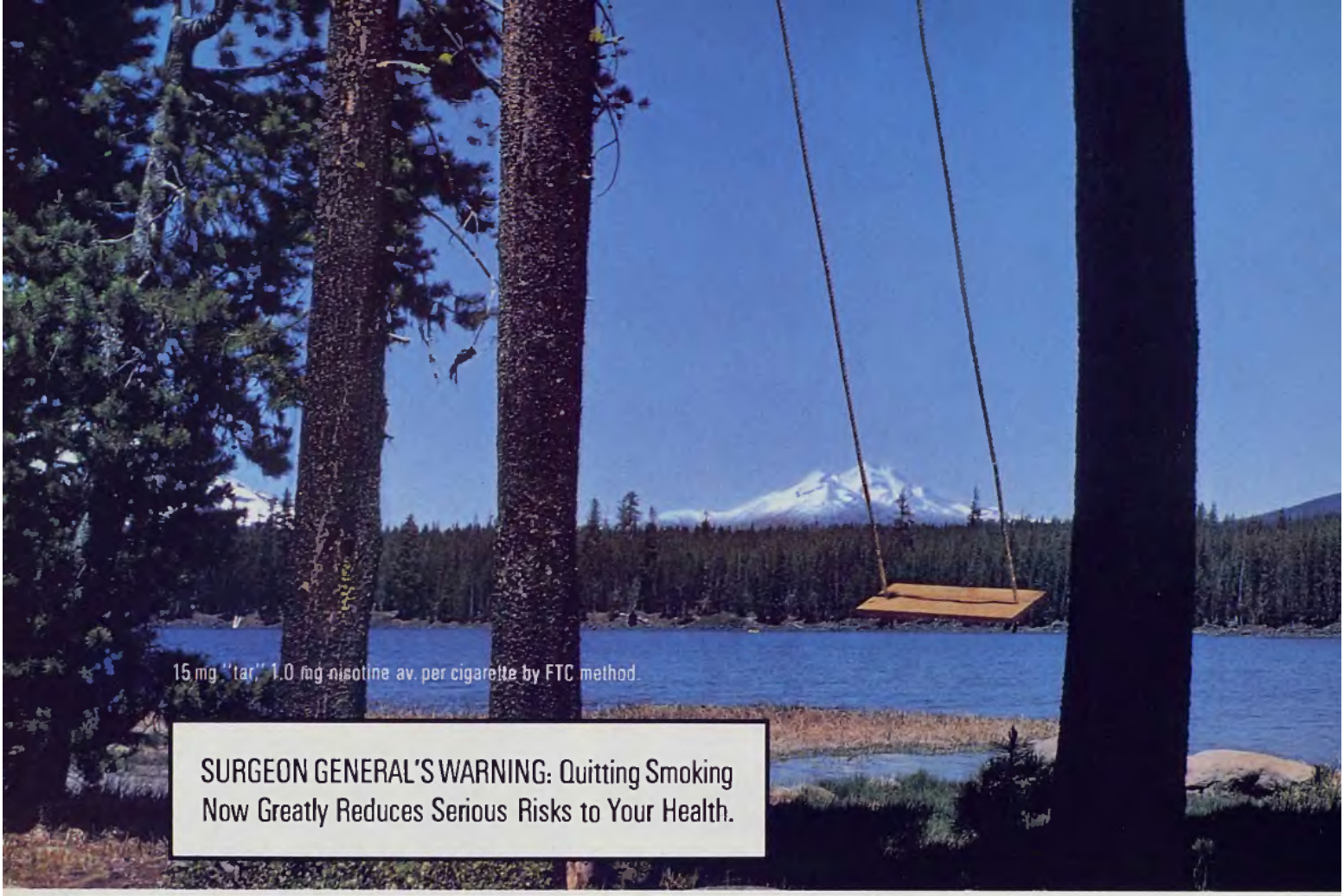
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being has a right to be. I think I just made the worst mistake of my entire life."

•

When Max opened the front door of Natale's apartment, he was startled to see the girl. She, on the other hand, did not seem at all surprised to see *him*.

"You must be Max," she said.

She was maybe in her early 20s, slim, blonde and rather pretty.

"And who must *you* be?" said Max.

"Cheryl," she said.

Cheryl. His roommate's fiancée. It was not surprising that he hadn't recognized her. He'd seen photographs of her, but they had not been of her face.

"Cheryl," he said. "I've heard a lot about you."

He was unable to look at her without getting bombarded by subliminal flashes of the Polaroid nudes.

"Did you hear our news?"

"Yes," said Max, intrigued that the engagement was still on. "Congratulations."

It made him uncomfortable that he'd seen her bare breasts and buttocks and a split-beaver shot of her vagina before he'd even met her. He felt an intimacy with her that might prove awkward, that might tempt him to behave toward her in an inappropriately sexual manner. He wondered if she knew Natale had shown the pictures to his buddies. He wondered if she'd care. Maybe she wouldn't. Maybe, as Natale had said, she was trash.

"I just think Tony's such a wonderful guy," she said.

"Really?" said Max. "Why do you think that?" They both looked startled, then laughed simultaneously. He hadn't meant the question to come out in quite that way. But he was often mystified why male friends of his who consistently pooped on women were so adored by them.

"I mean," said Max, "I know Tony in a much different way than you know him."

"Well, I should *hope* so," she said, giggling.

"Yeah. But what I mean is, what is it that you like so much about him?"

She furrowed her brow. "Well," she said, "he's real thoughtful. I mean, to propose to me, he took me to this real expensive Italian restaurant and everything. . . ."

"Yeah . . ." said Max, tempted to point out that it was the only place he'd ever taken her and that the proposal was the fruit of guilt, not planning. "What else?"

"He's real smart about what makes people tick. He's told me stuff about myself that's been real helpful."

Natale entered from the bathroom.

"Hey, Max, I didn't know you were here."

"Yeah," said Cheryl, "we've been having a nice talk. Max has been asking me what I see in you."

"If you can't get your best friend to run you down," said Natale, "who can you get?"

•

"I got to be honest with ya, Max," said Natale, "I'm very disappointed."

"In what?" said Max, his mouth full of linguine and clam sauce.

He'd had only about two hours of sleep between the night tour in which he and Caruso had cleared the Perfecto Gomez case and the following day tour in which they'd unsuccessfully interviewed four more women in Petlin's address book, looking for the blonde, looking for anyone at all whom Smiley or Petlin had known in common and coming up with a big, fat zero, and he was not in the mood for any of Natale's disappointments, whatever their source.

"I'm disappointed in the fact that you met my fiancée right here in this very apartment two whole *nights* ago and you haven't said word *one* about whether you like her."

His *fiancée*. Referring to her not as Cheryl but as his *fiancée* was a bad sign, Max thought, a very bad sign, indeed.

"I like her," said Max. "I do like her. I mean, what's not to like? She's young, she's pretty, she's, uh. . . ."

"Yeah . . . ?"

Max tried to think of more selling adjectives, then shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Tony," he said. "You just can't show a guy split-beaver shots of a girl and tell him she's trash, then suddenly announce you're engaged to her and expect

him to accept her as this—what?—virgin *goddess* or something."

"Maybe you're right," said Natale. "Yeah, you're right. I never shoulda shown you those pictures. I don't know why the hell I did that. No, who am I kidding? I *do* know why I did it."

"You do?"

"Yeah," said Natale, "it's the classic male-bonding ritual—depersonalizing the female by focusing on her body, *guaranteeing* there'll be no personal connection by having no pictures of her face. It's the perfect misogynistic act, I swear to Christ. It's absolutely the perfect misogynistic act."

"If you say so."

"No, it absolutely is," said Natale. "The greater the threat, the more extreme the measures we mobilize to combat it. And this young woman, Cheryl, is quite a threat, Max, quite a threat, indeed. She's young, she's beautiful, she's sexy, she's smart——"

"She's smart?"

"Oh, yes, Max," Natale said, "she's very smart. At times, she's even profound. You oughta hear some of the things she comes up with."

"OK, tell me some."

"OK, let me think," Natale said, looking up and off to the side, doing a high-speed search of everything Cheryl had said in the past few days, editing for the trailer. "Well, just yesterday I said to her, 'God bless you, Cheryl,' and she answered, 'She has already.'"

Max regarded Natale warily.

"'She has already,'" Natale repeated, a look of fond reverence on his face.

Max nodded, prepared to let it go, then decided he cared too much for his friend to do so.

"Tony, I've got to tell you something," said Max, "and it may come as a big shock to you, in view of the state you're in, because I see now that you're a very sick puppy: Calling God She isn't smart or profound; it's stupid. It wasn't even smart or profound twenty years ago in the Sixties, when *other* people were doing it. I mean, I was twelve years *old* and I knew that calling God She was neither smart nor profound, it was only cute—spelled K-U-T-E—like signing your name with a little smiling face. Does she do that, too, sign her name with a little smiling face?"

"Why are you doing this to me?" Natale said, a pierced Julius Caesar to his Brutus. "Why are you being so cruel?"

"I'll tell you why," Max said. "Because I'm your best friend, Tony. Because I'm worried about you. I think you're in terrible trouble. You've divorced your wife and you've found a cute young girl who's a quarter century younger than you who's good to you in bed, and instead of just enjoying that situation for what it is, you've blown it up into something unreal that is going to burst right in your face and hurt the hell out of both of you. Frankly, I was a little uncomfortable when you started showing me naked Polaroids of Cheryl and obsessing about getting Cathy into a threesome with her, but you know what I am now, Tony? I'm *nostalgic* for those discussions. Do you remember what you told me in your office about love? 'Love is the self-delusion we manufacture to justify the trouble we take to have sex,' you said. You couldn't *possibly* have picked a better illustration of your point."

Natale stared at Max a moment, then laughed a mirthless, bitter laugh.

"This is really ironic, Max," he said, "you know that?"

"What is?" Max said.

"Your attacking my union with Cheryl so cruelly, tonight of all nights."

Union? His *union*? It was even worse than he thought.

"And why is that so ironic tonight of all nights, Tony?" Max said gently.

"Because tonight was the night I had planned to ask you to be"—Natale paused briefly for dramatic effect—"an usher at my wedding."

An usher at his wedding. An *usher* at his wedding. As stupid and kute as he thought Cheryl was, and as unutterably opposed as he was to their marriage, Max was absolutely devastated that Natale was considering inviting him to be an *usher* at his wedding, not his best man.

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PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

TIES ARE BARRED

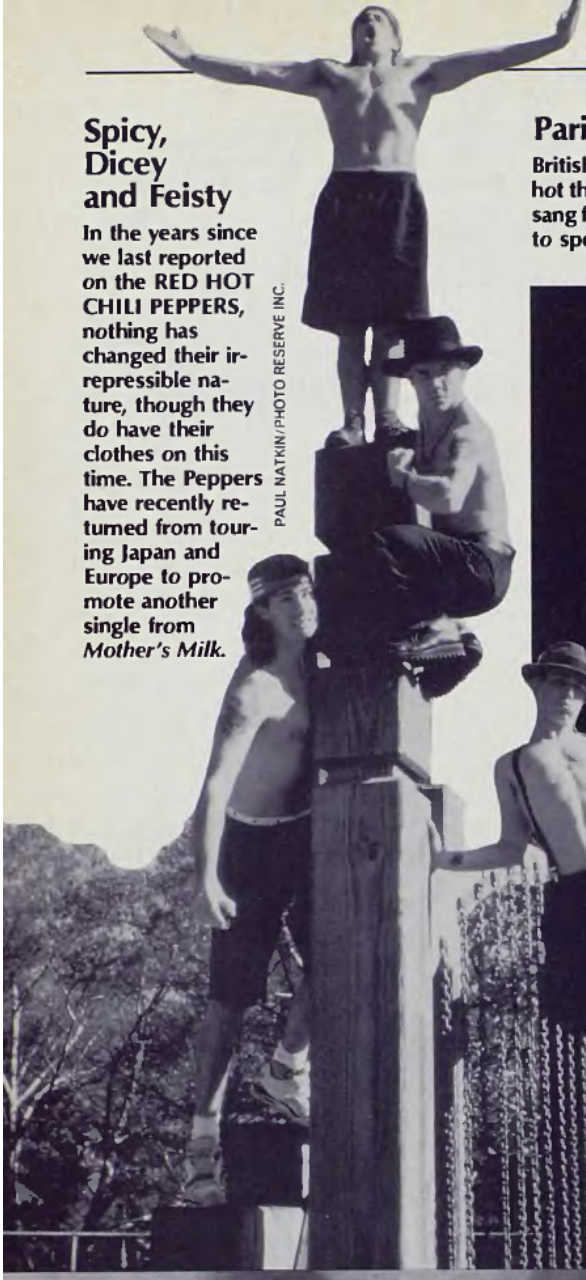
Every so often, an accessory is created that serves a specific function. As the years go by, it evolves into a decorative fashion statement—something it never was intended to be. Take the simple tie clip, for example. First worn in the early 1900s, tie holders—clips, clasps or bars—were worn for exactly that purpose, to restrain a man's tie so that it didn't drag across his plate when he sat down to dinner. This year, the bar is back and it's damn the *minestrone*, full speed ahead. Today's holders are meant to be worn about one third of the way below the knot, riding just above the top button of a suit coat or a jacket, so that they push the tie up. At last, the clip gets class.

BRAD GUICE

Left to right: Nestled together are two 18-kt.-gold, sterling-silver and steel tie clips, by C. F. Dau from the Niessing Collection, $550 each. Sterling-silver zigzag clip, by Lisa Jenks, $110. Steel-and-gold polka-dot tie clip, by Niessing from the Niessing Collection, $250. Sterling-silver island tie clip with hut, trees and fish, from Paul Smith, $115. Etched sterling-silver bar with gold trim, by Peter 8rams Designs, about $45. Matte-finish gold-tone tie bar with lapis, by Anne Klein Men, $75. Small 18-kt.-gold clip with onyx, by Paul Robilotti, $725.

Spicy, Dicey and Feisty

In the years since we last reported on the RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, nothing has changed their irrepressible nature, though they do have their clothes on this time. The Peppers have recently returned from touring Japan and Europe to promote another single from *Mother's Milk*.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Paris Sizzles

British singer MICA PARIS' first album, *So Good*, was a hot debut both in England and in the U.S. So hot that she is collaborating with the likes of Anita Baker and Prince for her follow-up record. Mica sang for Princess Di last fall, but, she says, "I'm not here to become famous as fast as I can. . . . I want to spend the rest of my life making good music." Right on to that.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Shedding Some Light on Dawn

Sometimes dawn looks better at night. You think we're nuts? Check out actress DAWN HAYES in her black lingerie. Does this look like the kind of stuff that should be covered up with clothes? No way. Dawn appears in the movie *Another Chance*. She gets as many chances as she needs with us.

© MARK LEIVDAL

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Leave It to Weaver

Last year, SIGOURNEY WEAVER was nominated for two Oscars in separate categories. This year, except for busting a few ghosts, Weaver is getting ready to feather her own nest with a new baby. That's versatility.

Net Assets

Just look at what the tide brought in. Actress ANNETTE MAY has been spotted in a commercial for an L.A. dating service, in a Rush music video and in *Back to the Future, Part II*. Some starlets prefer playing without a net, but Annette's no fool. She'd rather be a catch in *Grapevine*.

© WERNER W. POLLEINER

G. SCHACHNES/SIPA-PRESS

Very Jerry

Actress-model-consort JERRY HALL does everything in a breezy Texas style, from acting in *Batman* to designing bathing suits to babying Mick's babies. We especially like this dress. If you've got it, flaunt it.

RIHA/GAMMA-LIAISON

Pryor Restraint

Here's RICHARD PRYOR's response to reviews of Eddie Murphy's *Harlem Nights*. Pryor's particular genius is rarely captured on film—except in his own footage.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

For connoisseurs of the movie *Casablanca*, The Voyager Company, 1351 Pacific Coast Highway, Santa Monica, California 90401, has released a laser-disc version of the movie in which all blacks, whites and grays have been restored to their original intensity via a new digital videotape transfer process. And there's an interesting audio track that tells the history of the film's production. The price: $102.45, postpaid.

CLASS IN A GLASS

Now that people are even ordering designer water in bars and calling it a cocktail, we're not surprised that along comes a Water of the Month Club that sends members of its Class in a Glass program a six-pack of gourmet liquid refreshments from springs all over the world. If you have a thirst for something wet and wild from Sweden, there's Ramlosa. Or you can pick the Texas water they serve in the White House (Artesia), Minalba from the rain forests of Brazil or Bourassa, which is fresh off a Canadian glacier. A one-month membership is $40; three months, $110; six months, $200; or a year, $350; sent to The Water Centre, 1700 Oak Tree Road, Sugar Tree Plaza, Edison, New Jersey 08820. Cheers!

THE EXECUTIVE DUNK

Hero Hoops is just what Danny DeVito–sized executives need—an electronic indoor basketball game featuring a 90-second LED clock and scorekeeper, constant background cheering and audio comments on every basket. You just lean back and lay them up between big decisions. Express Yourself, Inc., in Charlotte, North Carolina, is the manufacturer and the game sells for about $150 at The Sharper Image, Saks, Macy's and other stores. Nice swish shot, shorty!

STRUM ALONG WITH THE JOKER

With Batmania still rippling across the country like the sinister laugh of the dark knight's archenemy, The Joker, it figures that someone would create a Joker electronic guitar that—you guessed it—includes a sound module that emits a nasty laugh when a button on the front is pressed. The instrument is a limited-edition, top-quality handmade model and, of course, it has been licensed by DC Comics Inc. and the Licensing Corporation of America. Order yours from C & R Guitars, P.O. Box 52370, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74152. The price? Only $2500. Hahahahahahaha! The Joker strikes again!

OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE

Arsenio Hall shirts, cap and mugs; *The Hunt for Red October* jacket, belt buckle and dog tags; and *Harlem Nights* martini set and flask—they're all in the Paramount Pictures Special Effects Catalog, which is available from Paramount at 475 Oberlin Avenue South, P.O. Box 823, Lakewood, New Jersey 08701. There are also posters, hats and even a Paramount Pictures Studio Survival Kit that includes sunglasses, Evian water and more.

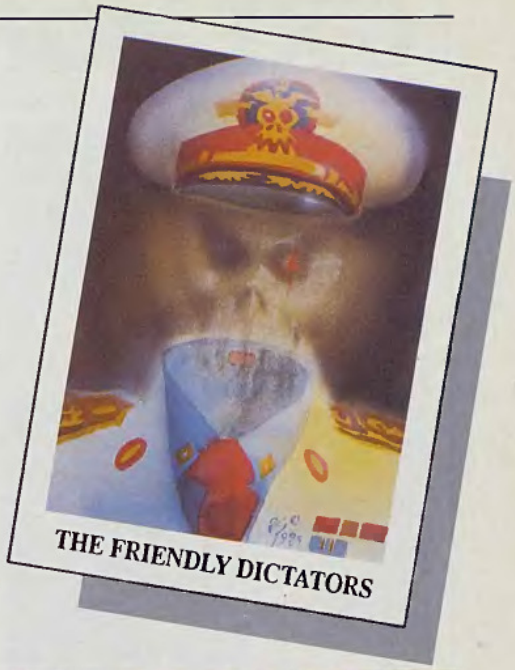
CRAZY HAND JIVE

The Naughty Victorian Hand Book (Workman), by Burton Silver and Jeremy Bennett, is all about "furtling"—a sensuous trick in which the hand is placed behind a missing part of an engraving, creating "lustfully immodest images that may be caressed or wiggled at will." Our favorite picture is Rosey Pie, but you may prefer Gates of Paradise, Pinky Puff or the Ploughman's Furrow. For $9.95, you can ask somebody up to see your etchings and really have something to show.

This exposure may be considerably invigorated by forward and backward movement of the thumb knuckle under the index finger. Such movement nicely replicates the riding motion in a manner most gratifying to the eye.

BIG DICS

What do Alfredo Cristiani, Manuel Noriega and Imelda Marcos have in common? They've all been included in Friendly Dictators Trading Cards, a deck stacked with 36 of America's most embarrassing allies. Not only is each of the dictators illustrated by painter Bill Sienkiewicz but the flip side of the cards includes information on which of our allies run drugs and/or are human rights abusers and how many U.S. dollars end up in their greedy hands. A boxed set is $10, postpaid, sent to Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 1099, Forestville, California 95436. What a motley crew!

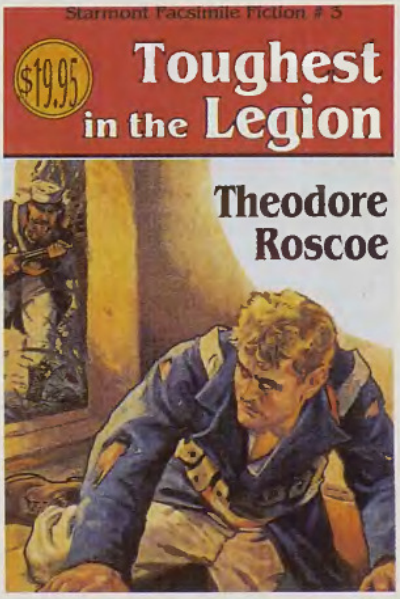


SWAZI, HOW WE LOVE YOU, HOW WE LOVE YOU

For those of you *bwanas* who have always wanted to meet a king, Hanns Ebensten Travel, 513 Fleming Street, Key West, Florida 33040, is offering a Journey to an African Kingdom August 22nd to September fourth that takes 12 intrepid travelers to the Kingdom of Swaziland, where it's possible you'll be received in audience by His Majesty King Mswati III in the Royal Kraal. (You'll also visit Johannesburg and Kruger National Park.) The price is $3485 per person, plus air fare. Tell King Mswati *Playboy* said hello.

READ OR DIE

On cold winter nights, adventure fiction published in long-forgotten pulp magazines from the Thirties and Forties makes for a great read. And one of the best pulp writers was Theodore Roscoe, with his tales of Thibaut Corday, a Foreign Legionnaire who was always up to his kepi *blanc* in some kind of trouble. Now Starmont House, P.O. Box 851, Mercer Island, Washington 98040, is reprinting these and other works of pulp fiction. *Toughest in the Legion* sells for $21.50, postpaid, in hardcover; $11.50 in paperback. Other titles are in Starmont's catalog. Send for it, desert dog!



NEXT MONTH

AH, ALLEGRA!

ROAD ROCKING

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"IN THE COMPANY OF MEN"—ONE OF AMERICA'S HOTTEST PLAYWRIGHTS CONTEMPLATES THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES, MALE BONDING AND THE QUEST FOR COMPANIONSHIP. HIS CONCLUSION: HANGING OUT WITH THE GUYS IS FUNDAMENTAL TO THE GOOD LIFE—BY **DAVID MAMET**

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STEPHEN HAWKING, THE INTELLECTUAL SUCCESSOR TO **EINSTEIN,** EXPLAINS IMAGINARY TIME, BLACK HOLES AND HIS CONFLICT WITH THE POPE IN AN ELECTRONIC-AGE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"LOVE AND HATE AT LSU"—SAINT, SINNER, REBEL, TIGERS COACH **DALE BROWN** HAS TAKEN LOUISIANA STATE BASKETBALL FROM THE CELLAR TO THE SKY BOX. AN IN-DEPTH *PLAYBOY* PROFILE OF A PROFANE AND CONTROVERSIAL GUY—BY **KEVIN COOK**

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